

Death Cab For Cutie, We Laugh Indoors

When we laugh indoors
the blissful tones bounce off the walls,
and fall to the ground
Reel the hardwood back to let them loose
from decades trapped and listen so still
This city is my home
construction noise all day long
and gutter punks bumming change,
So I breed thicker skin
and let my lustrous coat fill in
and I'll never admit that

I loved you Guinevere, I loved you Guinevere, I loved you
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And I've always fallen fast,
with too much trust in the promising,
that no one's ever been here,
so you can quell those wet fears,
and I want purity, I must have it here right now,
but don't you get me started now.

Oh don't you get me started now,
Don't you get me, Don't you get me

December's chill comes late our days get darker
and we wait for this direness to pass
there are piles on the floor of artifacts
from dresser drawers that I'll help you pack.

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