

Death Cab For Cutie, World Shut Your Mouth

She's flying in the face of fashion now
She seems to have a will of her own
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She seems to have it all chromed
The time was going so frequently
She said if I try harder again
She's flying in the face of fashion now
She sells the world annually to a friend

She sings, "World, shut your mouth, shut your mouth
Put your head back in the clouds and shut your mouth
World, shut your mouth, shut your mouth
Put your head back in the clouds and shut your mouth"

She always used to live so secretly
She'd be seen in and out of the sound
She's taking on the role of the four winds now
She's having tea there out in the crowd
She's flying in the face of fashion now
She seems to have a will of her own
In lieu of what you're saying so frequently
She seems to have, it all adds up

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