

The Postal Service, Nothing Better

(Ben Gibbard)

Would someone please call a surgeon
Who can crack my ribs and repair this broken heart
That you're deserting for better company

I can't accept that it's over
And I will block the door
Like a goalie tending the net
In the third quarter
Of a tied game rivalry

So just say how to make it right
And I swear I'll do my best to comply

Tell me am I right to think that there could be nothing better
Than making you my bride and slowly growing old together

(Jen Wood)

I feel I must interject here
You're getting carried away
Feeling sorry for yourself
With these revisions and gaps in history

So let me help you remember
I've made charts and graphs
That should finally make it clear
I've prepared a lecture
On why I have to leave

So please back away and let me go

(Ben Gibbard)

I can't my darling; I love you so

(Both)

Oh oh

(Ben Gibbard)

Tell me am I right to think that there could be nothing better
Than making you my bride and slowly growing old together

(Jen Wood)

Don't you feed me lies about some idealistic future
Your heart won't heal right if you keep tearing out the sutures

(Ben Gibbard)

I know that I have made mistakes
And I swear I'll never wrong you again

(Jen Wood)

You've got allure I can't deny
But you've had your chance
So say goodbye

Say goodbye