

Technicolor Girls

Death Cab for Cutie

Technicolor girls are always on the phone
Talking about their homes
And the conversations continue endlessly
Technicolor boys, transistor radios
Blasting their treble tones
And the arguments are disputed after school
In the parking lot as the teachers bend the rules
Patiently you waited for a courting boy's embrace
Then everyone would know
But the letter jacket wasn't yours to own
And it proves to be on the temporary loan
And as they all grow older
The truth will be understood
'Cuz we never turn out
The way we thought we would

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