

That's Incentive

Death Cab for Cutie

That's incentive You see nothing to be adored when obsession takes it's toll
You can't place you in between the pages of fashion magazines
Paper cuts from turning pages just like a bad dream
Is it this or that or me that makes you love what you can't defeat Boiled over burning clean toward the flesh
blocks in your knees
But it's a lesson that just might keep suppressing appetites
Paper cuts from turning pages just like a bad dream
Is it this or that or me that makes you love what And I live this life just to bear these scars
Will the hurt subside if you decide?
That it's me and you this time
Is it you that always, is it you that decides

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