

Debate Exposes Doubt

Death Cab for Cutie

The workin' days were propping the bar quietly erasing the week
And I was in a corner booth thinking, pretending to read
About the impossibility of one to love unconditionally
The words that we drive into the ground
Their repetition starts to thin their meaning Then everything got frighteningly still
As they entered and intersected the floor
And I tried to choke my stare at the perfection that others would kill for
But all of the parts are the same on every face, few variables change
The differences pale when compared to the similarities they share Finally there is clarity and there is purpose
after all
But every night ends the same as I'm collapsing once more by your side
Finally there is clarity, this tiny life is making sense
And every drop numbs the both of us, but I alone am staggering

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