

Expo '86

Death Cab for Cutie

Sometimes I think this cycle never ends
We slide from top to bottom and we turn and climb again
And it seems by the time that I have figured what it's worth
The squeaking of our skin against the steel has gotten worse. But if I move my place in line I'll lose.
And I have waited, the anticipation's got me glued. I am waiting for something to go wrong.
I am waiting for familiar resolve. Sometimes it seems that I don't have the skills to recollect
The twists and turns of plots that took us from lovers to friends
I'm thinking I should take that volume back up off the shelf
And crack it's weary spine and read to help remind myself But if I move my place in line I'll lose.
And I have waited, the anticipation's got me glued. I am waiting for something to go wrong
I am waiting for familiar resolve
I am waiting for another repeat
Another diet fed by crippling defeat
And I am waiting for that sense of relief
I am waiting for you to flee the scene
As if you held in your hand the smoking gun
And on the floor lay the one you said you loved. And it's strange
They are basically the same
So I don't ask names anymore. Sometimes I think this cycle never ends
We slide from top to bottom and we turn and climb again
And it seems by the time that I have figured what it's worth
The squeaking of our skin against the steel has gotten worse. The squeaking of our skin against the steel has
gotten worse [Repeat: x2]

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