

I Sold My Bed, but Not My Stereo

Capital Cities

Black is my favorite color
Makes me feel like we know each other
Blank tapes and posters on the door
Listen to my Pink Floyd cover
Take a seat like a backbeat lover
Mixed tapes and cushions on the floor
I sold my bed, but not my stereo
Paper bags and escalators
Pushing up those broken faders
Only way to find out who you are
In a town of ones and zeros
You are one magnetic hero
Little things will always get you far
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Songwriters

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