Underneath The Sycamore

Death Cab For Cutie

Lying in a field of glass
Underneath the overpass
Mangled in the shards of a mental frame
Woken from a dream by my own name
Well, I was such a wretched man
Searching everywhere for a homeland
Now we are under the same sun
Feel it through the leaves, let it heal us
We are the same, we are both sane
Underneath the sycamore
We are the same, we are both sane
Underneath the sycamore
We were both broken in our own ways
Sifting through the rubble for the wrong things
I know you've got a vengeful heart
That I cannot be stopped soon as I start
But you have seen your darkest rooms
And I have slept in makeshift tombs
And this is where we find our peace
Or this is where we are released
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