Song For Kelly Huckaby

Death Cab For Cutie

Photographs of the best time you had
Windows smudged by the speed
Leaving home with our bags from Iron Street
As morning turned into California
And smoke trailed from the butt of my cigarette
Our glass house it threw rocks at all those it pased
Waking up to the sound of 5 a.m. to take my turn at the wheel
Climbed up Shasta, oh how the engine ached
As the sun tortured California
And old alleys turned deep at the heart of me
Murals of heros defacing the blank concrete
Vision tunneled, Mission Street, hunger beat
Lodged out as the engine wheezed
Still moving regardless of stable ground
And this stable ground
Photographs of the best time you had
Windows smudged by the speed
Leaving home with our bags from Iron Street
As morning turned into California

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/