

Fake Frowns (Live at the Crocodile Cafe)

Death Cab for Cutie

Bent at the knee, a last resort
Backfired and made things worse
Once on the bus, it was quite possible
You'd be the jailhouse queen
Jury and judge were screaming to hang
You spat the sweat from brow
He shrugged his shoulders, nothing would work
It had to end right now I can't drive straight counting your fake frowns
Focusing in, details a must
Trying to make each one count
All on your fingers stopping at ten
Magistrate's keyed in how
The jury and judge were screaming to hang
You spat the sweat from brow
He shrugged his shoulders, nothing would work
It had to end right now We can't keep your interest now
Increasing pixels and sound

Songwriters

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