

Long Division

Death Cab for Cutie

His head was a city
Of paper buildings
And the echoes that remained
Of old friends and lovers
Their features bleeding
Together in his brain And once it started was harder to
Tell them apart He was always distracted
By the very mention
Of an open door
'Cause he had sworn not to be what he'd been before To be a remain remain remainder The television
was snowing softly
As she hunted for her keys
She said she never envisioned him the type of person capable of such deceit And they carried on like long
division
And it was clear with every page
That they were further away from a solution that would play Without a remain remain remain remainder He had
sworn not to be what he'd been before To be the remain remain remain remainder

Songwriters

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