No Joy In Mudville

Death Cab For Cutie

Last night I dreamt that I was you
I was dressed all in black with dark glasses and attitude
Such a pose I could simply not hold
Through days in a northern town that I had once called a home
And your studies of fringe New York streets
I was reading the pavement in every word you would speak
To a brownstone up three flights of stairs and it's on
Buying drinks for the poets upstate
This southern corruption towed you down the interstate
And they all said that you were the king
Of a gloomy disruption that surfaced when you would sing
And this town simply cannot compete
So I'm packing my Bullets and Silvertones and heading east
To a brownstone up three flights of stairs and it's on
If I could've had my way, this year would bridge '66 again?
Trust fund hipsters were casing the room
Chock full of amphetamines the overturned kick drum boom
Set the pace with incomparable cool
And if the temp was lousy it was lost on all but you
And your studies of fringe New York streets
I was reading the pavement in every word you would speak
To a brownstone up three flights of stairs and it's on, on, on, it's on
If I could've had my way, this year would bridge '66 again?
If I could've had my way, this year would bridge '66 again?

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