

Transatlanticism

Death Cab for Cutie

The Atlantic was born today, and I'll tell you how
The clouds above opened up and let it out
I was standing on the surface of a perforated sphere
When the water filled every hole
And thousands upon thousands made an ocean
Making islands where no islands should go (oh no) Most people were overjoyed; they took to their boats
I thought it less like a lake and more like a moat
The rhythm of my footsteps crossing flatlands to your
Door have been silenced forevermore
And the distance is quite simply much too far for me to row;
It seems farther than ever before (oh no) I need you so much closer So come on; come on

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