

# We Looked Like Giants

## Death Cab for Cutie

God bless the daylight, the sugary smell of springtime  
Remembering when you were mine in a still suburban town When every Thursday, I'd brave those mountain  
passes  
And you'd skip your early classes and we'd learn how our bodies worked God damn the black night, with all its  
foul temptations  
I've become what I always hated when I was with you then We looked like giants in the back of my grey  
subcompact  
Fumbling to make contact as the others slept inside  
And together there in a shroud of frost, the mountain air  
Began to pass through every pane of weathered glass  
And I held you closer than anyone would ever get Remember the J.A.M.C. and reading aloud from magazines  
I don't know about you but I swear on my name they could smell it on me  
But I've never been to good with secrets, oh Oh together there in a shroud of frost, the mountain air  
Began to pass through every pane of weathered glass  
And I held you closer

Songwriters

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