

TV Trays

Death Cab for Cutie

Summer's gone
I overslept and woke up to the chill of fall
Overworked and now I'm all used up
This TV haze sucks me through
I watch the world from me inside
Overworked and now I'm all used up
Final drag fills my lungs and makes me high
They fill up as I bottom out
Steering wheels, watch them driving driving
With some place to go, I'd steer myself
But I don't have a route
Looking onto men, no ice cream man
Beaches filled with sand
While the TV trays, wasted summer days
Slowly slipping away
But you're so little help when days are slow
And I'm down inside, I'll have to go
You're so little help when mine's is slow
When I'm down inside
Summer's gone
I overslept and woke up to the chill of fall
Overworked and now I'm all used up
This TV haze, sucks me through
I watch the world from me inside
Overworked and now I'm all used up
Looking onto men, no ice cream man
Beaches filled with sand
While the TV trays, wasted summer days
Slowly slipping away
But you're so little help when days are slow
When I'm down inside, I have to go
You're so little help when your's is slow
When I'm down inside
I'm down inside
I'm down inside

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