

Brothers on a Hotel Bed

Death Cab for Cutie

You may tire of me as our December sun is setting 'cause I'm not who I used to be
No longer easy on the eyes but these wrinkles masterfully disguise the youthful boy below
Who turned your way and saw something he was not looking for
Both a beginning and an end
But now he lives inside someone he does not recognize when he catches his reflection on accident
On the back of a motorbike with your arms outstretched trying to take flight, leaving everything behind
But even at our swiftest speed we couldn't break from the concrete in the city where we still reside
And I have learned that even landlocked lovers yearn for the sea, like navy men,
'Cause now we say goodnight from our own separate sides like brothers on a hotel bed

Songwriters

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