

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 motor bike
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 Like brothers on a hotel bed
Like brothers on a hotel bed
Like brothers on a hotel bed You may tire of me
As our December sun is setting
'Cause I'm not who I used to be

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