

Army Corps of Architects

Death Cab for Cutie

Leaving the central state from shallow ground
Home in the valley but the rent's paid south
You said the urn was half full when I said it was half empty
With what was left of our fair city

Call in the army corps of architects
To flatten the skyline and begin again
I knew the years would move quickly,
But never quite as fast as this
So bring the discrepancies, I'll pour the drinks.

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