

# Debate Exposes Doubt

## Death Cab for Cutie

The workin' days were propping the bar quietly erasing the week  
And I was in a corner booth thinking, pretending to read  
About the impossibility of one to love unconditionally  
The words that we drive into the ground  
Their repetition starts to thin their meaning Then everything got frighteningly still  
As they entered and intersected the floor  
And I tried to choke my stare at the perfection that others would kill for  
But all of the parts are the same on every face, few variables change  
The differences pale when compared to the similarities they share Finally there is clarity and there is purpose  
after all  
But every night ends the same as I'm collapsing once more by your side  
Finally there is clarity, this tiny life is making sense  
And every drop numbs the both of us, but I alone am staggering

Lyrics provided by

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