

State Street Residential

Death Cab for Cutie

Holding fast until the rent checks wear thin
Because it hasn't sunk in so far
Well, it's a drab routine, the dust starts building
Until it's hard to come clean Then the months stack up to an addictive crutch
As if the drink weren't enough
A stagger cannot compete
There's no charm in being residential state street And if I was sober
Would I kill caution and stay over?
And if I was sober
Would I rip hearts apart like paper? I wish you could know better than you show
With parted lips pointed down
That the whiskey soothes
More than you could ever do And if I was sober
Would I kill caution and stay over?
And if I was sober
Would I rip hearts apart like paper? And what a difference it'd make
And what a difference it'd make And if I was sober
Would I kill caution and stay over?
And if I was sober
Would I rip hearts apart like paper? And what a difference it'd make
And what a difference it'd make

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