

# Passenger Seat

## Death Cab for Cutie

I roll the window down  
And then begin to breathe in  
The darkest country road  
And the strong scent of evergreen  
From the passenger seat as you are driving me home. Then looking upwards  
I strain my eyes and try  
To tell the difference between shooting stars and satellites  
From the passenger seat as you are driving me home. "Do they collide?"  
I ask and you smile.  
With my feet on the dash  
The world doesn't matter. When you feel embarrassed then I'll be your pride  
When you need directions then I'll be the guide  
For all time.  
For all time.

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