

# Expo '86

## Death Cab for Cutie

Sometimes I think this cycle never ends

We slide from top to bottom and we turn and climb again

And it seems by the time that I have figured what it's worth

The squeaking of our skin against the steel has gotten worse. But if I move my place in line I'll lose.

And I have waited, the anticipation's got me glued. I am waiting for something to go wrong.

I am waiting for familiar resolve. Sometimes it seems that I don't have the skills to recollect

The twists and turns of plots that took us from lovers to friends

I'm thinking I should take that volume back up off the shelf

And crack it's weary spine and read to help remind myself But if I move my place in line I'll lose.

And I have waited, the anticipation's got me glued. I am waiting for something to wrong

I am waiting for familiar resolve

I am waiting for another repeat

Another diet fed by crippling defeat

And I am waiting for that sense of relief

I am waiting for you to flee the scene

As if you held in your hand the smoking gun

And on the floor lay the one you said you loved. And it's strange

They are basically the same

So I don't ask names anymore. Sometimes I think this cycle never ends

We slide from top to bottom and we turn and climb again

And it seems by the time that I have figured what it's worth

The squeaking of our skin against the steel has gotten worse. The squeaking of our skin against the steel has gotten worse [Repeat: x2]

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