

# Portable Television

## Death Cab for Cutie

Portable television, shrouded in snow  
In a raggedy van on the side of the road  
The night it had frozen through my little bones  
So you took me in your arms, you squeezed out the cold And oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh Upstate New York autumn, brightly colored leaves  
Oh, the hills were on fire, they burn for you and me  
And where we were going it was built like a lie  
But as sacred as the Bible, so we didn't question why And oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh I sow it at the soil just recently  
Where the rows of teeth they grow in fields of infinite greed  
And here laid the father and here stood the son  
Where the road meets the horizon for everyone  
For everyone Portable television, take us away  
From this burden of reflection we've carried today  
Oh, the generator's running but there's nothing on the air  
And the static is a comfort, so we huddle around and stare And oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh

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