

Death of an Interior Decorator

Death Cab for Cutie

You were the mother of three girls so sweet
That storm through your turnstile, and climbed to the street
But after conception, your body lay cold
Withered through Autumn then you found yourself old
Can you tell me why have been so sad
He took a lover on a far away beach,
While you arranged flowers and chose color schemes
Can you tell me why you have been so sad?
Can you tell me why you have been so sad?
The girls were all there; they traded their vows.
The youngest one glared with furrowed brow as
They tenderly kissed and cut the cake.
The bride then tripped and broke the vase,
The one you thought would span the years,
So perfectly placed below the mirror
Arriving late, you clean the debris
And walked into the angry sea;
It felt just like falling in love again.
And it felt just like falling in love again.
Can you tell me why you have been so sad?
Can you tell me why you have been so

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