

Company Calls Epilogue (alternate)

Death Cab for Cutie

Synapse to synapse, the possibility's thin.
I'm dressed up for free drinks and family greetings
On your wedding, your wedding, your wedding date.
The figures in plastic on the wedding cake that I took were so real. And I kept a distance, the complications cloud
The postcards and blip through fiber optics,
As the girls with pigtails were running from little boys wearing bowties
Their parents bought and "I'll catch you this time!" Crashing through the parlor doors, what was your first
reaction?
Screaming, drunk, disorderly, I'll tell you mine.
You were the one, but I can't spit it out when the date's been set.
The white routine to be ingested inaccurately. Synapse to synapse, the sneaky kids had attached
Beer cans to the bumper so they could drive
Up and down the main drag.
People would turn to see who's making the racket.
It's not the first time. When they lay down the fish will swim upstream
And I'll contest, but they won't listen
When the casualty rate's near 100 percent,
And there isn't a pension for second best or for hardly moving. Crashing through the parlor doors, what was your
first reaction?
Screaming, drunk, disorderly, I'll tell you mine.
You were the one, but I can't spit it out when the date's been set.
The white routine to be ingested inaccurately. You were the one, but I can't spit it out when the date's been set.
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The white routine to be ingested inaccurately.

Songwriters

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