

Company Calls Epilogue

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 distance
The complications cloud
The postcards
And blip through fiber optics
As the girls with pigtails were running
From little boys wearing bow ties
Their parents bought them
"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
The white routine

To be ingested inaccurately

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