

Ingenue

Death Cab for Cutie

Ingénue what have we done to you?

Under that soft skin

I hear a ticking

The currency of being twenty-three

It turns from gold to dust

When you crest the wave of lust

So take all you can

From the mouth of man

Ingénue framed like a cartoon

The borders clear and defined

The colors bold and bright

You'll want to be taken more seriously

But they just play a cue

And it's such a hard thing to do

So take all you can

From the mouth of man

And escape from this town

Before your sand runs out

Before your sand runs out

Ingénue, what will become of you?

When age's glacial pace

Cuts valleys into your face

The currency of being twenty-three

It will remain the same

Just by another name

Oh, Ingénue

What will you do?

Oh, Ingénue

What have we done to you?

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