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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