

This Temporary Life

Death Cab for Cutie

The morning sun's about to break
I'm looking in as you create someone
You lift your head and brush your teeth and make your bed
As if you won't sleep again You fix your hair and tie your shoes
And tuck your shirt and now you feel new
The glass is full, the glass is broke
And every day dissolves and there's no hope Of ever leaving this temporary life
Of ever leaving this temporary life Life, life, life, life
You may ask yourself: is there anyone so alone
That there's no beep before the dial tone
When you pick it up to see who called
If there is, its probably your Mom

Songwriters

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