

# 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 againYou 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 hopeOf ever leaving this temporary life  
Of ever leaving this temporary lifeLife, 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

Gibbard, Benjamin

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