

We Looked Like Giants (Live Chicago 08.15.03)

Death Cab for Cutie

God bless the daylight, the sugary smell of springtime
 Remembering when you were mine in a still suburban town
 When every Thursday, I'd brave those mountain
 passes
 And you'd skip your early classes and we'd learn how our bodies worked
 God damn the black night, with all its
 foul temptations
 I've become what I always hated when I was with you then
 We looked like giants in the back of my grey
 subcompact
 Fumbling to make contact as the others slept inside
 And together there in a shroud of frost, the mountain air
 Began to pass through every pane of weathered glass
 And I held you closer than anyone would ever get
 Remember the J.A.M.C. and reading aloud from magazines
 I don't know about you but I swear on my name they could smell it on me
 But I've never been to good with secrets, oh
 Oh together there in a shroud of frost, the mountain air
 Began to pass through every pane of weathered glass
 And I held you closer

Songwriters

Walla, Christopher / Gibbard, Benjamin / McGerr, Jason / Harmer, Nicholas Published by
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