Gridlock Caravans

Death Cab for Cutie

Starched white shirts, so neatly pressed by domestic muses
Feed delusions that everything is working out right
But your ribs can't withstand the increasing weight
As your heart gets heavier and sooner or later
It falls to the tips of your toesAnd every day tastes like inhaling
When you just lit the wrong end
(That plastic burning scent)
Your only friends are on the exit ramps of gridlock caravans
You try to ask how they've been
But the metal and glass is too thick

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