

# Song for Kelly Huckaby

## Death Cab for Cutie

Photographs of the best time you had  
Windows smudged by the speed  
Leaving home with our bags from Iron Street  
As morning turned into California  
And smoke trailed from the butt of my cigarette  
Our glass house it threw rocks at all those it passed  
Waking up to the sound of 5 a.m. to take my turn at the wheel  
Climbed up Shasta, oh how the engine ached  
As the sun tortured California  
And old alleys turned deep at the heart of me  
Murals of heros defacing the blank concrete  
Vision tunneled, Mission Street, hunger beat  
Lodged out as the engine wheezed  
Still moving regardless of stable ground  
And this stable ground  
Photographs of the best time you had  
Windows smudged by the speed  
Leaving home with our bags from Iron Street  
As morning turned into California

Lyrics provided by

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