

# Brothers on a Hotel Bed

## Death Cab for Cutie

You may tire of me  
As our December sun is setting  
'Cause I'm not who I used to be No longer easy on the eyes  
But these wrinkles masterfully disguise  
The youthful boy below Who turned your way and saw  
Something he was not looking for  
Both a beginning and an end But now he lives inside  
Someone he does not recognize  
When he catches his reflection on accident On the back of a motor bike  
With your arms outstretched  
Trying to take flight  
Leaving everything behind But even at our swiftest speed  
We couldn't break from the concrete  
In the city where we still reside And I have learned  
That even landlocked lovers yearn  
For the sea like Navy men 'Cause now we say goodnight  
From our own separate sides  
Like brothers on a hotel bed Like brothers on a hotel bed  
Like brothers on a hotel bed  
Like brothers on a hotel bed You may tire of me  
As our December sun is setting  
'Cause I'm not who I used to be

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