

# Tiny Vessels

## Death Cab for Cutie

This is the moment that you know  
That you told you loved her but you don't.  
You touch her skin and then you think  
That she is beautiful but she don't mean a thing to me.  
Yeah, she is beautiful, but she don't mean a thing to me. I spent two weeks in Silverlake.  
The California sun cascading down my face  
There was a girl with light brown streaks  
And she was beautiful but she didn't mean a thing to me.  
Yeah, she was beautiful, but she didn't mean a thing to me. Wanted to believe in all the words that I was  
speaking  
As we moved together in the dark.  
And all the friends that I was telling.  
And all the playful misspellings.  
And every bite I gave you left a mark. Tiny vessels oozed into your neck  
And formed the bruises,  
That you said you didn't want to fade,  
But they did and so did I that day. All I see are dark grey clouds  
In the distance moving closer with every hour.  
So when you ask "Was something wrong?",  
That I think "You're damn right there is but we can't talk about it now.  
No, we can't talk about it now." So one last touch and then you'll go.  
And we'll pretend that it meant something so much more,  
But it was vile, and it was cheap.  
And you are beautiful, but you don't mean a thing to me  
Yeah, you are beautiful, but you don't mean a thing to me.  
Yeah, you are beautiful, but you don't mean a thing to me.

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