

Passenger Seat

Death Cab for Cutie

I roll the window down
And then begin to breathe in
The darkest country road
And the strong scent of evergreen
From the passenger seat as you are driving me home. Then looking upwards
I strain my eyes and try
To tell the difference between shooting stars and satellites
From the passenger seat as you are driving me home. "Do they collide?"
I ask and you smile.
With my feet on the dash
The world doesn't matter. When you feel embarrassed then I'll be your pride
When you need directions then I'll be the guide
For all time.
For all time.

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