

Marching Bands of Manhattan

Death Cab for Cutie

If I could open my arms
And span the length of the isle of Manhattan
I'd bring it to where you are
Making a lake of the east river and Hudson
If I could open my mouth
Wide enough for a marching band to march out
They would make your name sing
And bend through alleys and bounce off all the buildings
I wish we could open our eyes
To see in all directions at the same time
Oh, what a beautiful view
If you were never aware of what was around you
And it is true what you say
That I live like a hermit in my own head
But when the sun shines again
I'll pull the curtains and blinds to let the light in
Sorrow drips into your heart through a pinhole
Just like a faucet that leaks and there is comfort in the sound
But while you debate, half empty or half full
It slowly rises, your love is gonna drown
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