

We Looked Like Giants

Death Cab for Cutie

God bless the daylight, the sugary smell of springtime
Remembering when you were mine in a still suburban town When every Thursday, I'd brave those mountain
passes
And you'd skip your early classes and we'd learn how our bodies worked God damn the black night, with all its
foul temptations
I've become what I always hated when I was with you then We looked like giants in the back of my grey
subcompact
Fumbling to make contact as the others slept inside
And together there in a shroud of frost, the mountain air
Began to pass through every pane of weathered glass
And I held you closer than anyone would ever get Remember the J.A.M.C. and reading aloud from magazines
I don't know about you but I swear on my name they could smell it on me
But I've never been too good with secrets, oh Oh together there in a shroud of frost, the mountain air
Began to pass through every pane of weathered glass
And I held you closer

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