

Bend to Squares

Death Cab for Cutie

Gravitated towards a taste
For foreign films and modern plays
But that machine could only
Bend to squares five to six times
Before your fingers came unwired
Weights down so that you could move forwards, forwards
And you could move forwards, forwards
Pinch to snub that restless nerve
And knock the wind from one last urge
With two fingers a rock glass
Time passed and that was that
Quite a slip, a loosened grasp
Weights down so that you could move forwards, forwards
And you could move forwards, forwards

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