

Brand New Colony (radio mess up)

The Postal Service

I'll be the grapes fermented
Bottled and served with the table set in my finest suit
Like a perfect gentlemen
I'll be the fire escape that's bolted to the ancient brick
Where you will sit and contemplate your day I'll be the water wings that save you if you start drowning in an
open tab
When your judgment's on the brink
I'll be the phonograph that plays your favorite albums back
As your lying there drifting off to sleep
I'll be the platform shoes and undo what heredity's done to you
You won't have to strain to look into my eyes
I'll be your winter coat buttoned and zipped straight to the throat
With the collar up so you won't catch a cold I want to take you far from the cynics in his town
And kiss you on the mouth
We'll cut out bodies free from the tethers of this scene
Start a brand new colony
Where everything will change
We'll give ourselves new names, identities erased
The sun will hear the grounds
Under our bare feet in this brand new colony (this brand new colony) Everything will change, ooh, ooh
Everything will change, ooh, ooh
Everything will change, ooh, ooh

Songwriters

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