

President of What (failed attempt)

Death Cab for Cutie

I saw the scene unfold on a rainy Sunday
Creases indicating fold that kept four walls from caving in
I took a little more of what I take for granted
And filled my plate for fear that gears would turn And wheels would roll away
Something's got to break you down
Entered the scene (i'm told) on I think it was Monday
You drove straight through and mined that quarry
For all it could bleed 'til dry
I took a little more 'til I got taken for granted
Cause beautiful boys gave chase
And when they arch your backbone It's such a dreadful sight
I'll react when faces find you
With jealous fits that gag and bind you
Cause nothing hurts like nothing at all
When imagination takes full control

Songwriters

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