

Crooked Teeth

Death Cab for Cutie

It was one hundred degrees, as we sat beneath a willow tree,
Who's tears didn't care, they just hung in the air, and refused
to fall, to fall.

And I knew I'd made horrible call,
And now the state line felt like the Berlin wall,
And there was no doubt about which side I was on.

Cause I built you a home in my heart,
With rotten wood, it decayed from the start.

Cause you can't find nothing at all,
If there was nothing there all along.
No you can't find nothing at all,
If there was nothing there all along.

I braved treacherous streets,
And kids strung out on homemade speed.
And we shared a bed in which I could not sleep,
At all, woo, hoo, woo, hooOoOo.

Cause at night the sun in retreat,
Made the skyline look like crooked teeth,
In the mouth of a man who was devouring, us both.

You're so cute when you're slurring your speech,
But they're closing the bar and they want us to leave.

And you can't find nothing at all,
If there was nothing there all along.
No you can't find nothing at all,
If there was nothing there all along.

I'm a war, of head versus heart,
And it's always this way.
My head is weak, my heart always speaks,
Before I know what it will say.

And you can't find nothing at all,
If there was nothing there all along.
There were churches, theme parks and malls,
But there was nothing there all along.