

Talking Like Turnstiles

Death Cab for Cutie

Sometimes I talk like a turnstile,
When I have had too much to drink.
A tangled tongue like English Ivy;
Just like a film dubbed out of sync.

The phone is ringing in the guest room;
A muffled voice on the machine.
It's either someone I don't wanna talk to,
Or someone selling what I don't need.

'Cause I'm only waiting for you to come on home.

Sometimes I fall in fits of laughter.
My bottle shatters on the floor,
And you apologize perfusely,
For the drunkard on your arm.

I'll change, love, change, love;
Change for you.
'Cause even slurred words can contain some truth.
I'll change, love, change, love;
Change for you....

When I am ready to.