

The Face That Launched 1000 Shits

Death Cab for Cutie

And I'm standing up
In my practice room
I'm all alone

Speakers on the spoon
And my new Gibson and
Oh, what the hell

Things are not so different
In my vocal master
You are the face that launched
One thousand ships

Quakes and Trojans
And a thousand shits
The shits eying the shores
Of Asia minor

Lining all the shores
Of Asia minor
You can tell that I'm not
A minor in Asia no more

I'm standing up
This is the face that launched
A thousand ships

I'm standing up
This is the face that launched
One thousand ships

This is the face that shot
You'll never have replaced
Splitting up his kids to three separate parts
For his sons and the three separate hearts