

# Underneath The Sycamore

Death Cab for Cutie

Lying in a field of black  
Underneath the overpass  
Mangled in the shards of a metal frame  
Woken from the dream by my own name

Well I was such a wretched man  
Searching everywhere for a homeland  
Now we are under the same sun  
Feel it through the leaves let it heal us

We are the same, we are both safe  
Underneath the Sycamore  
We are the same, we are both safe  
Underneath the Sycamore

We were both broken in our own ways  
Sifting through the rubble for the wrong things  
I know you've got a vengeful heart  
I cannot be stop soon as I start

But you have seen your darkest rooms  
And I have slept in makeshift tombs  
And this is where we find our peace  
Oh, this is where we are, at least

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(Repeat 3 more)