

We Laugh Indoors

Death Cab for Cutie

When we laugh indoors, the blissful tones bounce off the walls
and fall to the ground.
Peel the hardwood back to let them loose from decades trapped a
nd listen so still.
This city is my home, construction noise all day long and gutte
r punks are bumming change.
So i breed thicker skin and let me lustrous coat fill in and i'
ll never admit that
I loved you guenivere.

I've always fallen fast with too much trust in the promise that
"no one's ever been here, so you can quell those wet fears."
I want purity, i must have it here right now.
But don't you get me started now.

December's chill comes late, the days get darker and we wait fo
r this direness to pass.
There are piles on the floor of artifacts from dresser drawers,
and i'll help you pack.