

Your Bruise

Death Cab for Cutie

It's a backwards attraction
To your forward eyes
But you're so far-sighted
That you can't place trust
In what or who you recognize

We sped the Plymouth across
The banks of the Mississippi river
Mary Timony was smaller
Than a super ball

Chitter-chatter all these secrets
Started giving me the shivers
Plain and simply
Broken down near Olympia

I think your bruise was understated
'Cause you can't feel this anymore
It's getting bluer and you can't keep faking
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