

Death Cab For Cutie "Company Calls Epilogue"

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Synapse to synapse
The possibility's thin
I'm dressed up for free drinks
And family greetings

On your wedding, your wedding
Your wedding date
The figures in plastic on the wedding cake
That I took were so real

And I kept distance
The complications cloud
The postcards
And blip through fiber optics

As the girls with pigtails were running
From little boys wearing bow ties
Their parents bought them
"I'll catch you this time"

Crashing through the parlor doors
What was your first reaction?
Screaming, drunk, disorderly
I'll tell you mine

You were the one but I can't spit it out
When the date's been set
The white routine
To be ingested inaccurately

Synapse to synapse
The sneaky kids had attached
Beer cans to the bumper so they could drive
Up and down the main drag

People would turn
To see who's
Making the racket
It's not the first time

When they lay down
The fish will swim upstream

And I'll contest
But they won't listen

When the casualty rate's
Near 100 percent
And there isn't a pension
For second best or for hardly moving

Crashing through the parlor doors
What was your first reaction?
Screaming, drunk, disorderly
I'll tell you mine

You were the one, but I can't spit it out
When the date's been set
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