

## **Death Cab For Cutie "Debate Exposes Doubt"**

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The workin' days were propping the bar quietly erasing  
the week

And I was in a corner booth thinking, pretending to  
read

About the impossibility of one to love unconditionally  
The words that we drive into the ground  
Their repetition starts to thin their meaning

Then everything got frighteningly still  
As they entered and intersected the floor  
And I tried to choke my stare at the perfection that  
others would kill for  
But all of the parts are the same on every face, few  
variables change  
The differences pale when compared to the similarities  
they share

Finally there is clarity and there is purpose after all  
But every night ends the same as I'm collapsing once  
more by your side  
Finally there is clarity, this tiny life is making sense  
And every drop numbs the both of us, but I alone am  
staggering

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