

## **Death Cab For Cutie "Gridlock Caravans"**

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Starched white shirts, so neatly pressed by domestic  
muses

Feed delusions that everything is working out right  
But your ribs can't withstand the increasing weight  
As your heart gets heavier and sooner or later  
It falls to the tips of your toes

And every day tastes like inhaling  
When you just lit the wrong end  
(That plastic burning scent)  
Your only friends are on the exit ramps of gridlock  
caravans  
You try to ask how they've been  
But the metal and glass is too thick

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