

## Death Cab For Cutie "Information Travels Faster"

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I intentionally wrote it out to be an illegible mess  
You wanted me to write you letters, but i'd rather lose  
your address  
And forget that we'd ever met and what did or did not  
occur.  
Sitting in the station, it's all a blur  
Of dancehall hips, pretentious quips.  
A boxers, bob and weave.

And here's the kicker of this whole shebang  
You're in debt and completely fooled, that you can look  
into the mirror and objectively rank your wounds.  
Sewing circles are not solely based in trades of cloth...

There's spinsters all around here taking notes,  
reporting on us.

As information travels faster in the modern age, in the  
modern age  
As our days are crawling by so slowly  
Information travels faster in the modern age, in the  
modern age  
As our days are crawling by so slowly

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