

Death Cab For Cutie "Passenger Seat"

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I roll the window down
And then begin to breathe in

The darkest country road
And the strong scent of evergreen
From the passenger seat
As you are driving me home

Then looking upwards
I strain my eyes and try

To tell the difference between
Shooting stars and satellites
From the passenger seat
As you are driving me home

"Do they collide?"
I ask and you smile

With my feet on the dash
The world doesn't matter

When you feel embarrassed
Then I'll be your pride
When you need directions
Then I'll be the guide for all time
For all time

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