

Death Cab For Cutie "That's Incentive"

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(That's incentive...)

You see nothing to be adored, when obsession takes
it's toll

You can't place you in between the pages of fashion
magazines

Paper cuts from turning pages, just like a bad dream
Is it this or that or me that makes you love what you
can't defeat

Boiled over burning clean toward the flesh blocks in
your knees

It's a lesson that just might keep suppressing appetites
Paper cuts from turning pages, just like a bad dream

Is it this or that or me that makes you love what

And I live this life just to bear these scars

Will the hurt subside, if you decide?

That's it's me and you this time

Is it you that always... is it you that decides

And I live this life just to bear these scars

Will the hurt subside, if you decide?

And I live this life just to bear these scars

Will the hurt subside, if you decide?

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