

Death Cab For Cutie "This Temporary Life"

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The morning sun's about to break
I'm looking in as you create someone
You lift your head and brush your teeth
And make your bed as if you won't sleep again

You fix your hair and tie your shoes
And tuck your shirt and now you feel new
The glass is full, the glass is broke
And every day dissolves and there's no hope

Of ever leaving this temporary life
Of ever leaving this temporary life

Life, life, life, life

(You may ask yourself)
Is there anyone so alone?
But there's no beep before the dial tone
When you pick it up to see who called
If there is it's probably your mom

But, oh, the rising sun brings little cheer
To this city with the stolen name
And you're wondering whose bright idea
It was to pack your things and leave your friends
And move down here

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