

## Postal Service "Brand New Colony"

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I'll be the grapes fermented,  
Bottled and served with the table set in my finest suit  
Like a perfect gentlemen  
I'll be the fire escape that's bolted to the ancient brick  
Where you will sit and contemplate your day

I'll be the waterwings that save you if you start  
drowning  
In an open tab when your judgement's on the brink  
I'll be the phonograph that plays your favorite  
Albums back as your lying there drifting off to sleep...  
I'll be the platform shoes and undo what heredity's  
done to you...  
You won't have to strain to look into my eyes

I'll be your winter coat buttoned and zipped straight to  
the throat  
With the collar up so you won't catch a cold

I want to take you far from the cynics into his town  
And kiss you on the mouth  
We'll cut out bodies free from the tethers of this scene,  
Start a brand new colony  
Where everything will change,  
We'll give ourselves new names (identities erased)  
The sun will heat the ground  
Under our bare feet in this brand new colony  
Everything will change, oOo oOo...

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