

The 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
gentleman
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 water wings that save you if you
Start drowning in an open tab when your judgment's on
the brink
I'll be the phonograph that plays your favorite
Albums back as you're lying there, drifting off to sleep
Drifting off to sleep

I'll be the platform shoes, 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 in this town
And kiss you on the mouth
We'll cut our 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 grounds, under our bare
feet in this brand new colony
This brand new colony

Everything will change
Everything will change
Everything will change

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