

by Death Cab for Cutie

"Song For Kelly Huckaby"

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Photographs of the best time you had, windows
smugded by the speed. Leaving home with our bags
from Iron Street, as morning turned into California, And
smoke trailed from the butt of my cigarette. Our glass
house it threw rocks at all those it past. Waking up to
the sound of 5 A.M to take my turn at the wheel.
Climbed up Shasta, oh how the engine ached as the
sun tortured California, and old alleys turned deep at
the heart of me. Murals of heros defacing the blank
concrete. Vision tunneled, Mission Street, hunger beat
lodged out as the engine wheezed. Still moving
regardless of stable ground and this stable ground.
Photographs of the best time you had, windows
smugded by the speed. Leaving home with our bags
from Iron street as morning turned into California.

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