

Arcade Fire, The "Cars And Telephones"

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I read the pages about me
In her autobiography
They were brief and to the point
A flash, while you are getting dressed
A memory that needs to be repressed
I'll just wait until it's over
Since you've gone away
I never know just what to say
Since you've gone away
I never know just what to say
Cause I like cars more than telephones
Your voice in my ear makes me feel so alone
Tonight I'm gonna drive
The silver moon is shining bright
Over the interstate
God saying hurry don't be late
Soon the sun will rise
That's when the romance dies
And I'm just tired of running around
I walked
To get the mail today

I guess

Your letter never came

I'll just

Check again tomorrow

A flash while you are getting dressed

A Memory that needs to be repressed

I'll just wait without saying a word

Since you've gone away

I never know just what to say

Since you've gone away

I never know just what to say

Cause I like cars more than telephones

Your voice in my head makes me feel so alone

Tonight I'm gonna drive

The silver moon is shining bright

Over the interstate

God saying hurry don't be late

Soon the sun will rise

That's when the romance dies

And I'm just tired of running around

But fuck it I love you even if

I'm gonna feel like shit

By the time I get to you

Now the sky is turning blue

The stars they disappear

One by one as the daylight's nears

And yes you're in my head

But that doesn't make you here

And I've lost all my friends

But you're the one I miss the most

And now I'm almost there

Yeah I'm almost to the coast

And if I had any notion

Of how I'm gonna drive my car across

the Atlantic Ocean,

I'd be fucking set.

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