

Marching Bands of Manhattan

Death Cab for Cutie

If I could open my arms and span the length of the isle of Manhattan
I'd bring it to where you are, making a lake of the East River and Hudson
If I could open my mouth wide enough for a marching band to march out
They would make your name sing and bend through alleys and bounce off all the buildings
I wish we could open our eyes to see in all directions at the same time
Oh what a beautiful view, if you were never aware of what was around you
And it is true what you said: that I live like a hermit in my own head
But when the sun shines again I'll pull the curtains and blinds to let the light in
Sorrow drips into your heart through a pinhole
Just like a faucet that leaks and there is comfort in the sound
But while you debate half-empty or half-full
It slowly rises: your love is gonna drown
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