

Passenger Seat

Death Cab for Cutie

I roll the window down
and then begin to breathe ... in
the darkest country road
and the strong scent of evergreen
from the passenger seat as
you are driving me home Then looking upwards
I strain my eyes and try
To tell the difference between
shooting stars and satellites
from the passenger seat as
you are driving me home Do they collide?
I ask and you smile.
With my feet on the dash,
the world doesn't matter.
When you feel embarrassed
then I'll be your pride.
When you need directions
then I'll be the guide
for all time
for all time...

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