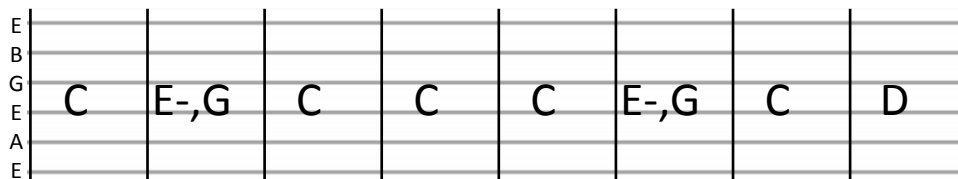


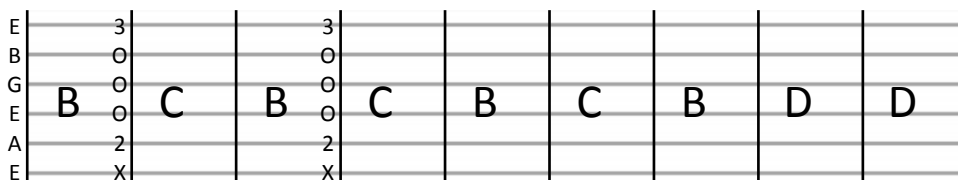
Death Cab for Cutie – Brothers on a Hotel Bed

Capot 266666.

Verse A (16/8)



Bridge (alternate 6/8 with 8/8)



Verse 1

You may tire of me,
As our December sun is setting,
'cause I'm not who I used to be.
No longer easy on the eyes,
These wrinkles masterfully disguise
The youthful boy below.
Who turned your way and saw
something he was not looking for
Both a beginning and an end.
And now he lives inside
Someone he does not recognize
When he catches his reflection on accident.

Verse 2

On the back of a motorbike
With your arms outstretched trying to take flight,
Leaving everything behind.
But even at our swiftest speed
We couldn't break from the concrete
In the city where we still reside.
And I have learned
That even landlocked lovers yearn
For the sea, like navy men,
'Cause now we say goodnight
From our own separate sides
Like brothers on a hotel bed.

Bridge

Like brothers on a hotel bed.