

# Arcade Fire, Cars And Telephones

I read the pages about me  
In her autobiography  
They were brief and to the point  
Our flesh, while you are getting dressed  
A memory that needs to be repressed  
Ill just wait until its over

Since youve gone away  
I never know just what to say  
Since youve 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 Im gonna drive  
The silver moon is shining bright  
Over the interstate  
God saying hurry dont be late  
Soon the sun will rise  
Thats when the romance dies  
And Im just tired of running around

I walked  
To get the mail today  
I guess  
Your letter never came  
Ill just  
Check again tomorrow

Our flesh while you are getting dressed  
Memory that needs to be repressed  
Ill just wait without saying a word

Since youve gone away  
I never know just what to say  
Since youve 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 Im gonna drive  
The silver moon is shining bright  
Over the interstate  
God saying hurry dont be late  
Soon the sun will rise  
Thats when the romance dies  
And Im just tired of running around

But fuck it I love you no less  
Im gonna feel like shit  
By the time I get to you  
Now the sky is turning blue  
The stars they disappear  
One by one with daylight dear  
And yes youre in my head  
But that doesnt make you here  
And Ive lost all my friends  
But youre the one I miss the most  
And now Im almost there  
Yeah Im almost to the coast  
And if I had any notion  
Of how im gonna drive my car across  
The Atlantic Ocean, id be fuckin sad