

# Death Cab For Cutie, We Looked Like Giants

God bless the daylight,  
The sugary smell of springtime  
Remembering when you were mine  
In a still suburban town

When every Thursday  
I'd brave those mountain passes  
And you'd skip your early classes  
And we'd learn how our bodies worked

God damn the black night,  
With all its foul temptations  
I've become what I always hated  
When I was with you then

We looked like giants  
In the back of my gray subcompact  
Fumbling to make contact  
As the others slept inside  
And together there  
In a shroud of frost,  
The mountain air  
Began to pass  
Through every pane of weathered glass  
And I held you closer than anyone would ever guess

Remember the J.A.M.C.  
And reading aloud from magazines  
I don't know about you, but I swear on my name they could smell it on me  
But I've never been to good with secrets... ohh...

Oh, together there  
In a shroud of frost,  
The mountain air  
Began to pass  
Through every pane of weathered glass  
and I held you closer...