

## Pictures in an Exhibition

Death Cab for Cutie

Think you caught me on the downslide, downturn  
I was busy writing with a pen and paper thin dream  
And all your plastic people with plastic hearts and smiles  
They had the worst intentions all along after all

The royal castle holds the mellow drama kings and queens  
And all their dazzling children, they're so regal, so clean  
With pristine fingertips they wash behind their ears  
And let their hair down till the audiences leave  
Leave, leave, leave, leave

I'm definitely shaking  
The silence isn't breaking  
Backwashed and stranded memories  
Of something I thought could be

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