

# The Postal Service, Brand New Colony

I'll be the grapes fermented, bottled and served with the table set  
In my finest suit, like a perfect gentleman  
I'll be the fire escape that's bolted to the ancient brick  
Where you will sit and contemplate your day

I'll be the waterwings that save you if you start drowning in  
An open tab when your judgment's on the brink.  
I'll be the phonograph that plays your favorite  
Albums back as you're lying there  
Drifting off to sleep (drifting off to sleep)

I'll be the platform shoes, undo what heredity's done to you  
You won't have to strain to look into my eyes  
I'll be your winter coat, buttoned and zipped straight to the throat  
With the collar up so you won't catch a cold

I want to take you far from the cynics in this town  
And kiss you on the mouth  
We'll cut our bodies free from the tethers of this scene  
Start a brand new colony  
Where everything will change, we'll give ourselves new names  
Identities erased  
The sun will heat the grounds under our bare feet  
In this brand new colony (in this brand new colony)

Everything will change, ooh  
Everything will change, ooh  
Everything will change, ooh