

# Portable Television

## Death Cab for Cutie

Bored of old television, shrouded in snow  
In a raggedy van on the side of the road  
The night it had frozen through my little bones  
So you took me in your arms,  
you squeezed out the cold  
And oh, ooh, oh, ooh, oh, ooh  
Upstate New York, autumn, brightly  
colored leaves  
Oh, the hills were on fire, they burn for you and me  
And where we were going it was built like a lie  
But as sacred as the Bible,  
so we didn't question why  
And oh, ooh, oh, ooh, oh, ooh  
I saw it in the soil just recently  
Where the rows of teeth they grow in fields of infinite greed  
And here laid the father, and here stood the son  
Where the road meets the horizon for everyone  
For everyone  
Bored of old television, take us away  
From this burden of reflection we've carried today  
Oh, the generator's running but there's nothing on the air  
And the static is a comfort,  
so we huddle around and stare  
And oh, ooh, oh, ooh, oh, ooh  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>