

Bright Eyes, I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning (Road

The sun came up with no conclusions
Flowers sleeping in their beds
The city's cemetery's humming
I'm wide awake, it's morning
And I have my drugs, I have my woman
They keep away my loneliness
My parents, they have their religion
But sleep in separate houses

I read the body count out of the paper
And now it's written all over my face
And no one ever plans to sleep out in the gutter
But sometimes that's just the most comfortable place

So I'm singing, drinking, breathing, writing
Everyday I'm on the clock
My mind races with all my longings
But can't keep up with what I got

So I hope I don't sound too ungrateful
What history gave modern men
A telephone to talk to strangers
Machine guns and a camera lens

So when you're asked to fight a war that's over nothing
You know it's best to join the side that's gonna win
And no one's sure how all of this got started
But we're gonna make 'em God damn certain how it's gonna end

Well I could have been a famous singer
If I had someone else's voice
But failures always sounded better
Let's fuck it up, boys, make some noise

The sun came up with no conclusions
Flowers sleeping in their beds
The city's cemetery's humming
I'm wide awake, it's morning