

Bright Eyes, Tourist Trap

It's not the road we used to know,
they tore some buildings down.
The traffic's like a pack of dogs.
There's fewer trees, windows, fleas,
concrete on the lawn.
There's people here, but you are gone.
And I'm fine, still swimming through time.
Afraid some days I've reached the shore.
Make yourself free, a man said that to me.
Now my heart is like an open door.
And the road finally gave me back
but I don't think I'll unpack
'Cause I'm not sure if I live here anymore.
It's not my weight that makes me faint.
for the sugar in my blood.
But the way these strangers stand so close.
They say my name, like a guessing game.
"Is that really you?"
No, I don't think it ever was.
In the spring,
when the world's turning green,
I only think about the fall,
or the frets on the board
a progression of chords.
Oh how I want this to resolve.
And the road finally gave me back,
but I don't think I'll unpack.
'Cause I'm not sure if I live here anymore.
Now the road finally gave me back,
but I don't think I'll unpack.
'Cause I'm not sure If I live here,
no, I'm not sure if I live here anymore.
I'm not sure if I live here anymore