

Bright Eyes, Trees Get Wheeled Away

Anchor men spike their blood
Wear a mask of mud, cucumbers cut to fit their eyes
so no one would know how tired they've grown
of talking and telling their lies
While the tv's change stations
scroll messages, victims and christains both drinking blood
and they'll pray for the destrucion
of all hatred, more often just those with hate for us
cause it hurts when you discover ones worse and ones better
to suffer or cause others to
and you can live by your concious
now guilt is a concept you're no longer subscribing to

Theres a virgin in my bed
and shes taking off her dress
and I'm not sure what I am goin' do
Theres a song stuck in my head
and i can't help singing it
oh how i hope my singin pleases you
cause this is not who i've become but who you make me into

we've got no health insurance
no cellular service
no disease they can cure
but we need more money to burn
so each person must learn the dollar amount they are worth
and those pills make me dizzy, forgetting my body
i watch as it walks away
and i just keep drinking the poisen
and smoking the cartons
a pack and a half a day
and so when time comes to claim me
my friends and my family will gather around my grave
and they'll believe that they knew me
and love me and miss me
and all call me by my name

so immagine what you want and hold onto that thought
cause thats as close as it will ever come
and believe you're were you're are
keep acting out the part
but at the end of the day
the trees all get wheeled away
and you'll be standing alone in a blank, blank space

so believe you're who you are
and stay in character
but at the end of the play the audience walks away
and ill be shivering cold on a well lit stage