Conor Oberst, Cape Ca?averal

Oh, oh, oh brother totem pole I saw your legends lined up And I never felt more natural Apart, I just came apart

Please, please, please sister Socrates You always answer with a question Show some kindness to a petty thief Forgive, you did forgive

And watch the migrants smoke in the old orange grove And the red rocket blaze over Cape Caaveral You've been a father to me In 1960's speak Give me comatose joy like rerun TV While the mountain's side was shining Wild colors of my destiny

I watched your face age backwards Changing shape in my memory You told me victory's sweet Even deep in the cheap seats

Hey, hey, hey mother interstate Can you deliver me from evil Make me honest make me wedding cake Atone, I will atone

Wait, wait, wait mighty outer-space All that flying saucer terror Made me lazy drinking lemonade A waste, it just went to waste

Like the Freon cold out the hotel door Or the white rocket fade over Cape Caaveral You've been a daughter to me Your buried shoe-box grief I felt your poltergeist love like savannah heat While the waterfall was pouring Crazy symbols of my destiny

I watched your face die backwards Little baby in my memory You told me victory's sweet Even deep in the cheap seats

And you don't judge me
That's not your style
But I won't see you
For a little while
And there's no worries
Whose got time
All these changes are going to
Fill your mind

Like the citrus glow off the old orange grove
Or the red rocket blaze over Cape Caaveral
It's been a nightmare for me
Some 1980's grief
Gives me parachute dreams
Like old war movies
While the universe was drawing
Perfect circles form infinity

Saw the stars get smaller Tiny diamonds in my memory I know that victory is sweet Even deep in the cheap seats