

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