

# Conor Oberst, Danny Callahan

Green world, lovely chloroform  
Front porch in the thunderstorm  
Controlled chaos, confused energy  
Stop reading the weather charts  
Stop counting the playing cards  
There's no system, there's no guarantees

That the love you feel and carry inside can be passed  
But you try, I know you do, you still talk to your plants  
Ask, how are you getting on alone

Some wander the wilderness  
Some drink cosmopolitans  
Some cull science, some glean astral planes  
I can't tell where the canvas stops  
Homesick as an astronaut  
Just keep drifting, but still can't explain

How the love we feel we carry inside can be passed  
See a brother in the gutter, you reach out your hand  
Ask, how are you getting on alone

What guage measures miracles  
And whose heartbeat's electrical  
We feign sickness with our modern joy  
But even Western medicine  
It couldn't save Danny Callahan  
Bad bone marrow, a bald little boy

But the love he feels he carries inside can be passed  
He lay still, his mother kissed him goodbye  
Said, come back, where are you going to alone  
Where are you going all alone?