

Conor Oberst, Lenders In The Temple

A short delay, the parrot blues
Little voices mimic you
It's not so hard to make that sound
So watch your back, the Ides of March
Cut your hair like Joan of Arc
Disguise your will, they'll find you out
And when they do
Look out

There's money-lenders inside the temple
That circus tiger's gonna break your heart
Something so wild turned into paper
If I loved you, well that's my fault

A bitch in heat, the alpha male
Not something she'd ever tell
Except when she got deathly high
And out it came like summer rain
It washed the cars and everything
Felt clean for just a little while
A telethon
We drunk dialed

Those starving children they ain't got no mother
There's pink flamingos living in the mall
I'd give a fortune to your infomercial
If somebody would just take my call
Take my call
Take my call

Hello
Patterns in my mind now moving slow
Sorrow all across the surface rolls
Smoothing out the edges of the stone
The lights are out. Where'd everybody go?
Alone

Erase yourself and you'll be free
Mandala destroyed by the sea
All we are is colored sand
So pay to ride the ferris wheel
Smile, all that you can feel
Is gratitude for what has been
'Cause it did not
Happen

There's money-lenders inside the temple
That circus tiger's gonna break my heart
Something so wild turned into paper
If you love me, then that's your fault

There's money-enders inside the temple
This crystal city's gonna fall apart
When all their power turns into vapor
If I miss you, well that's my fault
That's my fault
That's my fault