

# 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