

Conor Oberst, Milk Thistle

Milk thistle, milk thistle
Let me down slow
Help me go slow
I've been carryin' on
I'm not scared of nothin'
I'll go pound for pound
I keep death on my mind
Like a heavy crown
If I go to heaven
I'll be bored as hell
Like a little baby
At the bottom of a well

Fairchild, fairchild
How are you, man
Did you fix that storefront
Did you start that band
Don't be scared of nothin'
You go pound for pound
You'll bring peace to midnight
Like a spotted owl
I'll be rootin' for you
Like my favorite team
If somebody sweats you
You just point 'em out to me

All the sights and sounds
This little world's too crowded now
And there's only one way out
An elevator ride
Through the tunnel towards the light
And I'm nowhere bound
Keep going up and down
Up and down

Newspaper, newspaper
Can't take no more
You're here every morning
Waitin' at my door
And I'm just tryin' to kiss you
And you stab my eyes
Make me blue forever
Like an island sky
And I'm not pretending
That it's all okay
Just let me have my coffee
Before you take away the day

Lazarus, Lazarus
Why all the tears
Did your faithful chauffer just disappear
What a lonesome feeling
To be waitin' around
Like some washed-up actress
In a tinsel town
But for the record
I'd come pick you up
We'll head for the ocean
Just say when you've had enough

All the light and sound
This little world's too fragile now
And there's only one way out
But if you let me slide

I'll do my best to make things right
And I know where bound
Just going up and down
Up and down

Milk thistle, milk thistle
Let me down slow
Just help me go slow
I've been hurrin' on
I was poised for greatness
I was down and out
I keep death at my heels
Like a basset hound
If I go to heaven
I'll be bored as hell
Like a crying baby at the bottom of a well