

# Bright Eyes, At The Bottom Of Everything

(feat. Jim James)

So there was this woman and she was on an airplane, and she was flying to meet her fianc seamir

We must talk in every telephone  
Get eaten off the web  
We must rip out all the epilogues in the books that we have read  
And in the face of every criminal  
Strapped firmly to a chair  
We must stare, we must stare, we must stare

We must take all of the medicines too expensive now to sell  
Set fire to the preacher who is promising us hell  
And in the ear of every anarchist that sleeps but doesnt dream  
We must sing, we must sing, we must sing

Itll go like this:

While my mother waters plants  
My father loads his guns  
He says death will give us back to God  
Just like this setting sun is returned to this lonesome ocean

And then they splashed into the deep blue sea  
It was a wonderful splash

We must blend into the choir  
Sing as static with the whole  
We must memorize nine numbers and deny we have a soul  
And in this endless race for property and privilege to be won  
We must run, we must run, we must run

We must hang up in the belfry  
Where the bats and moonlight laugh  
We must stare into a crystal ball and only see the past  
And in the caverns of tomorrow  
With just our flashlights and our love  
We must plunge, we must plunge, we must plunge

And then well get down there, way down to the very bottom of everything  
And then well see it, oh well see it, well see it, well see it

Oh my morning's coming back  
The whole worlds waking up  
All the city buses swimming past  
Im happy just because  
I found out I am really no one