

Bright Eyes, Carrot Diamond

My serotonin's rationed. I'm coughing.
I kinda caught the blues,
but you won't catch me complaining
to the super or the news,
'cause the karat's going to dangle
'till the diamond is appraised.
And all that talk made me feel rich, baby,
but tell me who is going to pay
for braces to make straight
all that colgate keep my white tooth innocence.
My smile is in sad shape.
all the dead weight I got tired of carrying.
It's got me looking for a friend
or a crutch I can depend on.

There's endless entertainment
thinking the world is gonna end.
I've lived some nights convinced of it,
but I keep waking up again.
with my girl wrapped around my body,
and a towel wrapped around my head.
she said, 'you passed out in the bathtub, angel.
I thought that you were dead.

don't die on me. don't tread on me.
my love, my love, is not the enemy.
you don't have to be no one's biography
yeah they try to write you down and hope you go crazy.

so don't. so don't. don't fall for that christ bait
it's about as passe as rockstar arrogance.
Tomorrow's a new day but it's that same face and you'll be wearing it.
Now you don't have to be content but you do have to get on with it.