

# Bright Eyes, Gold Mine Guttled

it was don delillo, whiskey neat,  
and a blinking midnight clock  
speakers on a tv stand, just a turntable to watch  
when the smoke came out our mouths  
on all those hooded sweatshirt walks  
you were a stroke of luck  
we were a goldmine and they gutted us

and from the sidelines  
you see me run  
until im out of breath  
living the good life  
i left for dead  
the sorrowful midwest  
well i did my best  
to keep my head

it was grass stained jeans and incompletes  
and a girl from class to touch  
but you think about yourself too much  
and you ruin who you love  
well all these claims at consciousness  
my stray dog freedom  
lets have a nice clean cut  
like a bag we buy and divvy up

and from the sidelines  
i see you run  
until you're out of breath.  
and all those white lines that sped us up  
we hurry to our death  
well i lagged behind  
so you got ahead