

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