

Bright Eyes, Napoleon's Hat

The barons of industry put inspiration on Hitlers tongue
The next century crashed hard with a loud sound like a starting gun
Its race for acquisition and to make more things that glow
I got a knack for dodging bullets and flying zeros
So I act like I am rich, try and make it my whole look
Cause poor people dont exist when times are good

Mozarts foster parents put cigarettes out in his ears
When he got old enough to stutter he said I dont listen but I-I-I can hear
The eloquence of traffic, yeah the milk ponds sad lament
Its a requiem of moments I keep living through them
But wheres the monster in the closet? I cant find the hangman inside his hood
I guess evil dont exist when times are good

Doctor Oppenheimer winced when he felt the broken piece of his pace-maker
Unbuttoned his shirt on a subway platform clutching his chest while his vision blurred
He saw the bane of his creation, the destroyer of the world
Yeah, truth can leap to solace or a life long bender
Its like wading through a wasteland where a town you love once stood
You just cry each time you think of when times were good

Napoleons tailor dressed him in a giant hat and funny platform shoes
Saying anyone can be a hero you just got to force people to look up to you
So when youre talking on a hotline to a suicidal soul
Dont let your voice sound like hot coffee more like a scented pillow
And strive for understanding over being understood
Just dont let yourself forget when the times get good
When the times get good [repeat]