

Bright Eyes, On My Way To Work

there is a car parked where the block begins
and there are people singing praises
say it's all because of him
and there is a bird perched on a frayed wet wire
and his voice sings out for a lover
but its covered by the choir of voices
reaching way beyond the rafters
with devotion they perform these sacred tasks
they cross themselves and offer up their checkbooks
slight suffering is not too much to ask
besides we all are making money
and we are all fucking alone
and we don't know what we are doing
maybe just buying us some hope
because we know that we are lonely
yeah, lonely that's for sure
and the older ones are coughing
and the older ones are dying
maybe we are all dying
i pass a graveyard on my way to work
today i saw two dozen white roses
on a fresh new mound of dirt
and i wondered about the occupant
when the darkness finally swallowed him was he calm and content
or was he sweating in a struggle to keep breathing,
ripping apart the sheets that dressed his bed
crying out loud for someone to help him
and collapsing on his back all pale and dead
maybe it's me who's this unstable
always obsessed about the end
why can't i let what happens happen?
and just enjoy the time i spend
oh how i wish it was so easy
but when there is no point to anything it can get a bit confusing
why is that i keep going?
why is that we keep going?