

Bright Eyes, Road To Joy

The sun came up with no conclusion
Flowers sleeping in their beds
This city's cemetery's humming
Im wide-awake, its morning

I have my drugs, I have my woman
They keep away my loneliness
My parents have they have their religion
But sleep in separate houses

I read the body count out of the paper
And now its written all over my face
No one ever plans to sleep out in the gutter
Sometimes thats just the most comfortable place

So Im drinking, breathing, writing, singing
Everyday I'm on the clock
My mind races with all my longings
But cant keep up with what I got

I hope I dont sound too ungrateful
What history gave modern man
A telephone to talk to strangers
Machine guns and a camera lens

So when youre asked to fight a war thats over nothing
Its best to join the side thats gonna win
And no ones sure how all of this got started
But were gonna make them goddam certain how its gonna end
Oh ya we will, oh ya we will!

Well I could have been a famous singer
If I had someone elses voice
But failures always sounded better
Lets fuck it up boys, make some noise!

The sun came up with no conclusion
Flowers sleeping in their beds
This city's cemetery's humming
Im wide-awake, its morning