

# Conor Oberst, Barbary Coast (Later)

There's a dancehall there  
Where the sick folks go

Like the olden days  
On the Barbara Coast  
There's a barefoot child plying in the rain  
You can sell your wares  
Even if they're lot  
In the great bizarre or the parking lot  
Cause it takes a while to know who to blame  
I might have a taste  
Cause the first one is free  
And the checkout girl's got a thing for me  
And they're both as sweet as the days is long

I don't wanna feel stuck, baby  
I just wanna get drunk before noon

I don't mind my head when there's room to dream  
Feel like Paul Gauguin painting breadfruit trees  
In some far off place  
Where I don't belong  
Tried to lose myself in the primitive  
In \_\_\_?\_\_\_ like John \_\_\_?\_\_\_ did  
But his eyes were blue  
And mine are red and raw  
Cause the modern world is a sight to see  
It's a stimulant  
It's pornography  
It takes all my will not to turn it off

I don't wanna you to feel sad, baby  
I take everything back, swear I do

Cause once all the friends I had  
Have used me up and left  
I bet you hang around  
I bet you'll hang around awhile