

# Conor Oberst, Sausalito

hair blowing in the hot wind  
time hanging from a clothes pin  
there's no sorrow that the sun's not gonna help  
smell the leather of your new car  
drive through the desert after night fall  
sleep on the shoulder keep the stars all to ourselves  
the kinda love that makes my back hurt  
wearing nothing but a t-shirt  
she's turning over on a mattress made of air  
i close my eyes i see a stair case  
leading upwards into blank space  
all of creation makes a sound too soft to hear  
so I remain between her legs  
sheltered from all my fears  
while bikers glide by highway shrines  
where pilgrims disappear  
i know that trouble's been your good friend  
keep you company on the weekends  
keep you company even once your mind was made  
said it's over and it's finished  
now a headache is all you're left with  
we're no different i got debts i'd like to pay  
we should move to Sausalito  
living's easy on a house boat  
let the ocean rock us back and forth to sleep  
in the morning with the sunrise  
look in the water see the blue sky  
as if heaven has been laid there at our feet  
so we remain between these waves  
sheltered for all our years  
while bikers glide by highway shrines  
where pilgrims disappear  
where time takes icebergs  
where fields burn westward  
where pilgrims disappear