

Rilo Kiley, Accidntel Deth

You're obsessed with finding a new brain,
but what you need is a new body
It feels your brain has lived a thousand lives before
And the skin you call your home
Holds a heart that quits and knees that buckle in,
and lungs that can't breathe when they're alone
And the days come to you like sailors
You watch them as they drift away
They meet the sunrise out at the horizon
And it's neither sink nor swim
At least the water's beneath your chin

There's blood spilled on the floor
Everyone's staring at you what for
'till you realize the blood is probably yours
You feel you've lost something you want it back
You're lying motionless on your back
And your legs aren't taking any more requests
Those disobedient wrecks
How you cared for them
As they carried you from class to class and coast to coast
When you owned land and when you were broke
Through recessions and addictions

It's just your accidental death
Your accidental death
It's just your accidental death
You're the Indian in the cougar's nest

Your fright gives way to memory
Having coffee with your love
Or the story your father told you long ago
He was hunting with his own father for deer
He pointed and spotted her
And then tripped over some roots or some dead trees
The gun went off, it was a mistake
And my father was only eight
And as he watched the dying deer, he was changed
'cause he felt sorry for what he'd done
And then he put down his gun
Will you feel sorry for what you've done?
Will you put down your gun?

It's just your accidental death
Your accidental death
But there's no accidental death
When you're the Indian in the cougar's nest

It's just your accidental death
Your accidental death
It's just your accidental death
You're the Indian in the cougar's nest