

Another Night On Your Tightrope

Conor Oberst

The punch is finally spiked
The turntables revolution has begun
Everyones laughing but you don't look like you're having any fun
She sits on the bean bag, her lips parted like she's going to speak
You head for the bathroom, your stomach spins and you suddenly feel weak
Is it true that you haven't slept in weeks?
I'm asking you why is it so easy for you to, to be uptight towards me?
So unnerving, so lambasting, I cannot think how this lasted but it's been awhile

Let's go away for the weekend, find some place where we can feel at home
We'll sleep in the car, between the gas attendants and you how could I feel alone?
But I did the drive on the highway, Canada looks nice from this distance
We enter bear country and maybe with a little persistence

I could get one of them to eat you up
And is it true that you haven't breathed in months?
I'm asking you, why is it so easy for you to, to be so cold towards me?
Something I did? Something I said? Maybe it's because you're dead
Maybe it's because you're dead, possibly it is cause you're dead

The punch finally spiked, the turntables revolution has begun
Let's hope it ends peacefully cause we're all better off as soon as it is done