

Gentleman's Pact

Conor Oberst

I was lost for a while in a mirrored hallway of a high-rise hotel
Umbrella drink in my hand, sitting down
Saw ten thousand me's, numb cocaine teeth in their chattering mouths
Thought about home, thought about death, thought about moving south
Rodeo wind blew in, now the candle's out and everyone's scared
Call my broker, sell everything, I want to be prepared
Heard the cavalry cry of my girl for the night when I entered her
Sounded so fake, always feels fake, finishes and then it feels worse

Every hallway has a camera
Every hallway has a camera don't you know
They never let you open the window
They never let you open the window

Smoke signals of thought, white ribbons of loss
High above the tree line, they cry out

I froze up for a second on the pyramid side of the Las Vegas strip
My brother hunched over in the bushes getting sick
Security knew took one look and threw us out
Life's not fair
I tried to die young with my true love, ended up a millionaire
The mechanical world, a loud sound you've never heard that's always there
Radio's trailing through the desert, keep driving until you disappear
We made a gentlemen's pact: no stopping, no looking back
Lace those shoes.
Take the first step
Take the next step
That's a boy!
It is never too soon

All that you keep is the journey, all you keep are the spaces in between
It's not the fresh start or the ending
All that you keep is the journey

Smoke rings round my thoughts
Blue ribbons at the dawn
High beyond the tree line we pass out
Smoke signals of thought, white ribbons of loss

High above the tree line they cry out