

## Gossamer Thin

Conor Oberst

Rings 'round his eyes  
Tracks down his arm  
His fans are confused and his friends are alarmed  
His wife doesn't talk  
Hates when he's gone  
Counts every skirt in his new entourage

And they're all gossamer thin  
Left of the dial, bohemians  
And they dance, turnin' in style  
Twirl 'round the room, curtsy and smile  
And they sit at his feet, read poetry  
Swoon with each word he speaks

She likes the new pope  
She's not scared of hell  
They meet once a week at a secret motel  
She kisses his neck, she plays with his hair  
Her screams sound like pleasure, her moans like despair

And they're spread gossamer thin  
Pushed to the edge, frayed at the ends  
And it's no business of mine  
They can love more than one at a time  
But they're pushing their luck  
Hard but they must  
Risk it all for love

Now I walk around in some kind of altered state  
The drink in my hand is starting to shake  
I get used to it if it has to stay this way  
A new bunch of flowers I'll have to arrange

I don't want to eat or get out of bed  
Try to recall what the therapist said  
Ego and Id, the Essential Self  
You are who you are and you are someone else

But I'm worn gossamer thin  
Like delicate arch, carved by the wind  
There's a glass psyche at stake  
Throw me a brick, see if it breaks  
'Cause the mind and the brain aren't quite the same  
But they both want out of this place