

Lonely At The Top

Conor Oberst

It's lonely at the top of the upside mountain
Watch the sunrise from a windowless room
If the Paramedics stall the soul goes on
Without them in a wicker basket tied to a balloon

There are no boundaries to love
The heart can't comprehend the panorama
I took it on the chin from some second hand feeling
Sorrow handed down to me it felt brand new

Tiny violins or some summer insects listening
Another season leaving us too soon
Freedom's the opposite of love
You'll never keep it through the paranoia

Standing on the edge of a million landscapes
Emptying and the water from the glacier fills my shoes
Laying in your bed my dreams are sex and violence
I chase the rapist chasing after you

There is no dignity in love
Trade every scrap to get some absolution
'Til then I'm walking out the door
'Til then I'm running through the airport
'Til then i'm waiting around for no one