

Napalm

Conor Oberst

It's a quixotic quest on a hot summer's night
I got a fistful of fireworks
I'm gonna try and set things right
I lost my inhibitions
I think I may have lost my wallet too
This dying land of plenty
There's a whole lot of nothing to do

Oh, I'm Billy Pilgrim you're a Dresden doll
They carpet bomb the city
Thank God they spared the mall

Let's hold a vigil
For the kinda, sorta innocent
I guess I should defend your virtue
But the truth is I'm still on the fence

And old Heinrich Himmler, he never broke the law
Well, technically speaking as Sam Peckinpah
Sometimes you need a vigilante if you want to get a just thing done
And I don't want to kill nobody
Whose only crime is worshiping the sun

Breakfast of napalm
Burn down the place where I belong
Arch rivals make love
And they gotta keep it secret
They still do it with the lights on

And I got bad nostalgia for what came before
Sad reenactments of a civil war
My heartache is obsessive
I just wish that I could let it go
But there's a mountain down in Georgia
With a kickass laser light show

And I can always convince you you're just like Patty Hearst
Or you're sympathetic, baby, when I'm at my worst
I don't want to brainwash you
I just wish that you would change your tune
'Cause I've been gunning for redemption
And I think I'll hit the bullseye soon

Chartreuse and menthols
Burn down the town that we were from
I lost my true love to a three-alarm fire
They tried to put out with a squirt gun

Sing little child like a Nightingale
Sing little child, send me anthrax through the mail
I wanna to know you, I wanna know if you are true
Because the closer I get to you is the further that I feel from you

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And they gotta keep the secret

They gotta keep it secret
They gotta keep it secret
They still do it with the lights on