

North of the City

Conor Oberst

Feel blue, miles above you the silver screen
reach out and touch you and the dark of the
back row this is a place where young lover go
when they want to be alone perfection has never
crossed my lips but is there anyway to describe it
when two moviestars kiss. there is magic in the
air...magic in the air

north of the city, on the quiet, quiet road, I find myself
dreaming of days long ago and their lonely, lonely
theater where tragic movies play, he didn't find out
that he loved her till she finally gone away

but they know that nothing lasts forever we should
be grateful for the time we have together.
is that enough to keep me from crying
is that enough to keep me from lying