

Tar

Conor Oberst

Gentleness is worn and battered
She smells of cigarettes
She knows how many times before, he's been shattered
But she hasn't gave up yet
But she hasn't gave up yet
But she hasn't gave up yet
But she hasn't gave up yet

Would you tear me up
Would you tear me all apart
Would you tear me up
Would you rip me all apart

To get to the bottom of the truth
To get to the bottom of the truth
To get to the bottom of the truth
To get to the bottom of the truth
I told you

Sacred altar's on it's last leg
She knows that it's not all
She's held there by that ruthless pig
But she's not afraid to fall
But she's not afraid to fall
But she's not afraid to fall
But she's not afraid to fall

Would you tear me up
Would you rip me all to shreds
Would you tear me up
Would you cut me right in half

To get to the bottom of the truth
To get to the bottom of the truth
To get to the bottom of the true truth
To get to the bottom of the truth
I fed you