

The Halcyon Days

Conor Oberst

Evening news is coming out my ears
My splitting head cracks open every fifteen minutes
I read the newspapers review so how did you think you'd do?
Another standing ovation I'm sure, something that you can hold
on to
And I can just picture you in that big empty house all alone
Listening to the heavy breathing on the other end of your telephone

So turn on all of your lights and do what you must to survive
Stay close to the floor and don't make a sound
Cause the bender of my truth
And nothing, nothing, nothing can hurt you

My dark can cut through molted rock
But it gets burned when it tastes decent-
ion come through these wires
And you probably don't notice it but shocking pulling at the roof of your mouth
I, I can taste it, I can feel it when I, when I talk to you
I can feel it too,

Turn off all of the lights and hope that you're safe tonight
My eyes are now shields to the benders of pride
Sneak up to see through the darkest nothing, nothing, nothing to find you
And nothing, nothing, nothing can hurt you,
Nothing can hurt you