

Things You Know

Conor Oberst

Stealing quiet on my bed
And fighting wars inside my head
While counting footprints on the ceiling
Blank and colorless tapestries
The voices yell inside of me
And I knew then the paint was peeling

You say you know this misery
Well that's no more than sympathy for me
Because this time you were faking
Your motive very questioning
This silence is so defining now see
You see you've got me shaking
Screaming cursing then you spit
And saying all your worthless shit
And I, of course, I'm worth hearing
And I don't know of what I sing
But you, my friend, don't know anything
And that's what makes you not worth fearing

And I've been lying here for a while now
Sitting and acting like a child
And if you find my garden, could you bring it back?
Because I've been lying here for a while now
And I, I've been dying here for a while now
And I, I've been dying for a while, for a while now

If your finger is an untamed beast
Then I am just a centerpiece
On the table of your feelings
I find it sort of an interlude
It's just that helpless attitude of mine
Because there's no footprints on your ceiling

And everything slips through my hand
I'm sorry, I don't understand
Those points I should be making
Your selflessness I should have missed
I never knew this emptiness
Like a child been mistaken

That all the things you never take
The toys you purposely would break
Like a gift that I was giving
I know I just did hear and stare
Never thinking about how unfair it was
Like a light that was leaving

And I've been lying here for a while now
Sitting and acting like I was in exile
But if you see my sister could you send her home?
Because I've been dying here for a while now
And I, I'll be dying here in a while now
Dying for a while, for a while now
I'm dying for a while, a while, a while now
For a while, for a while now