

Cape Canaveral

Conor Oberst

Oh, oh, oh brother totem pole
I saw your legends lined up
And I never felt more natural
Apart, I just came apart

Please, please, please sister Socrates
You always answer with a question
Show some kindness to a petty thief
Forgive, you did forgive

And watch the migrants' smoke in the old orange grove
And the red rocket blaze over Cape Canaveral
You've been a father to me, your 1960s speak
Give me comatose joy like re-run TV
While the mountainside was shining
Wild colors of my destiny

I watched your face age backwards
Changing shape in my memory
You taught me victory's sweet
Even deep in the cheap seats

Hey, hey, hey mother interstate
Can you deliver me from evil
Make me honest, make me wedding cake
Atone, I will atone

Wait, wait, wait mighty outer space
All that flying saucer terror
Made me lazy, drinking lemonade
A waste, it just went to waste

Like the freon cold out the hotel door
Or the white rocket fade over Cape Canaveral
You've been a daughter to me, your buried shoebox grief
I felt your poltergeist love like Savannah heat
While the waterfall was pouring
Crazy symbols of my destiny

I watched your face die backwards
Little baby in my memory
You told me victory's sweet
Even deep in the cheap seats

And you don't judge me
That's not your style
But I won't see you for a little while
And there's no worries, oh Lord, who's got time
All these changes gonna fill your mind

Like the citrus glow off the old orange grove
Or the red rocket blaze over Cape Canaveral
It's been a nightmare for me, some 1980's greed
Gives me parachute dreams like old war movies
While the universe was drawing
Perfect circles for infinity

I watched the stars get smaller
Tiny diamonds in my memory
I know that victory is sweet
Even deep in the cheap seats