

## Half A Minute Away

Conor Oberst

Sometimes she feels like talking,  
Sometimes she doesn't know  
Sometimes she doesn't want to talk at all  
Sometimes she tells me secrets that I just can't expose  
Sometimes she doesn't tell me any  
And it gets so dark and I can't find my way  
In a place where there is no day

White walls and barred up windows leave her astray  
I bet she never knew what it was like  
And half of the time she didn't have much of a choice  
Lay back on your head against the cold tile floor  
Close your eyes, fall back for a safety net, it doesn't seem to work  
Gives way right at the impact,  
That's okay cause that's not what you wanted to ever be  
And it's probably better this way  
Hide yourself from a world that doesn't seem to care  
And the God that doesn't hear you  
But every time I get so sick inside  
I tell myself I'm a happening...

And she gets so cold sometimes  
She just starts to shake  
Other times she feels nothing  
I live all the time and try to make it, everything seem so expired  
I want to be rid of it all, just want to find some place to be yourself, yourself  
But then I find I'm between the same four walls, it isn't fair... It just isn't  
I'm dying at times to make amends, anything like that  
Sit in a corner, don't look at anyone  
Well you're a liar! I know what's wrong but I never knew what was right  
So why does it matter? I don't think it does at all

And every time I get so angry I just tell myself to pretend that you're not alone  
try and try again just for one in a million chance, chance, one in a million chance  
Hold back all your pride and self esteem  
Like a mental stability, maybe just control  
Well I want or don't want to know what's wrong  
She feels like she's in a trash compactor and it's closing in on her  
But my voice puts her at ease  
She doesn't have time anyway, And she stops, took a shaking breath and said goodbye  
She had managed to save a piece of broken glass inside her side  
No, it wasn't gun but it would have to do the job  
It would probably do the job  
The only thing she ever wanted was for me to be there to hold her hand  
But she understood, and nothing but a dial tone ringing in my ear

Soft, but not reassuring,  
And every time I get so sick inside  
I tell myself I'm a happening...