

Roosevelt Room

Conor Oberst

Hey there, son of Adam
Hey there, daughter of Eve
Help me sing this tear gas riot song
For some fresh faced police

They won't even know what hit them
When they lift their Roman shades
And the people's sun comes pouring in
On a brand new day

You who dammed the river
You who changed our mountain's name
First we want Denali back
Then we're taking over Washington State

You get death as a consolation
You know only hate and rage
You paid a dowry for your child bride
And now she's living like a slave

A prayer came down the wire
It was all in the enemy's code
You couldn't figure out what mercy meant
So you did like you were told

When they finally sent the doctors
Once the fireball went out
There was nothing left but the cockroaches
And a movie with no sound

What good? What good are you
With your Cherokee trail and your Roosevelt Room?
What good? What good are you
With your cynical plague and your Arlington tomb?

Go ask Hunter Thompson
Go ask Hemingway's ghost
It all catches up with you
Once you get just a little too old

Take a hard look in the mirror
It's a thing that you cannot see
Your shadow's long but the day is young
It just wasn't meant to be

There's no blankets for the winter
There's no oil in the lamp
And I'd like to write my congressman
But I can't afford the stamp

You want me to pay my taxes
So you can propagate your lie
While there's barefoot dudes down in New Orleans
Looking like they're gonna die

You who quote the legends
You who poisoned all of my dreams

You who pinned all of the medals on
All those boys from Omaha Beach

Hope you haven't got too lazy
I know you like your apple pie
Because the working poor you've been pissing on
Are doing double shifts tonight

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What good? What good are you
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