

# At the Bottom of Everything

Bright Eyes

So there is this woman and she was on an airplane  
And she's flying to meet her fiancé  
Sailing high above the largest ocean on Planet Earth  
And she was seated next to this man, who, you know  
She had tried to start conversations  
And only, really the only thing she did hear him say was  
Was to order his Bloody Mary  
And she's sitting there

And she's reading this really arduous magazine article  
About this third world country  
That she couldn't even pronounce the name of  
And she's feeling very bored and very despondent  
And then uh, suddenly, there's this huge mechanical failure  
And one of the, the engines gave up  
And they started just falling in thirty thousand feet  
And the pilot's on the, on the microphone

And he's, he's saying, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, oh my God, I'm sorry"  
Apologizing and, and she looks at the man and she, she says  
She says, "Where are we going?"  
And he, he looks at her and he says, "We're going to a party  
It's a birthday party, it's your birthday party, happy birthday darling  
We love you very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very much"  
And then he starts humming this little tune and it kinda goes like this  
Its kinda one two, one two three four

We must talk in every telephone, get eaten off the web  
We must rip out all the epilogues from the books that we have read  
And to the face of every criminal strapped firmly to a chair  
We must stare, we must stare, we must stare

We must take all of the medicines too expensive now to sell  
Set fire to the preacher who is promising us Hell  
And in the ear of every anarchist that sleeps but doesn't dream  
We must sing, we must sing, we must sing

And it'll go like this, alright  
While my mother waters plants, my father loads his gun  
He says, "Death will give us back to God just like the setting sun  
Is returned to the lonesome ocean"

And then they splashed into the deep blue sea  
Oh, it was a wonderful splash

We must blend into the choir, sing a static with the whole  
We must memorize nine numbers and deny we have a soul  
And to this endless race for property and privilege to be won  
We must run, we must run, we must run

We must hang up in the belfry where the bats in moonlight laugh  
We must stare into a crystal ball and only see the past  
And in the caverns of tomorrow with just our flashlights and our love  
We must plunge, we must plunge, we must plunge

And then we'll get down there  
Way down to the very bottom of everything

And then we'll see it  
Oh we'll see it, we'll see it, we'll see it

Oh, my morning's coming back  
The whole world's waking up  
Oh, the city bus is swimming past  
I'm happy just because I found out I am really no one