

Four Winds

Bright Eyes

Your class, your caste, your country, sect, your name or your tribe

There's people always dying, trying to keep 'em alive

His body's decomposing in containers tonight

In an abandoned building where

A squatter's made a mural of a Mexican girl

With fifteen cans of spray paint and a chemical swirl

She's standing in the ashes at the end of the world

Four winds blowing through her hair

But when great Satan's gone, the whore of Babylon

She just can't sustain the pressure where it's placed, she caves

The Bible's blind, the Torah's deaf, the Qu'ran's mute

If you burn them all together, you get close to the truth still

They are pouring over Sanskrit on the Ivy League moons

While shadows lengthen in the sun

Cast all the school and meditation built to soften the times

And hold us at the center while the spiral unwinds

It's knocking over fences, crossing property lines

Four winds, cry until it comes

And it's the sum of man, slouching towards Bethlehem

A heart just can't contain all of that empty space

It breaks, it breaks, it breaks

Well, I went back, I rent a Cadillac, a company jet

Like a newly orphaned refugee, retracing my steps

All the way to Cassadaga to commune with the dead

They said, "You'd better look alive"

And I was off to old Dakota where a genocide sleeps

In the black hills, the bad lands, the calloused east

I buried my ballast, I made my peace

With four winds, leveling the pines

But when great Satan's gone, the whore of Babylon

She just can't remain with all that outer space

She breaks, she breaks, she caves, she caves