

Gold Mine Guttred

Bright Eyes

It was don delillo, whiskey, me,
And a blinking midnight clock
Speakers on a tv stand, just a turntable to watch
When the smoke came out our mouths
On all those hooded sweatshirt walks
We were a stroke of luck
We were a goldmine and they gutted us

And from the sidelines
You see me run
Until i'm out of breath
Living the good life
I left for dead
The sorrowful midwest
Well i did my best
To keep my head

It was grass stained jeans and incompletes
And a girl from class to touch
But you think about yourself too much
And you ruin who you love
Well all these claims at consciousness
My stray dog freedom
Let's have a nice clean cut
Like a bag we buy and divvy up

And from the sidelines
I see you run
Until you're out of breath
And all those white lines that sped us up
We hurry to our death
Well i lagged behind
So you got ahead.