

Tourist Trap

Bright Eyes

It's not the road we used to know
They tore some buildings down
The traffic's like a pack of dogs
There's fewer trees, windows, fleas
Concrete on the lawn
There's people here but you are gone

And I find still swimming through time
Afraid some days I've reached the shore
Make yourself free, man said that to me
Now, my heart is like an open door

And the road finally gave me back
But I don't think I'll unpack
Because I'm not sure if I live here any more

It's not my weight that makes me faint
Or the sugar in my blood
The way these strangers stand so close
They say my name like a guessing game
"Is that really you?" No, I don't think it ever was

In the spring when the world's turning green
I only think about the fall
And the frets on the board, my progression of chords
Oh, how I want this to resolve

And the road finally gave me back
But I don't think I'll unpack
Because I'm not sure if I live here any more

Now, the road finally gave me back
But I don't think I'll unpack
Because I'm not sure if I live here
No, I'm not sure if I live here anymore
I'm not sure if I live here anymore