

Blowtorch

Conor Oberst

I hope
You don't know what went wrong
'cause if you did
You'd surely stab me dead
I hope
You don't think it was all my fault
But if you do
I guess that doesn't matter much anyway

But it's not like I expected
All the people I respected
To come tumbling
Down on top of me

And acting like I'm joking
So you can't tell me
I've been choking
On every word I've ever tried to say to you
It's not that I intended
This welcome that I have extended
To be revoked in spite of me
In spite of me
In spite of me

I hope
You don't think less of me
But if you do
It wouldn't shock me too much
I hide myself inside of a plastic bag
'cause at least that way
You won't have to see my ugly face

But I'm not afraid of losing
All these atoms I've been fusing
With the blowtorch that you gave me
And can't you see I'm bending
From the wooden postcards that you've been sending
Just break my back
It's easier

And you think I'm broken
From the family fun token
And she gave to me
But it's rusting in my hands
The token is rusting in my hands
The token is rusting in my hands
The token is rusting in my hands
The token is rusting in my hands
The token is rusting in my hands
The token is rusting in my hands
The token is rusting in my hands
Rusting in my hands
And I'm putty in your hands
It's rusting in my hands
It's rusting in my hands
So take it away from me
Just get it away from me

Take this away from me
Before, before, before I am