

# 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  
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