

# Cape Canaveral

Conor Oberst

Oh, oh, oh brother totem pole  
I saw your legends lined up  
And I never felt more natural  
Apart, I just came apart

Please, please, please sister Socrates  
You always answer with a question  
Show some kindness to a petty thief  
Forgive, you did forgive

And watch the migrants' smoke in the old orange grove  
And the red rocket blaze over Cape Canaveral  
You've been a father to me, your 1960s speak  
Give me comatose joy like re-run TV  
While the mountainside was shining  
Wild colors of my destiny

I watched your face age backwards  
Changing shape in my memory  
You taught me victory's sweet  
Even deep in the cheap seats

Hey, hey, hey mother interstate  
Can you deliver me from evil  
Make me honest, make me wedding cake  
Atone, I will atone

Wait, wait, wait mighty outer space  
All that flying saucer terror  
Made me lazy, drinking lemonade  
A waste, it just went to waste

Like the freon cold out the hotel door  
Or the white rocket fade over Cape Canaveral  
You've been a daughter to me, your buried shoebox grief  
I felt your poltergeist love like Savannah heat  
While the waterfall was pouring  
Crazy symbols of my destiny

I watched your face die backwards  
Little baby in my memory  
You told me victory's sweet  
Even deep in the cheap seats

And you don't judge me  
That's not your style  
But I won't see you for a little while  
And there's no worries, oh Lord, who's got time  
All these changes gonna fill your mind

Like the citrus glow off the old orange grove  
Or the red rocket blaze over Cape Canaveral  
It's been a nightmare for me, some 1980's greed  
Gives me parachute dreams like old war movies  
While the universe was drawing  
Perfect circles for infinity

I watched the stars get smaller  
Tiny diamonds in my memory  
I know that victory is sweet  
Even deep in the cheap seats