

Kick

Conor Oberst

Kick you know you're still a kid
And your diets too full of additives
Passed out on a couch with ashes in your mouth
Dreaming that you're hopping a fence
This world must have it out for you
From the shores of Montaca to Malibu
The trappings of a name you never could escape
Because people want to live in the past
Some goal they mentioned they never had

I thought we lost that Camelot
I thought we lost that Camelot
It's a children's story we forgot
So long ago

Kick it's hard to find a friend
In a place that's so cruel and partisan
But you should go in style to Stockholm for a while
Live outside oblivion's lent
Someday you'll have a fine divorce
And a cemetery plot in Johannesburg
It's time you close your eyes
On a helicopter ride
I hope you see it isn't your fault
I hope you know it isn't your fault

I thought they shot that Camelot
I thought they shot that Camelot
Whoever shot this movie star he grows
And the show must go on

Laying in an office on an old chaise lounge
Listening to the doctor drone
No therapeutic feeling once the shock wears off
Answer every question no
Hiding in a hammock with the shades pulled down
Wondering if the stories broke
Tragedy is prophet once the word gets out
Tablets at the country store
Searching under tables once the bars closed down
Said somebody stole your phone
Now there's no one to talk to but these trust fund drunks
Should have brought a chaperon

Kick I'd love to help you but I just don't count
Friendship makes you paranoid
I don't believe in crescents
But I just might now we never really had a choice
Like all your broken toys

Kick you know this life is rich
But pleasures not the same as happiness
If you don't collide with the traffic in your mind
I think you'll find your way out of this
I hope you find your way out of this