

# Roosevelt Room

Conor Oberst

Hey there, son of Adam  
Hey there, daughter of Eve  
Help me sing this tear gas riot song  
For some fresh faced police

They won't even know what hit them  
When they lift their Roman shades  
And the people's sun comes pouring in  
On a brand new day

You who dammed the river  
You who changed our mountain's name  
First we want Denali back  
Then we're taking over Washington State

You get death as a consolation  
You know only hate and rage  
You paid a dowry for your child bride  
And now she's living like a slave

A prayer came down the wire  
It was all in the enemy's code  
You couldn't figure out what mercy meant  
So you did like you were told

When they finally sent the doctors  
Once the fireball went out  
There was nothing left but the cockroaches  
And a movie with no sound

What good? What good are you  
With your Cherokee trail and your Roosevelt Room?  
What good? What good are you  
With your cynical plague and your Arlington tomb?

Go ask Hunter Thompson  
Go ask Hemingway's ghost  
It all catches up with you  
Once you get just a little too old

Take a hard look in the mirror  
It's a thing that you cannot see  
Your shadow's long but the day is young  
It just wasn't meant to be

There's no blankets for the winter  
There's no oil in the lamp  
And I'd like to write my congressman  
But I can't afford the stamp

You want me to pay my taxes  
So you can propagate your lie  
While there's barefoot dudes down in New Orleans  
Looking like they're gonna die

You who quote the legends  
You who poisoned all of my dreams

You who pinned all of the medals on  
All those boys from Omaha Beach

Hope you haven't got too lazy  
I know you like your apple pie  
Because the working poor you've been pissing on  
Are doing double shifts tonight

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