

Sausalito

Conor Oberst

Hair blowing in the hot wind
Time hanging from a clothespin
There's no sorrow that the sun's not gonna heal
I smell the leather of your new car
Drive through the desert after nightfall
Sleep on the shoulder, keep the stars all to ourselves

The kind of love that makes my back hurt
Wearin' nothing but a T-shirt
She's turning over on a mattress made of air
I close my eyes and see a staircase
Leading upwards into blank space
All of creation makes a sound too soft to hear

So I remain between her legs
Sheltered from all my fears
While bikers glide by highway shrines
Where pilgrims disappear

I know that trouble's been your good friend
Kept you company on the weekends
Kept you company even once your mind was made
You said, it's over and it's finished
Now a headache's all you're left with
We're no different, I've got debts I'd like to pay

We should move to Sausalito
Living's easy on a house boat
Let the ocean rock us back and forth to sleep
And in the morning when the sunrise
Look in the water, see the blue sky
As if heaven has been laid there at our feet

So we remain between these waves
Sheltered for all our years
While bikers glide by highway shrines
Where pilgrims disappear
Where time takes icebergs
Where fields burn westward
Where pilgrims disappear