

Synesthete Song

Conor Oberst

Harbor Ann, take me as I am
A flame reduced to ash
Laugh as my youth is taken from me
Winter's day, am I in your way?
You press against my skin
All the flowery speeches ended fast
Clinking glass
The champagne made my head feel light
And overcast the stars
Paper crane, tell me it's OK
An opera glasses view
Kaleidoscope of now and never
Gaia's love, schizophrenia
The devil's in my coat
Mothership coming to pick me up
Just my luck
They got my house surrounded
I'm the only one I trust

The dark light of man
The dark let him in

Synesthete, can I confide in thee?
The color is the sound
The screams were orange
My footsteps silver
Secret plan, man, I'll tell you if I can
The evils of this world are at your doorstep
Let me enter, friend, understand
We have come to the convergence
Now all the paths combine