

## 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