

# Tar

Conor Oberst

Gentleness is worn and battered  
She smells of cigarettes  
She knows how many times before, he's been shattered  
But she hasn't gave up yet  
But she hasn't gave up yet  
But she hasn't gave up yet  
But she hasn't gave up yet

Would you tear me up  
Would you tear me all apart  
Would you tear me up  
Would you rip me all apart

To get to the bottom of the truth  
To get to the bottom of the truth  
To get to the bottom of the truth  
To get to the bottom of the truth  
I told you

Sacred altar's on it's last leg  
She knows that it's not all  
She's held there by that ruthless pig  
But she's not afraid to fall  
But she's not afraid to fall  
But she's not afraid to fall  
But she's not afraid to fall

Would you tear me up  
Would you rip me all to shreds  
Would you tear me up  
Would you cut me right in half

To get to the bottom of the truth  
To get to the bottom of the truth  
To get to the bottom of the true truth  
To get to the bottom of the truth  
I fed you