

# The Bumpercar Blues

Conor Oberst

You sit there with your sad eyes and you ask me if there's some  
thing you can do  
Well I hate to burst your bubble but there's nothing and you know  
that it's true  
My mind is a desert and this conversations dry  
It's hard to find an answer when you know you have to lie  
At the thought of my helplessness my stomach starts to churn  
If I caught on fire would you watch me burn  
Would you watch me burn

I try to phase it out so I could extend my disbelief  
I never knew someone so broken could bring another such relief  
Well it's easier to understand when you don't know how I feel  
This whole damn situation just seems so unreal  
Time heals all wounds  
There's not much of a choice  
If I screamed till my vocal chords exploded you wouldn't hear my  
voice  
You wouldn't hear my voice

I feel like I'm in that bumpercar and I just got knocked off the  
track  
'cause I just put on the straw that broke the camel's back  
Blinded by the light so I can't see three feet in front of me  
It's easy to make a mistake when you've lost all sense of direction  
I try to squirm away, but the grip just gets tighter  
I know you're going to stomp my head into the ground  
But could you be a little quieter  
Could you be a little quieter  
Oh  
I'm trying to get some sleep here  
Oh  
I'm trying to get sleep, quiet, sleep  
Please, thanks, quiet, sleeps, please, thanks, quiet, sleep, thanks  
Please, thanks