

To All The Lights In The Windows

Conor Oberst

Moses up on the mountainside
What a place to meet
He brought his pad and his pencil
Poured himself some gypsy tea

And all the world's multiplicity
They turn his brain and his soul to stone
He drew his face on a tablet
And carried it back home

Jesus off in the water
Standing on his feet
Yeah, that's the thing about charisma
It makes everyone believe

That there is nothing impossible
When I'm with you and when you're with me
I got a sad sinking feeling
That that can never be

But I'm going to do what I can for you
I will make a plea
To all the lights in the windows
The puddles in the streets

And all the lovers that you've been teasing
From your balcony
May they carry you
You far from my memory

Solomon heard a protest
From the lower court
Reached in his ear for a silver dollar
Just like he'd done before

He tossed it high, said that wisdom's fickle
And chance is God's retort
And handed them a sentence
It was death by Trojan horse

Pharoah woke from a bad dream
Splashed some water on his face
When it's a matter of nightmares you had
Better ask a slave

And he may tell you a famine's coming
Or he may look away
If he's kind then return it
Let him lick your plate

But I'mma do what I can for you
I will make a plea
To all the birds in the chimneys
The whales up on the beach

And all the footsteps that you've been hearing
Like a tympani

May they carry you far from your enemies

I'mma do what I can for you
I will make a plea
To all the lights in the windows
The puddles in the streets

And all the hours that you've been sitting
At your vanity
May they carry you
You far from your misery
May they carry you, you far

Jesus off in the water
Standing on his feet
Yeah, that's the thing about charisma
It makes everyone believe

That there is nothing impossible
When I'm with you and when you're with me
I got a sad sinking feeling
I got a sad sinking feeling
I got a sad sinking feeling that will never be