

# Let's Not Shit Ourselves (To Love And To Be Loved)

## Bright Eyes

Can I get a God damned tympani roll, so I can start this God damned song.  
Tonight! Here's a God damned song... for all you God damned people.

While the animals laugh from the dark of the wilderness  
A baby cries hard in an apartment complex  
As I pass in a car, buried under the influence  
This city's driving me out of my mind  
I've seen a child, he is caught in a sad trap of gravity  
He falls from the lowest branch of the apply tree  
And lands in the grass, and weeps for his dignity  
Next time he will not aim so high  
Yeah, next time neither will I  
Now, a mother takes loans out sends her kids off to colleges  
Her family's reduced to names on a shopping list  
While a coroner kneels beneath a great wooden crucifix  
He knows there's worse things then being alone  
And so I've learned to retreat at the first sign on danger  
I mean, why wait around, if it's just to surrender  
An ambition, I've found, can lead only to failure  
I do not read the reviews  
No I am not singing for you

Well I stood dropping coins into the pit of a well  
And I would throw my whole bill fold if i thought it would help  
With all these wishes I make, I should buy something real  
At least a telephone to call home  
Well, my teachers they build this retaining wall of memory  
All those multiple choices I answered so quickly  
And got my grades back, and forgot just as easily  
But at least I got an A, and so I don't have them to blame  
Well, I should stop pointing fingers, reserve my judgment  
Of all those public action figures, and cowboy presidents  
So loud behind the blow horn, so proud they can't admit  
When they've made a mistake  
While poison ink spews from a speech writer's pen  
He knows he don't have to say it, so it, it don't bother him  
"Honesty" "Accuracy"... It's just popular opinion  
And the approval rating's high, and so someone's gonna die  
Well, ABC, NBC, CBS- BULLSHIT!

They give us fact or fiction? I guess an even split  
And each new act of war is tonight's entertainment  
We're still the pawns in their game  
As they take eye for an eye, until no one can see  
We must stumble blindly forward repeating history  
Well, I guess we all fit in to your slogan on the fast food marquee  
Red blood, white skin, oh and the blues  
Oh and the blues! I got the blues! That's me! That's me!

Well I woke in relief, my sheets and tubes were all tangled  
Weak from whiskey and pills in a Chicago hospital  
My father was there, in a chair by the window staring so far away  
I tried talking, just whispered "...so sorry, ...so selfish"  
He stopped me and said "Child, I love you regardless.  
There is nothing you can do that would ever change this  
I'm not angry, it happens. But you just can't do it again."  
So now I try to keep up, I've been exchanging my currency  
While a million object pass through my periphery  
Now I'm rubbing my eyes, cause they're starting to bother me  
I've been staring too long at the screen  
But where was I when I first hear that sweet sound of Humility  
It came to my ears in the God damned loveliest melody  
How grateful I was to be part of the mystery  
To love and to be loved, let's just hope that is enough.

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Lyrics submitted by Sari.

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