Roosevelt Room

Conor Oberst

Hey there, son of Adam Hey there, daughter of Eve

Help me sing this tear gas riot song

For some fresh faced policeThey won't even know what hit them

When they lift their Roman shades

And the people's sun comes pouring in

On a brand new dayYou who dammed the river

You who changed our mountain's name

First we want Denali back

Then we're taking over Washington StateYou get death as a consolation

You know only hate and rage

You paid a dowry for your child bride

And now she's living like a slaveA prayer came down the wire

It was all in the enemy's code

You couldn't figure out what mercy meant

So you did like you were toldWhen they finally sent the doctors

Once the fireball went out

There was nothing left but the cockroaches

And a movie with no soundWhat good? What good are you

With your Cherokee trail and your Roosevelt Room?

What good? What good are you

With your cynical plague and your Arlington tomb? Go ask Hunter Thompson

Go ask Hemingway's ghost

It all catches up with you

Once you get just a little too oldTake a hard look in the mirror

It's a thing that you cannot see

Your shadow's long but the day is young

It just wasn't meant to be There's no blankets for the winter

There's no oil in the lamp

And I'd like to write my congressman

But I can't afford the stampYou want me to pay my taxes

So you can propagate your lie

While there's barefoot dudes down in New Orleans

Looking like they're gonna dieYou who quote the legends

You who poisoned all of my dreams

You who pinned all of the medals on

All those boys from Omaha BeachHope you haven't got too lazy

I know you like your apple pie

Because the working poor you've been pissing on

Are doing double shifts tonightWhat good? What good are you
With your cynical plague and your Arlington tomb?
What good? What good are you
With your Cherokee trail and your Roosevelt Room?

Songwriters
Conor OberstPublished by
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