

At the Bottom of Everything (live)

Bright Eyes

We must talk on every telephone
Get eaten off the web
We must rip out all the epilogues
From the books that we have read
And to the face of every criminal
Strapped firmly to a chair
We must stare, we must stare, we must stare We must take all of the medicine
Too expensive now to sell
Set fire to the preacher
Who is promising us hell
And in the ear of every anarchist
That sleeps but doesn't dream
We must sing, we must sing, we must sing While my mother waters plants
My father loads his gun
He says death will give us back to god
Just like the setting sun
Its return to the lonesome ocean And then they splashed into the deep blue sea
It was a wonderful splash We must blend into the choir
Sing a static with the whole
We must memorize nine numbers
And deny we have a soul
And in this endless race for property
And privilege to be one
We must run, we must run, we must run We must hang up in the belfry
Where the bats and moonlight laugh
We must stare into a crystal ball
And only see the past
And into the caverns of tomorrow
With just our flashlights and our love
We must plunge, we must plunge, we must plunge
And then we'll get down there
Way down to the very bottom of everything
And then we'll see it, we'll see it, we'll see it Oh my mornings coming back
The whole world's waking up
This city bus is swimming past
I'm happy just because
I found out that I am really no one

Songwriters

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