Counting Sheep

Conor Oberst

Closing my eyes, counting sheep
Gun in my mouth, trying to sleep
Everything ends, everything has to
Get well balloon, going insane
Weight of the world, papier-mÃ¢chÃ©
Gone with the wind, out into nothingI'm just trying to be easy, agreeable
I don't want to seem needy to anyone, including you[?] drowned in a pool
Nearly got killed walking to school
Hope it was slow, hope it was painful
Life is a gas, what can you do?
Catheter piss, fed through a tube
A cyst in the brain, blood on the bamboo
Highway to hell's littered with signs
Everything last thing they advertise
I want to buy, I want to sell tooBut I don't want to seem greedy, I'm generous
I'm just trying to be pleasing to everyone, including youTomorrow is shining like a razor blade
And anything's possible if you feel the sameEarly to bed, early to rise
Acting my age, waiting to die
Insulin shots, alkaline produce
Temperature's cool, blood pressure's fine
One twenty-one over seventy-five
Scream if you want, no one can hear youI just want to be easy, acceptable
I don't want to seem needy to anyone, especially youEspecially you
Especially you

Songwriters
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