

# 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-mâché  
Gone with the wind, out into nothing I'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 too But I don't want to seem greedy, I'm generous  
I'm just trying to be pleasing to everyone, including you Tomorrow is shining like a razor blade  
And anything's possible if you feel the same Early 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 you I just want to be easy, acceptable  
I don't want to seem needy to anyone, especially you Especially you

Songwriters

Conor Oberst Published by

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