

At the Bottom of Everything (with Jim James)

Bright Eyes

(spoken) (takes a sip of liquid and swallows) So there's this woman, and she was um... (clears his throat) ...on an airplane, and she's flying to meet her fianc , sailing high above the - (swallows) - the largest ocean on planet earth, and she was seated next to this man who, er, you know, she had tried to start a conversation...and, only - really the only thing she'd heard him say was - just to order - his...his Bloody Mary, and...and she's sittin' there, and she's readin' this...really arduous magazine article about...a third world country that...she couldn't...even pronounce the - the name of, and...she's feeling...very bored, and...very...despondent, 'n...(takes another sip of liquid and swallows) And then, uh... (turns away from the microphone and presumably places the glass of liquid down on a surface behind him) ...suddenly... (turns back to the microphone) ...there was this huge mechanical failure and - one of the - the engines gave out... (swallows) ...and they started just ffffalling - an'...thirty thousand feet, the, uh...pilot's on the... (inhales) ...on the microphone and he's - (swallows) he's saying um, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, oh my god, I'm...I'm sorry," and apologizing and... (inhales) ...and she looks at that man, and she - and she says... (begins playing the guitar) ...she says wh - she says, "Where are we going?"...and uh...an' he looks at her...and he says, "We're going to a party...it - it's a birthday party...it's your birthday party, happy birthday, darling. We love you very, very, very, very, very, very, very much." And then um, he starts hummin' this little tune, and... (inhales) ...and, uh, it kinda goes like this, it's kinda...one, two, one, two, three,

four: (end of spoken portion)We must talk in every telephone, get eaten off the web

We must rip out all the epilogues from the books that we have read

And in the face of every criminal strapped firmly to a chair

We must stare, we must stare, we must stareWe must take all of the medicines 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 singAnd it'll go like this, all right:

While my mother waters plants my father loads his gun

He says, "Death will give us back to God,

Just like the setting sun

Is returned to the lonesome ocean" And then they splashed into the deep blue sea

Oh, it was a wonderful splashWe must blend into the choir, sing as 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 won

We must run, we must run, we must runWe 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 in the caverns of tomorrow with just our flashlights and our love

We must plunge, we must plunge, we must plungeAnd then we'll get down there,

Way down to the very bottom of everything

And then we'll see it, oh, we'll see it!, we'll see it!, we'll see it!

Oh, my morning's coming back,

The whole world's waking up

All the city buses swimming past,

I'm happy just because

I found out I am really no one

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