

Gold Mine Guttled

Bright Eyes

It was Don Delillo, whiskey neat
And a blinking midnight clock
Speakers on a TV stand
Just a turntable to watch
Only smoke came out our mouths
On all those hooded sweatshirt walks
We were a stroke of luck
We were a gold mine that gutted us And from the sidelines you'd see me run
Until I'm out of breath
Living the good life, I left for dead
The sorrowful Midwest
Well I did my best
To keep my head It was grass stain jeans and incompletes
And a girl from class to touch
But you think about yourself too much
And you ruin who you love
Well all these claims at consciousness
My stray dog freedom
Let's have a nice clean cut
Like a bag we buy and divvy up And from the sidelines I see you run
Until you're out of breath
And all those white lines that spread us up
We hurried to our death
Well I lagged behind
So you got ahead

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