

# At The Bottom Of Everything (feat. Jim James)

## 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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