

Another Travelin' Song

Bright Eyes

Well I'm changin' all my strings
I'm gonna write another travellin' song
About all the billion highways
And the cities at the break of dawn
Well I guess the best that I can do now
Is pretend that I've done nothing wrong
And dream about a train
That's gonna take me back where I belong
Well now the ocean speaks and spits
And I can hear it from the interstate
And I'm screaming at my brother
On a cell phone and he's far away
And I'm saying nothing in the past or future
Ever will feel like today
Until I park it in an Alley
Just hoping that our shit is safe
So I go back and forth forever
All my thoughts they come in pairs
Well I will, I won't, I doubt of them
I'm not surprised but I never feel quite prepared
Now I'm hunched over a type writer
I guess you call that painting in a cave
And there's a word I can't remember
And a feeling I cannot escape
And now my ashtray's overflowin'
I'm still starin' at a clean white page
Oh and morning's at my window
And she is sending me to bed again
Well I dream the dark on the horizon
I dream the desert where the dead lay down
I dream the prostituted child touching
An old man in a fast food crowd
Oh yeah, I dreamt a ship was sinkin'
There was people screamin' all around
And I woke to my alarm clock
It was a pop song and it was playin' loud
So I will find my fears and face them
Or I will cower like a dog
I will kick and scream or kneel and bleed
I'll fight like hell to hide that I've given up

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