Napoleon's Hat

Bright Eyes

The barons of industry put inspiration on Hitler?s tongue
The next century crashed hard
With a loud sound like a starting gun
It?s race for acquisition and to make more things that glow
I got a knack for dodging bullets and flying zeros
So I act like I am rich, try and make it my whole look
'Cause poor people don?t exist when times are good
Mozart?s foster parents put cigarettes out in his ears
When he got old enough to stutter he said
"I don?t listen but I-I-I can hear"
The eloquence of traffic, yeah, the milk pond's sad lament
It?s a requiem of moments I keep living through them
But where?s the monster in the closet?
I can?t find the hangman inside his hood
I guess evil don?t exist when times are good
Doctor Oppenheimer winced when he felt

The broken piece of his pace-maker
Unbuttoned his shirt on a subway platform
Clutching his chest while his vision blurred
He saw the bane of his creation, the destroyer of the world
Yeah, truth can leap to solace or a life long bender
It?s like wading through a wasteland where a town you love once stood
You just cry each time you think of when times were good
Napoleon?s tailor dressed him in a giant hat and funny platform shoes
Saying anyone can be a hero, you just got to force people to look up to you
So when you?re talking on a hotline to a suicidal soul
Don?t let your voice sound like hot coffee, more like a scented pillow
And strive for understanding over being understood
Just don?t let yourself forget when the times get good
When the times get good
When the times get good

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/