Lonely at the Top

Conor Oberst

It's lonely at the top of the upside mountain
Watch the sunrise from a windowless room
If the Paramedics stall the soul goes on
Without them in a wicker basket tied to a balloonThere are no boundaries to love
The heart can't comprehend the panorama
I took it on the chin from some second hand feeling
Sorrow handed down to me it felt brand newTiny violins or some summer insects listening
Another season leaving us too soon
Freedom's the opposite of love
You'll never keep it through the paranoiaStanding on the edge of a million landscapes
Emptying and the water from the glacier fills my shoes
Laying in your bed my dreams are sex and violence
I chase the rapist chasing after you

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