# Enola Gay

## Conor Oberst

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

He didn't give you that nickname
But you smile when he calls you the Enola Gay
Turns the lights down low for your migraines
And fetches what you've strewn
All around the room up and down the hall
Asking for your Sodium Pentathol
So you can read aloud from your big tell-all
Anecdotes in platitudesThis world's mean getting meaner too
So why'd you have to make it all about you
There's no harm in stepping to the side
Light your hurricane lamp when the sky grows dark
The wind's pissed off and the sun's at large
What you've gotta do, it's just a matter of pride
Until you vanish like the rest, out of sight and out of mindWorking all day in the control room
Mashing Charles Manson songs up with Showtunes
The feelings come quick but they leave as soon
Like music from a passing car
It's crowded in the club where you meet your friends
Try to save some room for the elephant
Every day's a chore and you're not done yet
You didn't think it'd be this hardThe root's begun, we're a nervous crew
So why're you trying to make it all about you
It's not so bad, it's just a flash of light
Light your hurricane lamp when the sky goes dark
The rain's upset, it just falls apart
You will get your wish, it's just a matter of time
Until you vanish like the rest, out of sight and out of mind
Until you vanish like the rest, out of sight

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