Gossamer Thin

Conor Oberst

Rings 'round his eyes
Tracks down his arm
His fans are confused and his friends are alarmed
His wife doesn't talk
Hates when he's gone
Counts every skirt in his new entourageAnd they're all gossamer thin
Left of the dial, bohemians
And they dance, turnin' in style
Twirl 'round the room, curtsy and smile
And they sit at his feet, read poetry
Swoon with each word he speaksShe likes the new pope
She's not scared of hell
They meet once a week at a secret motel
She kisses his neck, she plays with his hair
Her screams sound like pleasure, her moans like despairAnd they're spread gossamer thin
Pushed to the edge, frayed at the ends
And it's no business of mine
They can love more than one at a time
But they're pushing their luck
Hard but they must
Risk it all for loveNow I walk around in some kind of altered state
The drink in my hand is starting to shake
I get used to it if it has to stay this way
A new bunch of flowers I'll have to arrangeI don't want to eat
Or get out of bed
Try to recall what the therapist said
Ego and Id
The Essential Self
You are who you are and you are someone elseBut I'm worn gossamer thin
Like delicate arch, carved by the wind
There's a glass psyche at stake
Throw me a brick, see if it breaks
'Cause the mind and the brain aren't quite the same
But they both want out of this place

Songwriters
Conor OberstPublished by
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