

A Machine Spiritual (In the People's Key)

Bright Eyes

The people's key ringing through arena seats
The black machine played it all from memory
A fever dream, well, I'll come back eventually
To wade into the water, another and another We go form some kind of code
The bodies float and form some kind of code
The bodies float, someone's out to know, oh Papa hobo, don't hide your eyes
Mother mountain, don't kill your unborn child
His day is coming, his day is coming A question burns beneath the centuries of dirt
That voice you've heard
Well, every head's a different world
Well, mine's concerned
I boarded up the windows, a catatonic plateau
A backwards black-faced minstrel show So just let me go, the prisoner moans
Oh, just let me go, the prisoner moans
No one has to know, oh Eva Braun went to dye her hair
Little Hitler sighs in his giant's chair
And dreamed of nowhere
And dreamed of nowhere and dreamed People's key ringing, filling everything
The theme repeats thinner than the galaxy
Impart to me your wisdom and eventually
I'll float into the ether, another from another We grow form some kind of code
A flesh at bone, we form some kind of code
A flesh at bone, no, you're not alone, oh History bows and it steps aside
In the jungle there's columns of purple light
We're starting over, we're starting over
We're starting, we're starting

Songwriters
Conor Oberst Published by
SONGS FOR BEANS

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>