

Theory of the Crows

The National

Where crybabies cry
In the united states
Bright white on both sides
Like a plate
Nobody listens
Nobody should
It'd be a waste of attention Not enough money
To buy a PC
So I come in this weekend
Asleep on my feet
And if I forget you
Ill have nobody left to forget
I guess thats what assholes get Traded my day light
For a career But I need you to disprove
My theory of the crows Pouring my fingers across the keys
Will someone review my salary please?
Im selling my time to the man who sells style
That time should be mine to waste on you Ill suck off investors
Ill suck off VCs Im losing my posture from time on my knees
They treat me so well
Cause I'll do anything
Its in my nature of service But ill need you to disprove
My theory of the crows Kids of the wealthy are raised by the poor
You send daughters to los angelos and new york
I need mine to see me
When I wake up
I need mine to know
That im what they come to When they come home

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