

# Trees Get Wheeled Away

## Bright Eyes

Anchormen spike their blood, wear masks of mud  
Cucumbers cut to fit their eyes  
And so no one would know how tired they've grown  
Of talking and telling their lies While your TV's change stations, scroll messages  
Victims and Christians both drinking blood  
And they'll pray for the destruction of all hatred  
More often, just those with hate for us 'Cause it hurts when you discover one's worse and one's better  
To suffer or cause others to  
And you can live by your conscience, now guilt is a concept  
You're no longer subscribing to There's a virgin in my bed  
And she's taking off her dress  
And I'm not sure what I am gonna do There's a song stuck in my head  
And I can't help singing it  
Oh, how I hope my singing pleases you  
'Cause this is not who I've become but what you make me into Oh, we got no health insurance, no cellular  
service  
No disease, they can't cure  
But we need more money to burn  
So each person must learn the dollar amount they are worth And those pills make me dizzy forgetting my body  
I watch as it walks away  
And I just keep drinking the poison and smoking the cartons  
A pack and a half a day So when time comes to claim me  
My friends and my family will gather around my grave  
And they'll believe that they knew me  
And loved me and missed me, and all call me by my name So imagine what you want  
And then hold on to that thought  
'Cause that's as close as it will ever come And believe you're where you are  
Keep acting out the part  
But at the end of the day, the trees all get wheeled away  
And you'll be standing alone in a blank, blank space So believe you're who you are and stay in character  
But at the end of the play, the audience walks away  
And I'll be shivering cold on a well lit stage

Lyrics provided by

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