Helplessness Blues

Robin Pecknold

I was raised up believin'
I was somehow unique
like a snowflake, distinct among snowflakes
unique in each way you can see.
And now after some thinkin'
I'd say I'd rather be
a functioning cog in some great machinery
servin' something beyond me.
But I don't, I don't know what that will be.
I'll get back to you someday
Soon you will see.
What's my name, what's my station
oh, just tell me what I should do.
I don't need to be kind to the armies of night
that would do such injustice to you.
Or, bow down and be grateful
and say "sure, take all that you see"
to the men who move only in dimly lit halls
and determine my future for me.
And I don't, I don't know who to believe
I'll get back to you someday
Soon you will see.

If I know only one thing
it's that everything I see
of the world outside is so inconceivable
that often, I barely can speak.
Yeah, I'm tongue-tied and dizzy
and I can't keep it to myself
what good is it to sing helplessness blues?
Why should I wait for anyone else?
And I know, I know you keep me on the shelf
I'll come back to you someday,
soon, myself.
If I had an orchard,
I'd work til I'm raw.
If I had an orchard,
I'd work til I'm sore.
And you would wait tables and soon run the store

Gold hair in the sunlight, my light into dawn.
If I had an orchard I'd work till I'm sore.
If I had an orchard I'd work till I'm sore.
Oh oh ohhhhhh.
Someday I'll be like the man on the screen.

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