

# Gold Mine Guttled (Album Version)

## Bright Eyes

It was Don DeLillo, whiskey neat  
And a blinking midnight clock  
Speakers on a TV stand  
Just a turntable to watch  
And the smoke came out our mouths  
On all those hooded sweatshirt walks  
We were a stroke of luck  
We were a gold mine, they gutted us And from the sidelines you see me run  
Until I'm out of breath  
Living the good life, I left for dead  
The sorrowful Midwest  
Well I did my best...  
To keep my head  
It was grass stain jeans and incompletes  
And a girl from class to touch  
But you think about yourself too much  
And you ruin who you love  
Well all these claims at consciousness  
My stray dog freedom  
Let's have a nice clean cut  
Like a bag we buy and divy up  
And from the sidelines, I see you run  
Until you're out of breath  
And all those white lines that sped us up  
We hurried to our death  
Well I lagged behind...  
So you got ahead

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