Lenders In The Temple

Conor Oberst

A short delay,
The parrot blues
Little voices mimic you
It's not so hard to make that soundSo watch your back,
The Ides of March
Cut your hair like Joan of Arc
Disguise your will
They'll find you outAnd when they do,
Look outThere's money lenders inside the temple
That circus tiger's gonna break your heart
Something so wild turned into paper
If I loved you, well that's my faultA bitch in heat,
The alpha male
Not something she'd ever tell
Except when she got deathly highAnd out it came,
Like summer rain
Washed the cars and everything
Felt clean for just a little whileA telethon,
We drove downThe starving children they ain't got no mother
There's pink flamingos living in the mall
I'd give a fortune to your infomercial
If somebody would just take my call
Take my call
Take my callHello,
Patterns in my mind now moving slow
Sorrow all across the surface roads
Smoothing out the edges of the stone
The lights are out, where'd everybody go?
AloneErase yourself and you'll be free
Mendula destroyed by the sea
All we are is colored sandSo pay to ride the ferris wheel
Smile, all that you can feel
Is gratitude for what has beenCause it did not,
HappenThere's money lenders inside the temple
That circus tiger's gonna break my heart
Something so wild turned into paper
If you loved me, then that's your faultThere's money lenders inside the temple
This crystal city's gonna fall apart
When all their power turns into vapor

If I miss you well that's my fault
That's my fault
That's my fault

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