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
LookoutThere'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 drunk dialedThose 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
Mandela 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 been'Cause 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 love 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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