

Cape Canaveral

Conor Oberst

Oh, oh, oh, brother totem pole
I saw your legends lined up
And I never felt more natural
Apart, I just came apart Please, please, please, sister Socrates
You always answer with a question
Show some kindness to a petty thief
Forgive, you did forgive And watched the migrants smoke in the old orange grove
And the red rocket blaze over Cape Canaveral
You've been a father to me, in 1960s-speak
Give me comatose joy like were on TV
While the mountains side was shining wild colors of my destiny I watched your face age backwards
Changing shape in my memory
You taught me victory's sweet
Even deep in the cheap seats Hey, hey, hey, mother interstate
Can you deliver me from evil
Make me honest, make me a wedding cake
Atone, I will atone Wait, wait, wait, mighty outer space
All that flying saucer terror
Made me lazy drinking lemonade
A waste, it just went to waste Like the Freon cold out the hotel door
Or the white rocket fade over Cape Canaveral
You've been a daughter to me, your buried shoe box grief
I felt your poltergeist love like Savannah heat
While the waterfall was pouring crazy symbols of my destiny I watched your face die backwards
Little baby in my memory
You told me victory's sweet
Even deep in the cheap seats And you don't judge me, that's not your style
But I won't see you for a little while
And there's no worries, oh Lord, whose got time
Are these changes gonna fill your mind Like the citrus glow off the old orange grove
Or the red rocket blaze over Cape Canaveral
It's been a nightmare for me, some 1980s grief
Gives me parachute dreams like old war movies
While the universe was drawn perfect circles from infinity I watched the stars get smaller
Tiny diamonds in my memory
I know that victory's sweet
Even deep in the cheap seats

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