A Little Uncanny

Conor Oberst

You started drinking the Kool-Aid
We were taking the bait
We were talking big talk
Never playing it safe
Looking good as Jane Fonda
On a Vietnam tank
Can't get something for nothing
Have to energize your baseBut she was young enough
She was blonde enough
She was about a perfect ten
Had millions of admirers but not one single friendAnd it's a, it's a little uncanny
what she managed to do
Become a symbol for a pain she never knewYou know old Ronnie Reagan
He was a shoe salesman's son
He got himself in the movies
He impressed everyone
He thought trial by fire
Was America's fate
He made a joke of the poor people
And that made him a saintBut he was tan enough, he was rich enough
He was handsome like John Wayne
And there was no one at the country club
Who didn't feel the sameBut it's a, it's a little uncanny
What he managed to do
Got me to read those Russian authors through and throughI miss Christopher Hitchens
I miss Oliver Sacks
I miss poor Robin Williams
I miss Sylvia Plath
Every morning's a desert
Every night is a flood
They say a party can kill you
Well sometimes I wish it wouldBut I'll get strong enough, I'll be man enough
To keep myself in check
'Cause all my friends that flew to town
Said that's what they expectBut it's a, it's a little uncanny
What they managed to do
Made me admit to things I knew were never true

Songwriters

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