

# Kick

## Conor Oberst

Kick you know you're still a kid  
And your diets too full of additives  
Passed out on a couch with ashes in your mouth  
Dreaming that you're hopping a fence  
This world must have it out for you  
From the shores of Montaca to Malibu  
The trappings of a name you never could escape  
Because people want to live in the past  
Some goal they mentioned they never had I thought we lost that Camelot  
I thought we lost that Camelot  
It's a children's story we forgot  
So long ago Kick it's hard to find a friend  
In a place that's so cruel and partisan  
But you should go in style to Stockholm for a while  
Live outside oblivion's lent  
Someday you'll have a fine divorce  
And a cemetery plot in Johannesburg  
It's time you close your eyes  
On a helicopter ride  
I hope you see it isn't your fault  
I hope you know it isn't your fault I thought they shot that Camelot  
I thought they shot that Camelot  
Whoever shot this movie star he grows  
And the show must go on Laying in an office on an old chaise lounge  
Listening to the doctor drone  
No therapeutic feeling once the shock wears off  
Answer every question no  
Hiding in a hammock with the shades pulled down  
Wondering if the stories broke  
Tragedy is prophet once the word gets out  
Tablets at the country store  
Searching under tables once the bars closed down  
Said somebody stole your phone  
Now there's no one to talk to but these trust fund drunks  
Should have brought a chaperon Kick I'd love to help you but I just don't count  
Friendship makes you paranoid  
I don't believe in crescents  
But I just might now we never really had a choice  
Like all your broken toys Kick you know this life is rich

But pleasures not the same as happiness  
If you don't collide with the traffic in your mind  
I think you'll find your way out of this  
I hope you find your way out of this

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