

Trees Get Wheeled Away

Bright Eyes

Anchormen spike their blood, wear masks of mud
Cucumbers cut to fit their eyes
And so no one would know how tired they've grown
Of talking and telling their lies While your TV's change stations, scroll messages
Victims and Christians both drinking blood
And they'll pray for the destruction of all hatred
More often, just those with hate for us 'Cause it hurts when you discover one's worse and one's better
To suffer or cause others to
And you can live by your conscience, now guilt is a concept
You're no longer subscribing to There's a virgin in my bed
And she's taking off her dress
And I'm not sure what I am gonna do There's a song stuck in my head
And I can't help singing it
Oh, how I hope my singing pleases you
'Cause this is not who I've become but what you make me into Oh, we got no health insurance, no cellular
service
No disease, they can't cure
But we need more money to burn
So each person must learn the dollar amount they are worth And those pills make me dizzy forgetting my body
I watch as it walks away
And I just keep drinking the poison and smoking the cartons
A pack and a half a day So when time comes to claim me
My friends and my family will gather around my grave
And they'll believe that they knew me
And loved me and missed me, and all call me by my name So imagine what you want
And then hold on to that thought
'Cause that's as close as it will ever come And believe you're where you are
Keep acting out the part
But at the end of the day, the trees all get wheeled away
And you'll be standing alone in a blank, blank space So believe you're who you are and stay in character
But at the end of the play, the audience walks away
And I'll be shivering cold on a well lit stage

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