

Amy in the White Coat (with Maria Taylor)

Bright Eyes

You take your clothes off
Right after school
The tea is on
The flame is blue And you hope it won't take
All afternoon
The TV's waiting
To talk to you It's your naked body
On white velor
But there's no feeling
Just weight on you But you get nauseous now
As he speaks to you
Such proper language
For acts so cruel He says, we all follow the rules
We can't very well go
And break them now can we?
For you, for you, for you Your older sisters
I had them too
But you're my favorite
You know it's true You look like your mother
In that thin disguise
Your parting mouth
Your shining eyes And the way that you hate me
And the length of your hair
It's the reason I make you
It's the bond that we share 'Cos you were all trying to endure it
You could easily go and make your own life somewhere
Couldn't you? Couldn't you? Couldn't you?
Couldn't you? Couldn't you? Couldn't you? Couldn't you?" With the sun beams bright
You keep your eyes shut
Your alarm clock lies
Get to school on time But you're a bag of warm fluid
You're the corpse in the class
You walk so near to your locker
You lay so low in the grass Did you get that coat from the principal?
Did you get that bruise on the bus?
You should wash your hair more
You should look more like us But I saw you walking once
Under powder blue skies
You looked cold still

Your collar was high And I tried to talk to you
But you walked right by
I don't know which I said then
"Hello" or "Goodbye" And yet we're all trying to be pure
But it isn't a very easy thing, now is it?
To do, to do, to do, to do, to do, to do
Isn't it? Isn't it? Isn't it? Isn't it?
Isn't it? Isn't it? Isn't it? Isn't it?

Songwriters

Conor Oberst Published by

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