Next of Kin

Conor Oberst

I saw a crash on the interstate
It left a feeling I could not shake
Just a name in a database who must be notified
It's not a phone call I wanna make
A stranger answers, I hesitate
Got some bad news that couldn't wait
Are you sitting down?
Her bathrobe hangs on the bedroom door
Though she's been dead for a year or more
He buried her by the sycamore
So that he could keep her close
It broke his heart and it made him old
Tries to rebuild but it just erodes
Some people say that's the way it goes
But he don't feel that wayGet too drunk and you can't perform
Something dies when a star is born
I spread my anger like Agent Orange
I was indiscriminate
Yeah, I met Lou Reed and Patty Smith
It didn't make me feel different
I guess I lost all my innocence
Way too long ago
She called my bluff and she won the fight
I ran outside in the hot twilight
I had a lighter that didn't light
Well I know I shouldn't smoke
I was going, I was free to leave
Walking fast down the Bowery
Tears in my eyes so I couldn't see
But I made my way back home

Songwriters
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