Tachycardia

Conor Oberst

It's a mass grave
A dollar-fifty resting place
On the north face
It's a rope I've gotta climb
I'm a stone's throw from everyone I love and know
But I can't show up looking like I do
In an old suit my hair is slicked back nice and smooth
In a court room, sweat rolling down my back
It's a bad dream
I have it seven times a week
No it's not me
But I'm the one who has to dieNeeds a cold draw to slow his tachycardia
In a dark bar the world just melts away
And you feel fine
Your feet can just lose track of time
It's a good sign when he can stay awake
On a slow day the rain against the windowpane of the cafe
She spills the coffee grounds
And the same thought hits her like a cinder block
Life's an odd job that she don't got the nerve to quitYeah it's just there
At the bottom of those spiral stairs
It's the world's fair
The future's on display
In the still night
They turned on the electric lights
And the crowd cried out
Everyone looks so amazed

Songwriters
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