A Machine Spiritual (In The Peopleâ€™s Key)

Bright Eyes

The people's key
Ringing through arena seats
The black machine
Played it all from memory
A fever dream
Well, I'll come back eventually
To wade into the water
Another and anotherWe go
Form some kind of code
The bodies float
And form some kind of code
The bodies float
Someone's out to knowPapa hobo
Don't hide your eyes
Mother mountain
Don't kill your unborn child
His day is coming
His day is comingA question burns
Beneath the centuries of dirt
That voice you've heard
Well, every head's a different world
Well, mine's concerned
I boarded up the windows
A catatonic plateau
A backwards black-faced minstrel show
So just let me go
The prisoner moans
Oh, just let me go
The prisoner moans
No one has to knowEva Braun went to dye her hair
Little Hitler sighs in his giant's chair
And dreamed of nowhere
And dreamed of nowhere
And dreamedThe people's key
Ringing filling everything
The theme repeats
Thinner than the galaxy
Impart to me
Your wisdom and eventually

I'll float into the ether
Another from anotherWe grow
Form some kind of code
Of flesh and bone
We form some kind of code
Of flesh and bone
No, you're not aloneHistory bows and it steps aside
In the jungle there's columns of purple light
We're starting over
We're starting over
We're starting
We're starting

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