

# Milk Thistle

Conor Oberst

Milk thistle, milk thistle  
Let me down slow  
Help me go slow  
I've been carryin' on I'm not scared of nothin'  
I'll go pound for pound  
I keep death on my mind  
Like a heavy crown If I go to heaven  
I'll be bored as hell  
Like a little baby  
At the bottom of a well Fair child, fair child  
How are you man?  
Did you fix that storefront?  
Did you start that band? Don't be scared of nothin'  
You go pound for pound  
You bring peace to midnight  
Like a spotted owl I'll be rootin' for you  
Like my favorite team  
If somebody sweats you  
You just point 'em out to me All the sights and sounds  
This little world's too crowded now  
And there's only one way out An elevator ride  
Through the tunnel towards the light  
And I'm no where bound  
Keep going up and down, up and down Newspaper, newspaper  
Can't take no more  
You're here every morning  
Waitin' at my door I'm just tryin' to kiss you  
And you stab my eyes  
Make me blue forever  
Like an island sky And I'm not pretending  
That it's all okay  
Just let me have my coffee  
Before you take away the day Lazarus, Lazarus  
Why all the tears?  
Did your faithful chauffeur  
Just disappear? What a lonesome feeling  
To be just waitin' 'round  
Like some washed up actress  
In a Tinseltown But for the record

I'd come pick you up  
We'll head for the ocean  
Just say when you've had enoughAll the light and sound  
This little world's too fragile now  
And there's only one way outBut if you let me slide  
I'll do my best to make things right  
And I'm no where bound  
Jus' going up and down, up and downMilk thistle, milk thistle  
Let me down slow  
Just help me go slow  
I've been hurrying onI was poised for greatness  
I was down and out  
I keep death at my heels  
Like a basset houndIf I go to heaven  
I'll be bored as hell  
Like a crying baby  
At the bottom of a well

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