

Conor Oberst & Gillian Welch "Lua"

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I know that it is freezing but I think we have to walk
I just keep waving at the taxis, they keep turning their
lights off
But Julie knows a party at some actor's west side loft
Supplies are endless in the evening, by the morning
they'll be gone

When everything is lonely, I can be my own best friend
I'll get a coffee and the paper, have my own
conversations
With the sidewalk and the pigeons and my window
reflection
The mask I polish in the evening, by the morning looks
like shit

And I know you have a heavy heart, I can feel it when
we kiss
So many men stronger than me have thrown their
backs out trying to lift it
But me I'm not a gamble, you can count on me to split
The love I sell you in the evening, by the morning won't
exist

You're looking skinny like a model with your eyes all
painted black
You just keep going to the bathroom, always say you'll
be right back
Well, it takes one to know one, kid, I think you've got it
bad
But what's so easy in the evening, by the morning's
such a drag

I got a flask inside my pocket, we can share it on the
train
And if you promise to stay conscious, I will try and do
the same
We might die from medication but we sure killed all the
pain
What was normal in the evening, by the morning seems
insane

And I'm not sure what the trouble was that started all of

this

The reasons all have run away but the feeling never did
It's not something I would recommend but it is one way
to live

'Cause what is simple in the moonlight, by the morning
never is

It was so simple in the moonlight, now it's so
complicated

It was so simple in the moonlight, so simple in the
moonlight

It was so simple in the moonlight

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