

Bright Eyes

"At the Bottom of Everything"

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So there was this woman and
She was on an airplane and
She's flying to meet her fiancÃ©
Sailing high above the largest ocean
On planet earth and she was seated
Next to this man who you know
She had tried to start a conversation
But really the only thing
She heard him say was to order his bloody mary
And she's sitting there and she's reading
This really arduous magazine article about this
Third world country that she couldn't
Even pronounce the name of and
She's feeling very bored and very despondent
And then uh suddenly there's this huge mechanical
failure and one of the engines gave out
And they started just falling thirty thousand feet
And the pilots on the microphone and he's saying,
"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Oh My God, I'm Sorry"
And apologizing and she looks at the man and she
says,
"where are we going" and he looks at her and he says,
"We're going to a party, it's a birthday party.
It's your birthday party, happy birthday darling.
We love you very, very, very, very, very, very, very
much."
And then he starts humming this little tune and it kind
of goes like this:

One, Two, One, Two, Three, Four
We must talk in every telephone, get eaten off the web
We must rip out all the epilogues from the books we
have read
And to the face of every criminal strapped firmly in a
chair
We must stare, we must stare, we must stare

We must take all of the medicines too expensive now to
sell
Set fire to the preacher who is promising us hell
And in the ear of every anarchist that sleeps but
doesn't dream

We must sing, we must sing, we must sing

And it'll go like this
While my mother waters plants my father loads his
gun.
He says, "Death will give us back to God,
Just like the setting sun
Is returned to the lonesome ocean."

And then they splashed into the deep blue sea
It was a wonderful splash

We must blend into the choir, sing as static with the
whole
We must memorize nine numbers and deny we have a
soul
And to this endless race for property and privilege to
be won
We must run, we must run, we must run

We must hang up in the belfry where the bats in
moonlight laugh
We must stare into a crystal ball and only see the past
And in the caverns of tomorrow with our flashlights and
our love
We must plunge, we must plunge, we must plunge

And then we'll get down there,
Way down to the very bottom of everything
And then we'll see it, we'll see it, we'll see it

Oh my morning's coming back
The whole worlds waking up
Oh the city bus is swimming past
I'm happy just because
I found out I am really no one

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