

Bright Eyes

"At The Bottom Of Everything - (with Jim James)"

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[Speaking] So there was this woman
And she was , uh, on an airplane
And she was flying to meet her fiancÃ©
Sailing high above the, the largest ocean on
planet earth.
And she was seated next to this man
who, ya know, She had tried to start a
conversation with, but the only, really the only thing she
had heard him say was to order his Bloody Mary.
And, 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 was this huge mechanical
failure and one of the engines gave out and they
started just falling thirty thousand feet, the uh, pilot's
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, she says
[guitar starts]
"Where are we going?" and uh he looks at her and he
says,
"We're going to a party. It's, it's a birthday party.
It's your birthday party. Happy birthday darling. We
love you very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very much."
And then uh, he starts humming this little tune, and,
uh, it kinda goes like this,
it's kinda 1, 2, 1 2 3 4

We must talk in every telephone, get eaten off the web
We must rip out all the epilogues from the books that
we have read
And in the face of every criminal strapped firmly to 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 who sleeps but
doesn't dream

We must sing, we must sing, we must sing

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

And then they splashed into the deep blue sea

Oh it was a wonderful splash
We must blend into the choir, sing ecstatic with the
whole
We must memorize nine numbers and deny we have a
soul
Into 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 and
moonlight laugh
We must stare into a crystal ball and only see the past
Into the caverns of tomorrow with only our flashlights
and our love
We must plunge, we must plunge, we must plunge

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

Oh my morning's coming back
The whole world's waking up
All the city buses swimming past
I'm happy just because
I've found out I am really no one

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