

Bright Eyes "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 fiance
sailing 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 with
and only the only thing she had heard him say was just
the words to order his bloody mary
and she was sitting there and she was reading this
really arduous magazine article
about a third world country that she couldn't even
pronounce the name of it
she's feeling very bored and very dispondent
and then suddenly there was this huge mechanical
failure and one of the engines gave out
and they just started falling thirty-thousand feet
the 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 says, 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. Happy
birthday Darlin'. We love you very very very very very
very very much."
and then he starts humming this little tune and it kinda
goes like this
it kinda goes, 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 that sleeps but
doesn't dream
we must sing, we must sing, we must sing
(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 the 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
and in this endless race from property and privilege to
be one
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 just our flashlights
and our love
we must plunge, we must plunge, we must plunge

and then we'll get down there...you know way down to
the very bottom of everything and we'll see it
oh we'll see it we'll see it

all my morning is coming back
the whole world is waking up
with the city buses swimming past
I'm happy just because
I've found out I am really no one

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