

## **Bright Eyes "Cartoon Blues"**

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I listened to a lecture of nonsense til dawn  
By a plagiarist poet with dark glasses on  
He said, "how did you ever dream up that song, the  
one where the baby dies?"  
I said "i'll tell you the secret, which one's your good  
ear?"  
Yeah people are made up of water and fear  
If there weren't women present we wouldn't be here  
So let's make like we're friends."

And the pot turned to powder and soured the mood  
And the people i'd come with were gone from the room  
So i asked like a child, "may i be excused?"  
And disobeyed them all

Into that late-night latrine  
Rain soaking through my shoes  
I tried walking backwards to get less confused  
Working off the theory i could never prove  
That it was life itself to blame

Imn time we'll win the world  
Like a failed revolution  
A tumour we could not remove  
An old friend  
A constant  
The blues

Now my days are distractions, sit wringing my hands  
Solitaire, crosswords and films on demand  
When you turn from a cartoon back into a man  
You start to smell that human smell

So i sleep with the fan on to drown out the street  
And the noise rising up from the bar underneath  
But for that inconvenience all my drinks are free  
So i guess it's just as well

Why do i envy the ending right from the start  
Just get it together to take it apart  
Watching the horse as it follows the cart,  
I sweep up my broken spell

And i felt something changing the world  
Like a new constitution  
A thief i would have to pursue  
At all times  
At all costs  
The truth

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