

Bright Eyes **"Endless Entertainment"**

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The serotonin's rushing. I'm coughing.
Well, I kinda caught the blues
But you won't catch me complaining
To the super or the moon
Because the carrot's gonna dangle
Until the diamond is appraised.
And all the talk made me feel rich baby
But, tell me, who is gonna pay
For the braces to make straight,
All that Colgate.
Keep my white teeth innocence.
My smile's in sad shape.
All that dead weight
I got tired of carrying.
And it's got me looking for a friend
Or a crutch I can depend upon.
There is endless entertainment
In thinking the world is gonna end.
And I live some nights convinced of it
But I keep waking up again
With my girl wrapped 'round my body
And a towel wrapped 'round my head
She says, "You passed out in the bathtub angel
I thought that you were dead.
Don't die on me
Don't dread on me
My love is not the enemy.
And you don't have to be
No ones biography
They'll try to write you down
And hope you go crazy."
So don't fall for that Christ bait
It about as passing
As rock star arrogance.
Tomorrow's a new day
But it's that same face
That you'll be wearing then.
And you don't have to be content,
But you do have to get on with it.

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