

## **Bright Eyes**

# **"Going For The Gold"**

Visit "[Going For The Gold](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

There's a voice on the phone  
Telling what had happened  
Some kind of confusion  
More like a disaster

And it wondered how  
You were left unaffected  
But you had no knowledge  
No, the chemicals covered you

So a jury was formed  
As more liquor was poured  
No need for conviction  
They're not thirsting for justice

But I slept with the lies  
I keep inside my head  
I found out I was guilty  
I found out I was guilty

But I won't be around  
For the sentencing  
'Cause I'm leaving  
On the next airplane

And I know that my actions  
Are impossible to justify  
They seem adequate  
To fill up my time

But if I could talk to myself  
Like I was someone else  
Well then maybe I could take your advice, advice  
And I wouldn't act like such an asshole all the time

There's a film on the wall  
Makes the people look small  
Who are sitting beside it  
All consumed in the drama

They must return to their lives  
Once the hero has died

They will drive to the office  
Stopping somewhere for coffee

Where the folk singers, poets  
And playwrights convene  
Dispensing their wisdom  
Oh, dear, amateur orators

They will detail their pain  
In some standard refrain  
They will recite their sadness  
Like it's some kind of contest

Well, if it is  
I think I am winning it  
All beaming with confidence  
As I make my final lap

The gold medal gleams  
So hang it around my neck  
'Cause I am deserving it  
The champion of idiots

But a kid carries his Walkman  
On that long bus ride to Omaha  
I know a girl who cries  
When she practices violin

'Cause each note sounds so pure  
It just cuts into her  
And then the melody  
Comes pouring out her eyes, eyes

Now to me, everything else  
It just sounds like a lie

Visit [Bright Eyes](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.