

## **Bright Eyes** **"Gold Mine Guttet"**

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It was don delillo, whiskey, me,  
And a blinking midnight clock  
Speakers on a tv stand, just a turntable to watch  
When the smoke came out our mouths  
On all those hooded sweatshirt walks  
We were a stroke of luck  
We were a goldmine and they gutted us

And from the sidelines  
You see me run  
Until i'm out of breath  
Living the good life  
I left for dead  
The sorrowful midwest  
Well i did my best  
To keep my head

It was grass stained jeans and incompletes  
And a girl from class to touch  
But you think about yourself too much  
And you ruin who you love  
Well all these claims at consciousness  
My stray dog freedom  
Let's have a nice clean cut  
Like a bag we buy and divvy up

And from the sidelines  
I see you run  
Until you're out of breath  
And all those white lines that sped us up  
We hurry to our death  
Well i lagged behind  
So you got ahead.

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