

Bright Eyes

"Lets Not Shit Ourselves"

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Here we go
Can I get a goddamn timpany roll to start this
goddamn song?
Tonight, it is a goddamn song
For all you goddamn people

Well, the animals laugh from the dark of the wilderness
A baby cries hard in an apartment complex
As I pass in a car buried under the influence
The city's driving me out of my mind

I've seen a child, he's caught in the sad trap of gravity
He falls from the lowest branch of the apple tree
And lands in the grass and weeps for his dignity
Next time he will not aim so high, yeah, next time
neither will I

Now, a mother takes loans out, sends her kids off to
colleges
Her family's reduced to names on a shoppin' list
While a coroner kneels beneath a great wooden
crucifix
He knows there's worse things than bein' alone

And so I've learned to retreat at the first sign of
danger
I mean, why wait around, if it's just to surrender?
An ambition, I've found, can lead only to failure
I do not read the reviews, no, I am not singin' for you

Well, I stood droppin' a coin into the pit of a well
And I would throw my whole billfold if I thought it would
help
With all these wishes I make, I should buy somethin'
real
At least a telephone call home

Well, my teachers, they built this retaining wall memory
All those multiple choices I answered so quickly
And got my grades back and forgot just as easily
But at least I got an A and so I don't have them to
blame

Well, I should stop pointing fingers, reserve my
judgment
Of all those public action figures, the cowboy
presidents
So loud behind the bullhorn, so proud they can't admit
When they've made a mistake

While poison ink spews from a speechwriter's pen
He knows he don't have to say it, so it, it don't bother
him
'Honesty, accuracy is just popular opinion
And the approval rating's high and so someone's
gonna die

Well, ABC, NBC, CBS, bullshit
They give us fact or fiction? I guess an even split
And each new act of war is tonight's entertainment
We're still the pawns in their game

As they take eye for an eye until no one can see
We must stumble blindly forward, repeatin' history
Well, I guess we all fit into your slogan on that fast food
marquee
Red-blooded, white-skinned, oh and the Blues, oh and
the Blues
I got the Blues, that's me, that's me

Well, I awoke in relief, my sheets and tubes were all
tangled
Weak from whiskey and pills in a Chicago hospital
And my father was there in a chair by the window
Starin' so far away

I tried talking, just whispered, "So sorry, so selfish"
He stopped me and said, "Child, I love you regardless
And there is nothing you could do that would ever
change this
I'm not angry, it happens, but you just can't do it again"

And so now I try to keep up, I've been exchangein' my
currency
While a million objects pass through my periphery
Now I'm rubbin' my eyes 'cause they're startin' to
bother me
I've been starin' too long at the screen

But where was it when I first heard that sweet sound of
humility?
It came to my ears in the goddamn loveliest melody
How grateful I was then to be part of the mystery

To love and to be loved, let's just hope that is enough

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