

## **Bright Eyes "Napoleon's Hat"**

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The barons of industry put inspiration on Hitler's  
tongue  
The next century crashed hard  
With a loud sound like a starting gun  
It's race for acquisition and to make more things that  
glow

I got a knack for dodging bullets and flying zeros  
So I act like I am rich, try and make it my whole look  
'Cause poor people don't exist when times are good

Mozart's foster parents put cigarettes out in his ears  
When he got old enough to stutter he said  
"I don't listen but I-I-I can hear"  
The eloquence of traffic, yeah, the milk pond's sad  
lament

It's a requiem of moments I keep living through them  
But where's the monster in the closet?  
I can't find the hangman inside his hood  
I guess evil don't exist when times are good

Doctor Oppenheimer winced when he felt  
The broken piece of his pace-maker  
Unbuttoned his shirt on a subway platform  
Clutching his chest while his vision blurred

He saw the bane of his creation, the destroyer of the  
world  
Yeah, truth can leap to solace or a life long bender  
It's like wading through a wasteland where a town you  
love once stood  
You just cry each time you think of when times were  
good

Napoleon's tailor dressed him in a giant hat and funny  
platform shoes  
Saying anyone can be a hero, you just got to force  
people to look up to you  
So when you're talking on a hotline to a suicidal soul  
Don't let your voice sound like hot coffee, more like a  
scented pillow

And strive for understanding over being understood  
Just don't let yourself forget when the times get good  
When the times get good  
When the times get good

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