

# Bright Eyes "Tourist Trap"

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It's not the road we used to know  
They tore some buildings down  
The traffic's like a pack of dogs

There's fewer trees, windows, fleas  
Concrete on the lawn  
There's people here but you are gone

And I find still swimming through time  
Afraid some days I've reached the shore

Make yourself free  
A man said back to me  
Now my heart is like an open door

And the road finally gave me back  
But I don't think I'll unpack  
Because I'm not sure if I live here any more

It's not my weight  
That makes me faint  
Or the sugar in my blood  
The way these strangers stand so close

They say my name  
Like a guessing game  
"Is that really you?"  
No, I don't think it ever was

In the spring  
When the world's turning green  
I only think about the fall  
The frets on the board  
My progression of chords  
Oh, how I want this to resolve

And the road finally gave me back  
But I don't think I'll unpack  
Because I'm not sure if I live here any more

Now the road finally gave me back  
But I don't think I'll unpack

Because I'm not sure if I live here  
No, I'm not sure if I live here  
No, I'm not sure if I live here  
Anymore

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