Conor Oberst "Cape Canaveral"

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Oh, oh, oh brother totem pole I saw your legends lined up And I never felt more natural Apart, I just came apart

Please, please, please sister Socrates You always answer with a question Show some kindness to a petty thief Forgive, you did forgive

Watch the migrants smoke in the old orange grove And the red rocket blaze over Cape Canaveral YouÂ've been a father to me In 1960Â's speak In the comatose joy that weÂ're on TV While the mountainÂ's side was shining Wild colors of my destiny

I watched your face age backwards Changing shape in my memory You told me victoryÂ's sweet Even deep in the cheap seats

Hey, hey, hey mother interstate Can you deliver me from evil Make me honest make me wedding cake Atone, I will atone

Wait, wait, wait mighty outer-space All that flying saucer terror Made me lazy drinking lemonade A waste, it just went to waste

Like the Freon cold out the hotel door

Or the white rocket fade over Cape Canaveral YouÂ've been a daughter to me Your buried shoe-box grief I felt your poltergeist love like savannah heat While the waterfall was pouring Crazy symbols of my destiny I watched your face die backwards Little baby in my memory You told me victory's sweet Even deep in the cheap seats

And you donÂ't judge me
ThatÂ's not your style
But I wonÂ't see you for a little while
And thereÂ's no worries
Whose got time
All these changes are going to fill your mind

Like the citrus glow off the old orange grove
Or the red rocket blaze over Cape Canaveral
ItÂ's been a nightmare to me
Some 1980Â's grief
Gives me parachute dreams
Like old war movies
While the universe was drawn
Perfect circles form infinity

I watched the stars get smaller Tiny diamonds in my memory I know that victory is sweet Even deep in the cheap seats

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