

Conor Oberst "Milk Thistle"

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Milk thistle, milk thistle
Let me down slow
Help me go slow
I've been carryin' on

I'm not scared of nothin'
I'll go pound for pound
I keep death on my mind
Like a heavy crown

If I go to heaven
I'll be bored as hell
Like a little baby
At the bottom of a well

Fair child, fair child
How are you man?
Did you fix that storefront?
Did you start that band?

Don't be scared of nothin'
You go pound for pound
You bring peace to midnight
Like a spotted owl

I'll be rootin' for you
Like my favorite team
If somebody sweats you
You just point 'em out to me

All the sights and sounds
This little world's too crowded now
And there's only one way out

An elevator ride
Through the tunnel towards the light
And I'm no where bound
Keep going up and down, up and down

Newspaper, newspaper
Can't take no more
You're here every morning

Waitin' at my door

I'm just tryin' to kiss you
And you stab my eyes
Make me blue forever
Like an Allen sky

And I'm not pretending
That it's all okay
Just let me have my coffee
Before you take away the day

Lazarus, Lazarus
Why all the tears?
Did your faithful chauffeur
Just disappear?

What a lonesome feeling
To be just waitin' 'round
Like some washed up actress
In a Tinseltown

But for the record
I'd come pick you up
We'll head for the ocean
Just say when you've had enough

All the light and sound
This little world's too fragile now
And there's only one way out

But if you let me slide
I'll do my best to make things right
And I'm no where bound
Jus' going up and down, up and down

Milk thistle, milk thistle
Let me down slow
Just help me go slow
I've been hurrying on

I was poised for greatness
I was down and out
I keep death at my heels
Like a basset hound

If I go to heaven
I'll be bored as hell
Like a crying baby
At the bottom of a well

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