

Conor Oberst "Sausalito"

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hair blowing in the hot wind
time hanging from a clothes pin
there's no sorrow that the sun's not gonna help

smell the leather of your new car
drive through the desert after night fall
sleep on the shoulder keep the stars all to ourselves

the kinda love that makes my back hurt
wearing nothing but a t-shirt
she's turning over on a mattress made of air

i close my eyes i see a stair case
leading upwards into blank space
all of creation makes a sound too soft to hear

so I remain between her legs
sheltered from all my fears
while bikers glide by highway shrines
where pilgrims disappear

i know that trouble's been your good friend

keep you company on the weekends
keep you company even once your mind was made

said it's over and it's finished
now a headache is all you're left with
we're no different i got debts i'd like to pay

we should move to Sausalito
living's easy on a house boat
let the ocean rock us back and forth to sleep

in the morning with the sunrise
look in the water see the blue sky
as if heaven has been laid there at our feet

so we remain between these waves
sheltered for all our years
while bikers glide by highway shrines
where pilgrims disappear

where time takes icebergs
where fields burn westward
where pilgrims disappear

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