

The Avett Brothers

"Privates In Public"

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This is where your head hits the pavement
This is where your money's spent
The public display of blood rushing
And the passenger seat vacates immediately

[We stand. we're restless. we're slated for the viewing
We stand on the blackened pavement, blood is
spewing]

Someone call 911

This is where your head hits the pavement
This is where your money's spent
Your heroes are gone--you're all left alone
And now it's time to take the blood flowing
Call a doctor!
We've got a problem here.

[We stand, on the edge of the road, praying for the
end
We know this is how we live, and now it's our dying]

We could never go home after this, now way, we're way
past that
No way, it never rains at home, in this world where
we're alone

This is when your head hits the dirt, white light coming
from the edge of the bed
Help us, help us
Please god
[I'm blind]

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