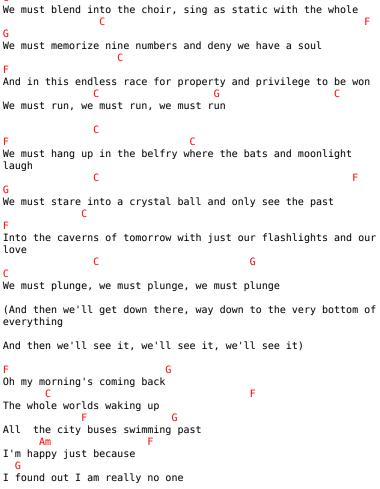


Bright Eyes - At The Bottom Of Everything

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Intro: C C F
               C
We must talk in every telephone, get eaten off the web
We must rip out all the epilogues from the books that we have
Into the face of every criminal strapped firmly to a chair
We must stare, we must stare, we must stare
We must take all of the medicines too expensive now to sell
Set fire to the preacher who is promising us hell
Into the ear of every anarchist that sleeps but doesn't dream
We must sing, we must sing, we must sing
(And it'll go like this)
While my mother waters plants
My father loads his gun.
He says, "Death will give us back to god,
Just like the setting sun is returned to the lonesome ocean."
(And then they splashed into the deep blue sea, oh it was a
wonderful splash)
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Acordes

