

At the Bottom of Everything

Bright Eyes

So there is this woman and she was on an airplane
And she's flying to meet her fiancé
Sailing high above the largest ocean on Planet Earth
And she was seated next to this man, who, you know
She had tried to start conversations
And only, really the only thing she did hear him say was
Was to order his Bloody Mary
And she's sitting there

And she's reading this really arduous magazine article
About this third world country
That she couldn't even pronounce the name of
And she's feeling very bored and very despondent
And then uh, suddenly, there's this huge mechanical failure
And one of the, the engines gave up
And they started just falling in thirty thousand feet
And the pilot's on the, on the microphone

And he's, he's saying, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, oh my God, I'm sorry"
Apologizing and, and she looks at the man and she, she says
She says, "Where are we going?"
And he, he looks at her and he says, "We're going to a party
It's a birthday party, it's your birthday party, happy birthday darling
We love you very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very much"
And then he starts humming this little tune and it kinda goes like this
It's kinda one two, one two three four

We must talk in every telephone, get eaten off the web
We must rip out all the epilogues from the books that we have read
And to 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
And in 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, alright
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

We must blend into the choir, sing a static with the whole
We must memorize nine numbers and deny we have a soul
And to this endless race for property and privilege to be won
We must run, we must run, we must run

We must hang up in the belfry where the bats in moonlight laugh
We must stare into a crystal ball and only see the past
And in the caverns of tomorrow with just our flashlights and our love
We must plunge, we must plunge, we must plunge

And then we'll get down there
Way down to the very bottom of everything

And then we'll see it
Oh we'll see it, we'll see it, we'll see it

Oh, my morning's coming back
The whole world's waking up
Oh, the city bus is swimming past
I'm happy just because I found out I am really no one