

## Tourist Trap

Bright Eyes

It's not the road we used to know  
They tore some buildings down  
The traffic's like a pack of dogs  
There's fewer trees, windows, fleas  
Concrete on the lawn  
There's people here but you are gone

And I find still swimming through time  
Afraid some days I've reached the shore  
Make yourself free, man said that to me  
Now, my heart is like an open door

And the road finally gave me back  
But I don't think I'll unpack  
Because I'm not sure if I live here any more

It's not my weight that makes me faint  
Or the sugar in my blood  
The way these strangers stand so close  
They say my name like a guessing game  
"Is that really you?" No, I don't think it ever was

In the spring when the world's turning green  
I only think about the fall  
And the frets on the board, my progression of chords  
Oh, how I want this to resolve

And the road finally gave me back  
But I don't think I'll unpack  
Because I'm not sure if I live here any more

Now, the road finally gave me back  
But I don't think I'll unpack  
Because I'm not sure if I live here  
No, I'm not sure if I live here anymore  
I'm not sure if I live here anymore