

## Next of Kin

Conor Oberst

I saw a crash on the interstate  
It left a feeling I could not shake  
Just a name in a database who must be notified  
It's not a phone call I wanna make  
A stranger answers, I hesitate  
Got some bad news that couldn't wait  
Are you sitting down?  
Her bathrobe hangs on the bedroom door  
Though she's been dead for a year or more  
He buried her by the sycamore  
So that he could keep her close  
It broke his heart and it made him old  
Tries to rebuild but it just erodes  
Some people say that's the way it goes  
But he don't feel that way

Get too drunk and you can't perform  
Something dies when a star is born  
I spread my anger like Agent Orange  
I was indiscriminate  
Yeah, I met Lou Reed and Patty Smith  
It didn't make me feel different  
I guess I lost all my innocence  
Way too long ago

She called my bluff and she won the fight  
I ran outside in the hot twilight  
I had a lighter that didn't light  
Well I know I shouldn't smoke  
I was going, I was free to leave  
Walking fast down the Bowery  
Tears in my eyes so I couldn't see  
But I made my way back home