

Too Late to Fixate

Conor Oberst

Tried some bad meditation
Sitting up in the dark
They say to picture an island
Cause that's one place to start
I guess I could count my blessings
I don't sleep in the park
With all my earthly possessions
In one old shopping cart

No, I'm up in the penthouse
On a big feather bed
Is it too late to fixate
On that instead

My wife takes a vacation
One she can't afford
I go fishing the alleys
For someone to escort
No, I don't mind the money
It beats betting on sports
And though it might get expensive
It's cheaper than divorce

And I love her torn stockings
And her lipstick of red
Is it too late to fixate
On her instead

You know you're my favorite
She says when we're through
Some parts are off limits
But I'd give them to you

Where the hell was Dock Ellis
When I gave up that hit
Where was Timothy Leary
When reality bit
Who's the new Dalai Lama
That shy little kid
With no room in his body
Where a stranger could live

I can't blame him for dreaming
He'll sleep when he's dead
Is it too late to fixate
On that instead
Is it too late to fixate
On that instead