

BRIGHT EYES LYRICS

Album I - I'm Wide Awake, It's Morning

At The Bottom Of Everything

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. 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 will 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.

We must blend into the choir, sing as static with the whole. We must memorize nine numbers and deny we have a soul. And in this 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 and moonlight laugh. We must stare into a crystal ball and only see the past. Into 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 bottom of everything and then we'll see it, we'll see it, we'll see it)

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

Jesse Harris-Guitar

Jim James-Voice

Tim Luntzel-Bass

Mike Mogis-Mandolin

Conor Oberst-Guitar, Voice

We Are Nowhere And It's Now

If you hate the taste of wine, why do you drink it 'til you're blind. And if you swear that there's no truth and who cares, why do you say it, like you're right. Why are you scared to dream of God, when it's salvation that you want. Like stars that clear, have been dead for years, but the idea still lives on. In our wheels that roll around, as we move over the ground. And all day it seems, we've been inbetween a past and present town. We are nowhere, and it's now. We are nowhere and it's now. And like a ten minutes dream in the passenger seat while the world was flying by. I haven't been gone very long but it feels like a lifetime.

I got no plans and too much time. I feel too restless to unwind. I'm always lost in thought as I walk the block to my favorite neon sign. Where the waitress looks concerned, but she never says a word. Just turns the juke box on and we hum along and I smile back at her. And my friend comes after work, when the features start to blur. She says, these bars are

filled with things that kill, by now you probably should have learned. Did you forget that yellow bird, how could you forget your yellow bird. And she took a small sliver wreath and pinned it onto me. She said, this one will bring you love. And I don't know if it's true but I keep it for good luck.

Jason Boesel-Drums
Emmylou Harris-Voice
Jesse Harris-Guitar
Matt Maginn-Bass
Mike Mogis-Mandolin
Conor Oberst-Guitar, Voice
Nate Walcott-Trumpet
Nick White-Piano

Old Soul Song (For The New World Order)

Grey light new days leaks through the window. An old soul song comes on the alarm clock radio. We walked for forty blocks to the middle of the place we heard that everything would be. And there were baracades to keep us off the street. But the crowd kept pushing forward 'til they swallowed the police.

They went wild....

We left before the dust had time to settle. And all the broken glass swept off the avenue. And all the way home held your camera like a bible, just wishing so bad that it held some kind of truth. And I stood nervous next to you in the dark room. You drop the paper in the water and it all begins to bloom.

They go wild....

Just when I get so lonesome I can't speak, I see some flowers on a hillside like a wall of new TV's.

They go wild.....

Clark Baechle-Drums
Jason Boesel-Drums
Andy LeMaster-Voice
Tim Luntzel-Bass
Alex MacManus-Guitar
Mike Mogis-Pedal Steel
Conor Oberst-Guitar, Voice
Maria Taylor-Voice
Nate Walcott-Trumpet
Nick White-Organ

Lua

I know that it is freezing but I think we have to walk. I keep on waving at the taxis they keep turning their lights off. But Julie knows a party at some actor's west side loft. Supplies are endless in the evening by the morning they'll be gone.

When everything is lonely I can be my own best friend. I get a coffee and the paper; have my own conversations with sidewalk and pigeons and my window reflection. The mask I polish in the evening by the morning looks like shit.

I know you have a heavy heart. I can feel it when we kiss. So many men stronger than me have thrown their backs out trying to lift it. But me I'm not a gamble you can count on me to split. The love I sell you in the evening by the morning will be gone.

You're looking skinny like a model with your eyes all painted black. You just keep going to the bathroom always say you'll be right back. Well, it takes one to know one, kid, I think you got it bad. But what is so easy in the evening by the morning is such a drag.

I got a flask inside my pocket we can share it on the train. And if you promise to stay conscious I will try and do the same. We might die from medication but we sure killed all the pain. But what was normal in the evening by the morning seems insane.

And I'm not sure what the trouble was that started all of this. The reasons all have run away but the feeling never did. It's not something I would recommend but it is one way to live because what is simple in the moonlight by the morning never is. It was so simple in the moonlight now it's so complicated. It was so simple in the moonlight... so simple in the moonlight... so simple in the moonlight...

Conor Oberst- guitar, voice

Train Under Water

You were born inside of a rain drop. I watched you falling to your death. And the sun, she could not save you. She had fallen down too, now the streets are wet. Body of water, toxic and timeless. Atlantic Ocean, New York skyline. I always get lost when I leave the village, so I couldn't come meet you in Brooklyn last night.

But I still sing Glory, from my lowest. And I will say peace to the people I meet. While the world waits for an explosion, that instant of light that wipes the slate clean.

Don't be fooled, don't get lied to. Love was always cruel.

Don't act strange, don't be a stranger, it happened to me now it's happening to you.

But if you take that train under water we could talk it through.

If I could tame, all of my desires. Wait out the weather that howls in my brain. Cause it seems that it's always changing, the wind's indcision, the sorrowful rain. I was a postcard, I was a record, I was a camera until I went blind. Now I'm riding all over this island, looking for something to open my eyes.

But I still sing Glory, from a highrise. I will say thanks, if you're pouring my drinks.

While the world waits for an explosion, that moment in time when we'll be set free.

So don't stay mad. Just let some time pass and in the morning you'll wake feeling new.
And if I don't come back. I mean, if i get side-tracked. It's only cause I wanted to. I'm
keeping up with the moon on an all night avenue.

Jake Bellows-Harmonica, Voice
Jason Boesel-Drums
Jesse Harris-Guitar
Matt Maginn-Bass
Mike Mogis-Pedal Steel
Conor Oberst-Guitar, Voice
Nick White-Rhodes

First Day of My Life

This is the first day of my life. I swear I was born right in the doorway. I went out in the
rain and suddenly everything changed there spreading blankets on the beach. Yours is the
first face that I saw. Think I was blind before I met you. I don't know where I am I don't
know where I've been but I know where I want to go.

So I thought I'd let you know. These things take forever, I especially am slow. But I
realized that I need you and I wondered if I could come home.

Remember the time you drove all night. Just to meet me in the morning. And I thought it
was strange you said everything changed you felt as if you just woke up. And you said,
this is the first day of my life. I'm glad I didn't die before I met you. But now I don't care I
could go anywhere with you and I'd probably be happy. So if you want to be with me,
with these things there's no telling we just have to wait and see. But I'd rather be working
for a paycheck then waiting to win the lottery. Besides maybe this time it's different, I
mean I really think you like me.

Jesse Harris-Guitar
Tim Luntzel-Bass
Conor Oberst-Guitar, Voice

Another Travelin' Song

Well I'm changing all my strings I'm gonna write another traveling song. About all the
billion highways and the cities at the break of dawn. I guess the best that I can do now is
pretend that I've done nothing wrong. And dream about a train that's going to take me
back to where I belong.

Now the ocean speaks and spits and I can hear it from the interstate. I'm screaming at my
brother on a cell phone, he is far away. I'm saying, nothing in the past or future every will
feel like today. Until we're parking in an alley, just hoping that our shit is safe.

So I go back and forth forever. All my thoughts they come in pairs. I will I won't I doubt
I don't. I'm not surprised, but I never feel quite prepared.

Now I'm hunched over a typewriter I guess you'd call that painting in a cave. There's a word I can't remember and a feeling I can not escape. Now my ashtray's overflowing I'm still staring at a clean white page. And morning's at my window and she is sending me to bed again.

Where I dream the dark on the horizon I dream the desert where the dead lay down. I dream a prostituted child touching an old man in a fast food crown. I dreamt the ship the sinking there were people screaming all around. And I awoke to my alarmclock it was a pop song, it was playing loud.

So I will find my fears and face them. Or I will cower like a dog. I will kick and scream or kneel and plead. I'll fight like hell to hide I've given up.

Clark Baechle-Drums
Jason Boesel-Drums
Emmylou Harris-Voice
Jesse Harris-Guitar
Tim Luntzel-Bass
Mike Mogis-Pedal Steel
Conor Oberst-Guitar, Voice
Nick White-Organ

Landlocked Blues

If you walk away I'll walk away. First tell me which road you will take. I don't want to risk our paths crossing some day. So you walk that way I'll walk this way.

The future hangs over our heads and it moves with each current event. Until it falls all around like a cold steady rain, just stay in when it's looking this way.

The moon's laying low in the sky. Forcing everything metal to shine. And the sidewalk holds diamonds like a jewelry store case. They argue, walk this way, no, walk this way.

Laura's asleep in my bed. As I'm leaving she wakes up and says, I dreamed you were carried away on the crest of a wave, baby don't go away, come here.

There's kids playing guns in the street. And one's pointing his tree branch at me. So I put my hands up, I say enough is enough, if you walk away I'll walk away. And he shot me dead.

I found a liquid cure. For my landlocked blues. It will pass away like a slow parade. It's leaving but I don't know how soon.

The world's got me dizzy again. You'd think after 22 years I'd be used to the spin. And it only gets worse if I stay in one place, so I'm always pacing around or walking away.

I keep drinking the ink from my pen. And I'm balancing history books up on my head.

But it all boils down to one quotable phrase: If you love something give it away.

A good woman will pick you apart. A box full of suggestions for your possible heart.

And you may be offended and you may be afraid, but don't walk away don't walk away.

We made love on the living room floor. With the noise in the background of a televised war. And in the deafening pleasure I thought I heard someone say, if we walk away they'll walk away.

But greed is a bottomless pit. And our freedom's a joke we're just taking a piss. And the whole world must watch the sad comic display, if you're still free start running away. Because we're coming for you. I've grown tired of holding this pose. I feel more like a stranger each time I come home. So I'm making a deal with the devils of fame, saying let me walk away please. You'll be free child once you have died. From the shackles of language and measurable time. Then we can trade places play musical graves. 'Til then walk away walk away walk away. So I'm up at dawn, putting on my shoes. I just want to make a clean escape. I'm leaving but I don't know where to. I know I'm leaving but I don't know where to.

Emmylou Harris-Voice
Jesse Harris-Guitar
Tim Luntzel-Bass
Conor Oberst-Guitar, Voice
Nate Walcott-Trumpet
Nick White-Piano, Vibraphone

Poison Oak

Poison Oak some boyhood bravery. When a telephone was a tin can on a string. And I fell asleep with you still talking to me. You said you weren't afraid to die. In polaroids you were dressed in womens clothes. Were you made ashamed. Why did you lock them in a drawer. Well I don't think that I ever loved you more. Then when you turned away, when you slammed the door, when you stole a car, drove towards Mexico. And you wrote bad checks just to fill your arm. I was young enough, I still believed in war. So let the poets cry themselves to sleep. And all their tearful words will turn back into steam. But me I'm a single cell, on a serpents tongue. There's a muddy field where a garden was, and I'm glad you got away but I'm still stuck out here. My clothes are soaking wet from your brothers tears. I never thought this life was possible. You're the yellow bird that I've been waiting for. The end of paralysis, I was a statuette, now I'm drunk as hell on a piano bench. And when I press they keys it all gets reversed. The sound of loneliness makes me happier.

Jason Boesel-Drums
Matt Maginn-Bass
Mike Mogis-Pedal Steel
Conor Oberst-Guitar, Voice
Maria Taylor-Voice
Nick White-Organ

Road To Joy

The sun came up with no conclusions. Flowers sleeping in their beds. The city cemetery's humming, I'm wide awake it's morning.

I have my drugs I have my woman. They keep away my loneliness. My parents' they have their religion, but sleep in separate houses.

I read the body count out of the paper. And now it's written all over my face. No one every plans to sleep out in the gutter. Sometimes that's just the most comfortable place. So now I'm drinking, breathing, writing, singing. Everyday I'm on the clock. My mind races with all my longings. But can't keep up with what I got.

So I hope I don't sound too ungrateful, what history gave modern men. A telephone to talk to strangers, a machine gun and a camera lens.

So when you're asked to fight a war that's over nothing. It's best to join the side that's going to win. And no one's sure how all of this got started. But we're going to make them goddamn certain how it's going to end.

I could have been a famous singer, if I had someone else's voice. But failure's always sounded better, let's fuck it up boys. Make some noise.

Clark Baechle-Drums
Alex MacManus-Guitar
Matt Maginn-Bass
Mike Mogis-12-String Guitar
Conor Oberst-Guitar, Voice
Nate Walcott-Trumpet
Nick White-Organ

For the most part this record was recorded one freezing week in February of 2004 at Presto! In Lincoln, NE by Mike Mogis. Except for EmmyLou and Jim James who added their loveliness in the spring in Nashville and Louisville respectively. It was then mixed by Mike at Presto! in June and mastered by Doug Van Sloan at Studio B in Omaha. The painstaking and beautiful artwork/patchwork was made by Zack Nipper with layout help from Jadon Ulrich. I would like to thank these individuals as well as all the other incredible musicians who gave their time, talent, and love to make this recording what it is.

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Jason Boesel appears courtesy of Brute/Beaute Records, EmmylouHarris appears courtesy of Nonesuch Records, Jesse Harris appears courtesy of Verve Records, Jim James appears courtesy of RCA/ATO Records

Album II - Digital Ash In a Digital Urn

Time Code

Death. Data entry. Ant hill law. Encoded arc our common cause. Drink liquid clocks 'til I see God. Crystal display. Can't turn it off. Shh....shhh....shhhh, don't talk. Don't talk.

Gold Mine Gutted

It was Don DeLillo, whiskey neat and a blinking midnight clock. Speakers on a TV stand just a turntable to watch. Only smoke came out our mouths on all those hooded-sweatshirt walks. We were a stroke of luck. We were a gold mine that gutted us.

And from the sidelines you see me run, until I'm out of breath. Living the good life I left for dead, the sorrowful midwest, I did my best, to keep my head.

It was grass stained jeans and incompletes and a girl from class to touch. But you think about yourself too much and you ruin who you love. All these claims at consciousness, my stray dog freedom. Let's have a nice clean cut. Like a bag we buy and divy up. From the sidelines I see you run, until you're out of breath. And all those white lines that sped us up. We hurry to our deaths. Well I lagged behind, so you got ahead.

Arc of Time (Time Code)

You can make a plan. Carve it into stone. Like a feather falling. It is still unknown. Until the clock speaks up. Says it's time to go. You can choose the high, or the lower road. You might clench your fist. You might fork your tongue. As you curse or praise. All the things you've done. And the faders move. And the music dies. As we pass over on the arc of time. So you nurse your love like a wounded dove in the covered cage of night. Every star is crossed by fornetic thoughts that seperate and then collide. And they twist like sheets until you fall asleep. And then they finally unwind. It's a black balloon. It's a dream you'll soon deny.

I hear if you make friends with Jesus Christ. You will get right up from that chalk outline. And then you'll get dolled up. And you'll dress in white. All to take your place in his chorus line. And then in you'll come with those marching drums. In a saintly compromise. No more whiskey slurs. No more blonde haired girls. For your whole eternal life. And you'll do the dance that was choreographed at the very dawn of time. Singing I told you son, the day would come. You would die.

To the deepest part of the human heart the fear of death expands. Until we crack the code, we have always known but could never understand. On a circuit board we will soon be born, again.

Down In A Rabbit Hole

I heard you fell into a rabbit hole, covered yourself up with in snow, baby tell me where'd you go for days and days. Did they make you stay up all night? Did they paint your face

that pastey white? You're thirsty but your appetite gets chased away. The sun turns us to stone. It's a cloudy day, but we still won't go up and out that cellar door. Until we see the moon, we are invisible.

No one ever takes the garbage out. A neighbor kid gets dared to touch the house. He runs back only to announce there's no one home. As we paint the foil with the flame, smear the soda, taste butane. For every fear that can't be named to calm you down. Your heart starts skipping steps, so you're farther gone than you might expect. If your thoughts should turn to death, you got to stomp them out, like a cigarette.

Take It Easy (Love Nothing)

First with your hands and then with your mouth. A downpour of sweat, damp cotton clouds. I was a fool. You were my friend. We made it happen.

You took off your clothes, left on the light. You stood there so brave. You used to be shy. Each feature improved, each movement refines and eyes like a showroom.

Now they are spreading out the blankets on the beach. That weatherman is a liar. He said it would be raining but it is clear and blue as far as I can see.

Left by the lamp, right next to the bed, on a cartoon cat pad you scratched with a pen, "Everything is as it has always been. This never happened. Don't take it so bad it is nothing you did. It is just once something dies you can't make it live. You are a beautiful boy. You're a sweet little kid but I am a woman." So I laid back down and wrapped myself up in the sheet. And I must have looked like a ghost because something frightened me and since then I've been so good at vanishing.

Now I do as I please and I lie through my teeth. Someone might get hurt but it won't be me. I should probably feel cheap but I just feel free and a little bit empty. No it isn't so hard to get close to me. There will be no arguments. We will always agree. And I will try and be kind when I ask you to leave. We will both take it easy. But if you stay too long inside my memory, I will trap you in a song tied to a melody and I will keep you there so you can't bother me.

Hit The Switch

I'm staring out into the vacuum again, from the back porch of my mind. The only thing that's alive. I'm all there is. I start attacking my vodka. Stab the ice with my straw. My eyes have turned red as stop-lights. You seem ready to walk. You know I'll call you eventually. When I want to talk. Until then you're invisible. There's this switch that gets hit and it all stops making sense. In the middle of drinks maybe the fifth or the sixth. I'm completely alone at a table of friends. I feel nothing for them. I feel nothing. Nothing. I need a break from the city again. I think I'll ship myself back West. I got a friend there she says, hey anytime. Unless that offer's expired. I have been less than frequent. She's under no obligation to indulge every whim. And I'm so ungrateful. I take. She gives and forgives. And I keep forgetting it. Each morning she wakes with a dream to describe.

Something lovely that bloomed in her beautiful mind. I say, I'll trade you one, for two nightmares of mine. I've got somewhere I die. I've got somewhere we all die. I'm thinking of quitting drinking again. I know I've said that a couple of times. I'm always changing my mind. I guess I am. But there's this burn in my stomach and there's this pain in my side. When I kneel at the toilet and the morning's clean light pores in through the window. Sometimes I pray I don't die. I'm a goddamn hypocrite. Then night rolls around and it all starts making sense. There is no right way or wrong way. You just have to live. So I do what I do and atleast I exist. What would mean more than this? What would mean more? Mean more.

I Believe In Symmetry

Some plans were made and rice was thrown. A house was built. A baby born. How time can move both fast and slow amazes me. So I raise my glass to symetry, to that second hand and its accuracy. To the actual size of everything. The desert is the sand. You can't hold it in your hand. It won't bow to your demands. There's no difference you can make, there's no difference you can make. And if it seems like an accident, a collage of senselessness, you aren't looking hard enough. I wasn't looking hard enough at it. An argument for consciousness. The instinct of the blind insect who makes love to the flower bed and dies in the first freeze. I want to learn such simple things. No politics. No history. Until what I want and what I need can finally be the same. I just got myself to blame. Leave everything up to fate. When there are choices I could make, choices I could make. Now my heart needs a polygraph. Always so eager to pack my bags when I really want to stay. I really want to stay. I want to stay. The arc of time. The stench of sex. The innocence you can't protect. Each quarter note. Each marble step. Walk up and down. That lonely treble clef. Each wanting the next one to arrive. An arguement for consciousness. The instinct of the blind insect. Who never thinks not to accept its fate, that's faith. There is happiness in death. You give to the next one. You give to the next on down the line. The levity of longing that distills each dream inside my head. By morning watered down forget. On silver stars I wish and wish and wish. From one to the next one. From one to the next right down the line. You give to the next one. You give to the next on down the line.

Devil In The Details

A house of cards. The supple heart. Is not a place to dwell. Now you have your cake. Don't hesitate. Just do it. C'mon, just do it. Put it in your mouth. There is only now. Tomorrow has to wait. But know there is no backing out. This will really be reality. You can never dream it down. I have no way of telling the two apart. So I have made ammends in the general sense. But the devil is in the details. And I know the cause. And I want to stop. But I can't do it. I just can't do it. There was love I meant. There were accidents. Tell me which are which. Because I just can't work it out. But for memory and clarity we had better write it down. I have no way of knowing. The truth with time dissolves. I put the past into the ground. I saw the future as a cloud. If ther is

still time to turn around I'm going to. It's just one day I fell asleep. And now all day and night I dream. I am the first one I deceive. If I can make myself believe, the rest is easy.

Ship In A Bottle

I want to be the surgeon that cuts you open and fixes all of life's mistakes. I want to be the house that you were raised in. The only place that you feel safe. I want to be your shower in the morning that wakes you up and makes you clean. I know I'm just the weather against your window as you sleep through a winter's dream. Something's churning the earth. Something's stirring the sky. Every color at once in a column of light. Bacteria breeds on a microscope slide. The worm in my heart is the apple of your eye. Don't adore what is impossible. We have built this ship in a wine bottle. If we knew how it worked we would have to grow old. Something's eating at you. It wakes you up in the night. If you dig in the past who knows what you'll find. Read the newspaper print off the microfash slide. And you're holding your breath for the rest of your life. Don't you love what is intangible? I have built this ship in a wine bottle. If you knew who I was you would never grow old.

Light Pollution

John A Hobson was a good man. He used to loan me books and mic stands. He even got me a subscription to the Socialist Review . Listening to records in his basement. Old folk songs about the government. It is love of money, not the market, he said, These fuckers push on you. And freedom yells it don't cry. Whatever sells will decide. But there is no hell when you die. So don't look so worried.

He got a night life. Lost his day job. Pushing paper, swinging pendulums. Anything to serve a fuction or to occupy some time. You have got to earn this living somehow. You are good as dead without a bank account. But it is funny how alive he felt, down in that unemployeement line. With all the trash at his feet. The pools of piss in the street. All of that filthy empathy for the way we're feeling.

The billboards shade. The flags they wave. The anthem was playing loud. The baseball game was letting out. Then all at once he saw the dust and heard every tiny sound. He got in his truck and turned around. Drove out through the crowd and the cops. Drove out past that center mall. Out past that sickening sprawl. Out past that fenced in gold. And maybe he lost control fucking with the radio. But I bet the stars seemed so close at the end.

Theme From Pinata.

I wish I had a parachute 'cause I'm falling fast for you. I can see the ground approaching but I'm not sure what to do. I feel like a pinata won't you take a swing at me. If you could just crack the shell open I think inside you would find something sweet.

I hear you like a hunter now. Your footsteps in the leaves. And I would gladly leave my hiding place yes I'm hoping to be seen. So let your arrow fly and sing I'm well within your aim. Lay your traps for a thousand miles, please don't let me escape. Winter came to Omaha and left us looking like a bride. A million perfect snowflakes now and no two are alike. So it's hard for me imagining the flaws in this design. I know debris it covers everything but still I am in love with this life.

Easy/Lucky/Free

Did it all get real? I guess it's real enough. They've got refrigerators full of blood. Another century spent pointing guns at anything that moves. Sometimes I worry that I've lost the plot. My twitching muscles tease my flippant thoughts. I never really dreamed of heaven much until we put him in the ground. But that's all I'm doing now. Listening for patterns in the sound of an endless static sea. Once the satellites deceased it blows like garbage through the streets of the night sky to infinity. But don't you weep for them. Don't you weep. There is nothing as lucky. Honey don't you weep. Don't you weep for them. There is nothing as lucky, as easy or free. Don't be a criminal in this police state. You had better shop and eat and procreate. You got vacation days then you might escape to a condo on the coast. I set my watch to the atomic clock. I hear the crowd count down 'til the bomb gets dropped. I always figured there would be time enough. I never let it get me down. But I can't help it now looking for faces in the clouds. I got some friends I barely see. But we are all planning to meet. We'll lay in bags as dead as leaves. All together for eternity. But don't you weep. Don't you weep for us. There is no one as lucky. Honey don't you weep. Don't you weep for us. There is nothing, as lucky, as easy or free.

Clark Baechle - Drums (2,9)
Jason Boesel - Drums, Percussion (2, 4-7, 9-12)
Digital Audio Engine - Programming (1,3,8)
Sabrina Duim - Harp (6,8,11)
Jiha Lee - Flute (6,11)
Clay Leverett - Drums (6,7,12), Voice, (12)
Andy Lemaster - Bass (6-9,12), Guitar (6-9,12), Keyboards (6,7), Vocal (2,9,12),
Additional Programming (6)
Mike Mogis - Guitar (2,3,4,6,7,10-12), Baritone (2,9), Keyboards (1-12), Chimes (11),
Wurlitzer (1,3,10), Theremin (2), Tympani (6)
Stella Mogis - Voice (1,9)
Conor Oberst - Vocal (1-12), Samples (1,11), Bass (4), Wurlitzer (2,4,5), Keyboards
(2,4,10, 12) Guitar (5,6,7,9,10,11), Baritone (3,5), Piano (8)
Jimmy Tamborello - Programming (5)
Maria Taylor - Vocals (4,11,12)
Nate Walcott - Trumpet (9)
Nick White - Keyboards (7,9)

Nick Zinner - Guitar (4,6-8,12), Keyboards (4,5)

The Summit Strings: (4,7)

Kim Salistean - Violin

Donna Carnes - Violin

Karen Becker - Cello

Thomas Kluge - Viola

String Arrangements by Nate Walcott (4,7)

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Recorded by Mike Mogis at Presto! (Lincoln, NE) and
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Design and Layout by Jadon Ulrich

Digital Ash

This record is dedicated to Stella Marie Mogis and RoseMarie Gentile whose coming and going have somehow helped this whole mess of a world make sense.

They invented LOVE all right
But they still can't make the right
Plastic or metal or whatever to hold it all in
So it just keep leaking (insert water sounds)
All over everything (insert everything)
Dripping and splashing/making music
Gives me an ear infection
Now my equilibrium's fucked
So I'm holding onto the railing all the way down
And I'm asking for your shoulder on the way up
If you help me when I'm frightened I'll help you when you're drunk
Promise you know nothing and you're someone I can trust
Neverminding hot DEATH on our heels
But never forgetting it either.