



Don't you dare say that you heard worse  
that the end was coming soon  
and your eyes shine like Oppenheimer's  
as he talks about the boom

and he don't even taste the food he eats  
anymore,  
and theres a space a place where his heart was  
before  
and he don't even taste the food he eats  
anymore and  
she don't want to dine alone  
and he don't want to die alone  
and she wants to live to eat

don't you dare say that you heard worse  
that the end was coming soon.  
and your eyes shine Enola Gay like  
as you see the light of day

and he don't even taste the food he eats  
anymore,  
and there's a space a place where his heart was  
before  
and he don't even taste the food he eats  
anymore and  
he don't want to dine alone  
and she don't want to die alone  
and he wants to eat to live

You're an elegant, little pelican  
and all your sorrows are stacked amongst your  
nest of friends  
and over time defined by how you carry on  
and all of the tore songs you keep inside  
and all of the songs that hang in the night  
even after you're gone