

# Napalm

Conor Oberst

It's a quixotic quest on a hot summer's night  
I got a fistful of fireworks  
I'm gonna try and set things right  
I lost my inhibitions  
I think I may have lost my wallet too  
In this dying land of plenty  
There's a whole lot of nothing to do  
Oh, I'm Billy Pilgrim, you're a Dresden doll  
They carpet bomb the city  
Thank God they spared the mall  
Let's hold a vigil  
For the kinda, sorta innocent  
And I guess I should defend your virtue  
But the truth is I'm still on the fence  
And old Heinrich Himmler, he never broke the law  
Well, technically speaking as Sam Peckinpah  
Sometimes you need a vigilante if you want to get a just thing done  
And I don't want to kill nobody  
Whose only crime is worshiping the sun  
Breakfast of napalm  
Burn down the place where I belong  
Arch rivals make love  
And they gotta keep it secret  
They still do it with the lights on  
And I got bad nostalgia for what came before  
Sad reenactments of a civil war  
My heartache is obsessive  
I just wish that I could let it go  
But there's a mountain down in Georgia  
With a kickass laser light show  
And I can always convince you you're just like Patty Hearst  
Or you're sympathetic, baby, when I'm at my worst  
I don't want to brainwash you  
I just wish that you would change your tune  
'Cause I've been gunning for redemption  
And I think I'll hit the bullseye soon  
Chartreuse and menthols  
Burn down the town that we were from  
I lost my true love to a three-alarm fire  
They tried to put out with a squirt gun  
Sing little child like a Nightingale  
Sing little child, send me anthrax through the mail  
I wanna to know you, I wanna know if you are true  
Because the closer I get to you is the further that I feel from you  
Breakfast of napalm  
Burn down the place where we belong  
Arch rivals make love  
And they gotta keep the secret  
They gotta keep it secret

They gotta keep it secret  
They still do it with the lights on

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>