

# Conor Oberst, Zigzagging Toward the Light

I'm blessed with a heart that doesn't stop  
My mind's a weathervane it spins around just like a top  
Knows what the winds of fortune bring  
In the season of the witch  
Home is a perjury, a parlor trick, an urban myth

Oh how the circumstances change  
This world is smoke and steam  
Compromise and mermaids  
I'm going to leave here before too long  
Zigzagging toward the light  
I'm off to sing my boundless song

True love it hides like city stars  
Nothing to gaze upon or contemplate  
How near or far  
If it comes, it comes quite unannounced  
A momentary glance  
Lit up by sun or moon  
Or bonfire or ambulance

Oh how the circumstances change  
Feels unmistakable with no idea from where it came  
But you will know it when it's gone  
Zigzagging through the night  
I've heard you sing your boundless song

How did you sing the boundless song?  
How did you sing? How did you sing?  
Sing for the founders his word is never kept  
A bundle of flowers to state his mind  
And bloom when he forgets

It's true that shadows tell the time  
On sunny afternoons, on crowded sidewalks, passersby  
I'm in a queue that stretches out  
Far as the eye can see  
It forms a figure eight and goes on for eternity

Oh how the circumstances change  
I fly by interstate across a purple mountain range  
I find a place to come undone  
Zigzagging toward you now  
I sing out loud our boundless song