

# A Scale, A Mirror And Those Indifferent Clocks

## Bright Eyes

Here is a scale, weigh it out and you will find  
Easily, more than sufficient doubt that  
These colors you see were picked in advance  
By some careful hand with an absolute concept of beauty  
They are smeared and these blurs come in random order  
And they color the eyes of your former lovers  
Hers were green like July except when she cried they were red  
Now, I know a disease that these doctors can't treat  
You contract on the day, you accept all you see is a mirror  
And a mirror is all it can be, a reflection of something we're missing  
And language just happened, it was never planned  
And it's inadequate to describe where I am in the room of my house  
Where the light has never been waiting for this day to end  
And these clocks keep unwinding and completely ignore  
Everything that we hate or adore, once the page of a calendar is turned  
It's no more, so tell me then, what was it for? Oh tell me, what was it for?

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