

The Movement of a Hand

Bright Eyes

You follow the footsteps
Echoes leading down the hall
To a room, there's music playing
Tiny bells with moving parts
Here the shadows make things ugly
An effect quite undesirable
And the bold and yellow daylight
Grows like ivy across the walls
And it bounces off of the painted porcelain
A tiny dancing doll
Her body spins as she pirouettes again
The world suddenly seems small
On an off white, subtle morning
You stretch your legs in the front seat
And the road has made a vacuum
Where our voices used to be
An' you lay your head onto my shoulder
Pour like water over me
So if I just exist for the next ten minutes
Of this drive, that will be fine
And all these trees that line this curb
Would be rejoicing and alive
Soon all the joy that pours from everything
Makes fountains of your eyes
'Cause you finally understand the movement
Of a hand waving goodbye

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