

A Song To Pass The Time

Bright Eyes

There is a middle-aged woman, she's dragging her feet
She carries baskets of clothes to a laundromat
While the Mexican children kick rocks into the street
And they laugh in a language I don't understand
But I love them, why do I love them?
So the neighborhood's dimming as I smoke on the porch
Watch the people as they pass enclosed inside their cars
And on their faces just anger or disappointment
I start wishing there was something I could offer them
Consolation, could I offer them?
Never sad in their suburbs robots, water the lawn
And everything they touch gets dusted spotless
So they start to believe that they've not touched anything at all
And the cars in the driveway only multiply
Well they are lost in their houses
And heard them sing in the shower
Making speeches to their sister on the telephone
Saying, "You come home, come here
Don't stay so far away from me
This weather has me wanting love more tangible
Something I can hold because it's getting cold"
I said, "Hold up our fists to the flame in the sky
To block out the light that's reaching for our eyes
Because, because it would blind us, it will blind us"
I have locked my actions in the grooves of routine
So I may never be free of this apathy
But I wait for a letter that's coming to me
She sends me pictures of the ocean in an envelope
So there still is hope, yes I can be healed
There is someone looking for what I concealed
In my secret drawer, in my pockets deep
You will find the reasons that I can't sleep
And you will still want me
But you still want me
Will you still want me?
Well, I say, "Come for the week, you can sleep in my bed"
And pass through my life like a dream through my head
It will, it will be easy, I'll make it easy
All I have for the moment is a song to pass the time

A melody to keep me from worrying
Some simple progression to keep my fingers busy
And words that are sure to come back to me and they'll be laughing
And they'll be laughing
My mediocrity
My mediocrity
They'll be laughing
They'll be laughing
They'll be laughing

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