

From a Balance Beam

Bright Eyes

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

There is a man holding a megaphone
He must have been the voice of God
The bystanders claimed they saw Angels
Flying up and down the block They must have been attached to wires
I'd seen one laying in the lawn
With a broken arm, so I called 911 Well, that's one less founded opinion
One more cause for a dispute
So the street filled, like a basin
Up with cameras and their crews And they washed away the rumors
Leaving just the concrete truth
It was a spectacle
No, I, I mean a miracle So then I fell like that girl from a balance beam
A gymnasium of eyes all were holding on to me
I lifted one foot to cross the other and I felt myself slipping
It was a small mistake, sometimes that is all it takes Now I'm staring at my wrist, hoping that the time is right
When the planets will align, there will be no planets to align
Just the carcass of the sun
And little painted marbles spinning senseless
Through an endless black sky It was in a foreign hotel's bathtub, I baptized myself in change
And one by one I drowned all of the people I had been
I emerged to find the parallels were fewer, I was cleansed
I looked in the mirror and someone new was there But, I was as helpless as a chess piece
When I was lifted up by someone's hand
And delivered from the corner, my enemies had got me in
But in all of my salvation I still felt imprisoned inside
That holding cell that is myself So I wait for the day when I'll hear the key
As it turns in the lock and the guard will say to me
"Oh my patient prisoner, you waited for this day and finally
You are free, you are free, you are freezing" Now I'm staring at the sun, waiting for it to explode
This day is gonna come, don't know when but it will come
And we will finally know the way out of here And I will throw away this wrinkled map
And my chart of stars and compass, cracked

And I'll climb out that tree all wet with sap
To avoid the hungry beasts below I'll cut out my lover's tongue and sing
Of a graveyard gray and a garden green
And then we won't have to worry no more
No, we won't have to until again About how this song or story ends
About how this song and story will end

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