

The Center of the World

Bright Eyes

At the center of the world there is a statue of a girl
She is standing near a well with a bucket bare and dry
I went and looked her in the eyes and she turned me into sand
This clumsy form that I despise, it scattered easy in her hand
And it came to rest upon a beach with a million others there
We sat and waited for the sea to stretch out so that we could disappear
Into the endlessness of blue, into the horror of the truth
You see we are far less than we knew, yeah, we are far less than we knew
But we knew what we could taste
Girls found honey to drench our hands
The men cut marble to mark our graves
Saying that we will need something to remind us
Of all the sweetness that has passed through us
(Fresh sangria and lemon tea)
The priests dressed children for a choir
(White-robed small voices praise him)
But found no joy in what was sung
The funeral had begun in the middle of the day
When you drive home to your place from that job that makes you sleep
Back to the thoughts that keep you awake
Long after night has come to claim any life that still remains
In the corner of the frame that you put around her face
Two pills just weren't enough
The alarm clock's going off but you are not waking up
This isn't happening, happening, happening, happening, happening
It is

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