

# The Joy In Forgetting / The Joy In Acceptance

## Bright Eyes

There is a cat in the window of the house of my lover  
Well, she sleeps there alone now or perhaps with another  
But I try not to think about that, I try not to think at all  
I get cocaine from this girl I met and my brother buys me alcohol  
And I stay up all night walking through these houses I have grown to hate  
And my parents ask if I'm all right, I say, "I've just been staying up too late"  
I need to sleep, I need to do something to get this awful weight  
Up off my chest and keep her pretty ghost from chasing me  
You say there are spaces open and wide  
Believe me there's days longer than nights  
And you could be happy if only you'd try but you don't try  
You don't try and you speak of a fever that burns you inside  
As you explain to your mother how you have wanted to die  
So she kisses your fingers and says, "My Darling but why  
When there is so much more? There is so much more  
Do you know there are spaces open and wide?  
Believe me, there are days longer than nights  
And you will be happy the minute you try  
So won't you try? Won't you try?"

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