

June on the West Coast

Bright Eyes

I spent a week drinking the sunlight of Winnetka, California

Where they understand the weight of human hearts

You see sorrow gets too heavy and joy it tends to hold you

With the fear that it eventually departs

And the truth is I've been dreaming of some tired tranquil place

Where the weather won't get trapped inside my bones

And if all these years of searching find one sympathetic face

Then it's there I'll plant these seeds and make my home I spent a day dreaming of dying in Mesa, Arizona

Where all the green of life had turned to ash

And I felt I was on fire with the things I could have told you

I just assumed that you eventually would ask

And I wouldn't have to bring up my so badly broken heart

And all those months I just wanted to sleep

And though spring, it did come slowly, I guess it did its part

My heart has thawed and continues to beat I visited my brother on the outskirts of Olympia

Where the forest and the water become one

And we talked about our childhood like a dream we were convinced of

That perfect peaceful street that we came from

And I know he heard me strumming all those sad and simple chords

As I sat inside my room so long ago

And it hurts that he's still shaking from those secrets that were told

By a car closed up too tight and a heart turned cold And I went to San Diego, the birthplace of the summer

And watched the ocean dance under the moon

And there was a girl I knew there, one more potential lover

I guess that somethings gotta happen soon

Because I know I can't keep living in this dead or dying dream

As I walked along the beach and drank with her

I thought about my true love, the one I really need

With eyes that burn so bright, they make me pure

They make me pure, they make me pure

I long to be with you

They make me pure, they make me pure

I long to be with you

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