

Lime Tree

Bright Eyes

I keep floating down the river but the ocean never comes
And since the operation, I heard you're breathing just for one
Now everything's imaginary, 'specially what you love
You left another message, said it's done, it's done When I hear beautiful music, it's always from another time
Old friends I never visit, well, I remember what they're like
Standing on a doorstep full of nervous butterflies
Waiting to be asked to come inside, just come inside But I keep going out
And I can't sleep next to a stranger when I'm coming down
It's 8 a.m., my heart's beating too loud, too loud
Don't be so amazing or I'll miss you too much
I felt something that I had never touched Everything gets smaller, now the further that I go
Towards the mouth and the reunion of the known and the unknown
Consider yourself lucky if you think of it as home
You can move mountains with your misery if you don't
Well, if you don't It comes to me in fragments, even those still split in two
Under the leaves of that old lime tree, I stood examining the fruit
Some were ripe and some were rotten, I felt nauseous with the truth
There will never be a time more opportune So I just won't be late
The window closes, shock rolls over in a tidal wave
And all the color drains out of the frame
So pleased with a daydream that now living is no good
I took off my shoes and walked into the woods
I felt lost and found with every step I took

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