

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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