

The City Has Sex

Bright Eyes

The city has sex with itself I suppose
As the concrete collides well, the scenery grows
And the lonely once bandaged lay fully exposed
They undressed their wounds for each other
And there is a boy in a basement with a four track machine
He's been strumming and screaming all night down there
The tape hiss will cover the words that he sings
They say it's better to bury your sadness
In a graveyard or garden that waits for the spring
To awake from its sleep and burst into green Well, I cried
And you would think I would better for it
But the sadness just sleeps and it stays in my spine
For the rest of my life And I've learned
And you'd think I'd be somethin' more now
But it just goes to show it is not what you know
It's what you were thinking of half the time This feeling's familiar
I've been here before
In a kitchen this quiet, I waited for
A sign of just something that might reassure me of anything close
To meaning or motion with reasons to move
I need something I want to be close to
And I scream but I still don't know why I do it
Because the sound never stays it just swells and decays
So what is the point?

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