

An Attempt To Tip The Scales

Bright Eyes

Did you expect it all to stop
At the wave of your hand?
Like the sun's just gonna drop
If it's night you demand
Well, in the dark we are just air
So the house might dissolve
Once we are gone, who is gonna care
If we were ever here at all?
Well, summer is gonna come and it's
Gonna cloud our eyes again
There is not need to focus
When there is nothing that's worth seeing
So we trade liquor for blood
And in an attempt to tip the scales
I think you lost what you
Loved in that mess of details
They seemed so important at the time
Now you can't even recall
Any names, faces, or lines
It is more the feeling of it all
Well, winter is gonna end
I'm going to clean these veins again
So close to dying that I finally can start living
Oh, yeah

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