

Everything Must Belong Somewhere (01.18.05)

Bright Eyes

Leave the bright blue door on the whitewashed wall.
Leave the death ledger under City Hall.
Leave the joyful air in that rubber ball today. Leave the lilac print on the linen sheet.
Leave the birds you killed at your father's feet.
Let the sideways rain and the crooked street remain. Leave the whimpering dog in his cold kennel.
Leave the dead star lit on her pedestal.
Leave the acid kids in their green fishbowls today. Just leave the sad guitar in its hard-shelled case.
Leave the worried look on your lover's face.
Let the orange embers in the fireplace remain. Cause everything - it must belong somewhere.
A train off in the distance; bicycle chained to the stairs.
Everything - it must belong somewhere.
I know that now - that's why I'm staying here. Leave the ocean's roar in the turquoise shell.
Leave the widower in his private hell.
Leave the liberty in that broken bell today. Leave the epic poem on its yellow page.
Leave the gray macaw in his covered cage.
Let the traveling band on the interstate remain. Cause everything - it must belong somewhere.
Soundstage in California; televisions in Times Square.
Everything - it must belong somewhere.
I know that now - that's why I'm staying here. Leave the secret talks on the trundle bed.
Leave the garden tools in the rusted shed.
Leave those bad ideas in your troubled head today. Leave the restless ghost in his old hotel.
Leave the homeless man in his cardboard cell.
Let the painted horse on the carousel remain. Cause everything - it must belong somewhere.
Just like the gold around her finger or the silver in his hair.
Everything - it must belong somewhere.
I know that now - that's why I'm staying here. In truth, the forest hears each sound - each blade of grass as it lies
down.
The world requires no audience - no witnesses...no witnesses. Leave the old town drunk on his wooden stool.
Leave the autumn leaves in the swimming pool.
Leave the poor black child in his crumbling school today. Leave the novelist in his daydream tune.
Leave the scientist in his Rubik's Cube.
Let the true genius in the padded room remain. Leave the horse's hair on the slanted bow.
Leave the slot machines on the river boat.
Leave the cauliflower in the casserole today. Leave the hot, bright trash in the shopping malls.
Leave the hawks of war in their capitol.
Let the organ's moan in the cathedral remain. Cause everything - it must belong somewhere.
They locked the devil in the basement; threw God up into the air.
Everything - it must belong somewhere.
And you know it's true - I wish you'd leave me here.

You know it's true - why don't you leave me here?

Songwriters

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