Untitled (lovers Turn Into Monsters)

Bright Eyes

Lovers turn into monsters at the loss of all affection
Almost like it was the affection that kept them from being monsters
And I could have used some warning
I was on that porch all morning
Smoking cigarettes and sinking deeper into doubtCould it be I am mistaken, have I stolen somebody's baby?
Is it possible for two people to need the same thing?It's just the lines, they get so blurry
Between what is once, and now required
And I don't know on which side his heart falls
But I know where mine is buried
And it's so far from any wanting
Yeah, it needs this to keep beating
It won't go on without itIf I'm still weighed down with subtleties
Then I'll just come right out and say
That I think that I deserve her
More than anyone deserves anything
Maybe I am selfish, but there is no way to share this
There's not enough to go around, I don't care who else gets hurtBut I'm still sick with empathy because I once stood in his place
I spent a year quietly dying while he let go and ignored her
And I'm sure that there are reasons for everything that happens
And absence leads to adoration, yeah it's nobody's faultBut now there is no way to change this
So I just photographed and framed it
And it's hanging in a hallway
That we have no right to walk back downBut I hope that he feels better but I'm sick of all the drama
I can't stand to see her crying, I just want this shit to end
And I want a place to hang out where record players play out
And there's a thousand movies rented for a thousand nights with her

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