A Celebration Upon Completion

Bright Eyes

My grandfather's name was Moon
Because his eyes were bright and round
No amount of time or liquor could dull themMy grandmother's name was Joy
Because it spilled out of her heart
And bathed her precious children in its warmthAnd there was happiness in life
Beyond the sorrow and the pain
But how they ever found it I cannot explainI guess time has a way of making everything alright
It's just there is not enough of it
And so we drink and we sing and we celebrate this lie
And hope that it will last, morning is here night has passedMy grandfather was a doctor
He cured the sick with his kind hands
And he taught me how to sail and how to find dry landMy grandmother was all sweetness
And when she spoke we all heard bells and
They ran in such a way that we were comfortedAnd they held on to each other with all the strength they had
And they loved with devotion beyond what I understand
But fear has a way of making sleep unbearable
And the days seem dark and longBut we cry and we dance
And we stumble into love an awkward perfect grace
The moon is gone and the sun has took its place
The moon is gone and the sun has took its place

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