

The Calendar Hung Itself...

Bright Eyes

Does he kiss your eyelids in the morning
When you start to raise your head?
And does he sing to you incessantly
From the space between your bed and walls?
Does he walk around all day at school
With his feet inside your shoes?
Looking down every few steps
To pretend he walks with you
Oh, does he know that place below
Your neck that is your favorite to be touched?
And does he cry through broken sentences
That I love you far too much?
Does he lay awake listening to your breath?
Worried, you smoke too many cigarettes
Is he coughing now on a bathroom floor?
For every speck of tile there's
A thousand more you won't ever see
But you must hold inside yourself eternally
Well I drag your ghost across the country
And we plotted out my death
In every city, memories would whisper
Here is where you rest
I was determined in Chicago
But I dug my teeth into my knees
And I settled for a telephone
And sang into your machine
You are my sunshine
My only sunshine
You are my sunshine
My only sunshine
And I kissed a girl with a broken jaw
That her father gave to her
She had eyes bright enough
To burn me they reminded me of yours
And in a story told she was a little girl
In a red-rouge, sun-bruised field
And there were rows of ripe tomatoes
Where a secret was concealed
And it rose like thunder

Clapped under our hands
And it stretched for centuries
To a diary entry's end
Where I wrote
You make me happy, oh when skies are gray
You make me happy, oh when skies are gray
And gray, and gray
Well the clock's heart it hangs
Inside it's open chest with it's hands stretched
Towards the calendar hanging itself
But I will not weep for those dying days
For all the ones who've left
There's a few that stayed
And they found me here and pulled me
From the grass where I was laid

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