

A Spindle, a Darkness, a Fever, and a Necklace

Bright Eyes

{ "So long, everything" he shouted
Then he ran next door to Margot's house
"I'm moving," he said, "where?" asked Margot
"Two weeks away, two weeks away," he said M-Mitchell
"Where is that?" asked Margot
"It's everywhere, I will be after I walk for two weeks," said Mitchell
"I have lived in the same place for a long time
It is time for me to go some place else, else"}
{ "No," said Margot, "You have only lived next door for fifteen years"
"Sixteen," said Mitchell
"Fifteen, six, what's the difference," said Margot
"I want you to stay next door forever"
"I can't," said Mitchell
"I do not want to go wake up in the same old bedroom
And eat breakfast in the some old kitchen
Every room in my house is the some old room
'Cause I have been there too long"}
You turn on a spindle, you're so much looser now
But you're not explaining, how you've gained such new repose
I touch the clasp of your locket with its picture held
Some secret you wouldn't tell, but let it choke your neck
So we imagine a darkness where all shapes divide
Solids changing into light with a burst of heat so bright
Well fine, don't you do what I want you to
Yeah, don't degrade yourself the way that I do
'Cause you don't depend upon all the shit that I use
To make my moods and improve
{ "And you look at me and think, same old face, same old tail
Same old scale, same old walk, same old talk," said Margot
"No," said Mitchell
"I like your face, tail, scale, walk and talk, I like you"
"I like, I like, like, like you too" said Mitchell
He walked to the door, "I must pack," he said}
Near a sea of pianos there were waves of chords
That crashed against the shore in one huge and useless roar
And there were girls bringing water like a dream they came
To cool the fever of my brain and soothe my burning throat
And they made me a necklace, hanging beads of sweatin'
On a string of my regrets and placed it round my neck

And they were singing "Don't you do what you've wanted to
You don't destroy yourself like those cowards do
Maybe the sun keeps coming up 'cause it's gotten used to you
And your constant need for proof"

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