

Contrast and Compare

Bright Eyes

{No it's seven so it's five hours before 1998
Here's the song
And the last time I
One two three, one two three} Contrast and compare between the busy ones
And the ones that don't care
Until there is no one that you really know So I drift through these days
Of appointments and promises made
They'll all end up broken and quickly replaced Weeks are slow, days drag on
Even practice and parties seem long
But I found myself going
I guess there's nothing to do, oh well Group of kids, line of cars
More will show up after the bars close
There's this boredom that drowns everything Bottles break, music plays
Conversations competing for space
I look for a corner or a quieter room There's no heat
(There's no heat)
In this house
(In this house)
I can't breath with these words in my mouth
But I'm not going to say them
Yea, I've made that mistake before On the stairs, she grabs my arm
Says, "Whats up, where you been, is something wrong?"
I try to just smile and say everything's fine

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