Laura Laurent

Bright Eyes

Laura, are you still livin' there on your estate of sorrow?
You used to leave it occasionally, but now you don't even bother
To ride the commuter train West to Chicago
To stroll through the greenery in the park past the statues
My eyes seemed to follow you, like a hated addiction
The beauty carved out of absolutes, you could never claim or even envision
Laura, you were the saddest song in the shape of a woman
Yea, I thought you were beautiful but I wept with your movements
But I hope that you're laughin' now from that place on the carpet
Where we shared a sleepin' bag in your sister's apartment
Oh, how she would worry so, you know I was just a stranger
But she asked me to care for you, yes she did and I went and betrayed her
Do you know we're in high demand? Laura us, people who suffer
Because we don't take to arguing and we're quick to surrender
I think I would call tonight, if I still had your number
Your thoughts have always laid close to mine, we were both skippin' supper
But you should never be embarrassed by, your trouble with livin'
'Cause it's the ones with the sorest throats, Laura
Who have done the most singing, everybody
La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la
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