

# Happy Birthday to Me (Feb. 15)

## Bright Eyes

All eyes on the calendar  
Another year I claim of total indifference  
To here, the days pile up  
With decisions to be made, I'm sure all of them were wrong  
Into this song I send myself  
And with these drinks I plan to collapse  
And forget this wasted year, these wasted years  
Devoted friends, they disappear  
And I'm sorry about the phone call and needing you  
Some decisions you don't make  
I guess it's just like breathing or not wanting to  
There are some things you can't fake  
I guess that it's typical  
To cling to memories, you'll never get back again  
And to sort through old photographs  
Of a summer long ago or a friend that you used to know  
And there below, his frozen face  
You wrote the name and that ancient date, that ancient date  
And you can't believe that he's really gone  
When all that's left is a fucking song  
And I'm sorry about the phone call and waking you  
I know that it is late  
But thank you for talking, because I needed to  
Some things just can't wait

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