

A Scale, A Mirror, And Those Indifferent Clocks

Bright Eyes

Here is a scale, weigh it out and you will find
Easily, more than sufficient doubt that
These colors you see were picked in advance
By some careful hand with an absolute concept of beauty
They are smeared and these blurs come in random
order
And they color the eyes of your former lovers
Hers were green like July except when she cried they were red
Now, I know a disease that these doctors cant treat
You contract on the day, you accept all you see is a mirror
And a mirror is all it can be, a reflection of something we're missing
And language just happened, it was never planned
And it's inadequate to describe where I am in the room of my house
Where the light has never been waiting for this day to end
And these clocks keep unwinding and completely
ignore
Everything that we hate or adore, once the page of a calendar is turned
Its no more, so tell me then, what was it for? Oh tell me, what was it for?

Songwriters

Conor OberstPublished by

BEDROOMS BEDROOMS AND SPIDERS Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

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