

Bowl Of Oranges

Bright Eyes

The rain, it started tappin' on the window near my bed
There was a loophole in my dreamin', so I got out of it
And to my surprise my eyes were wide and already open
Just my nightstand and my dresser where those nightmares had just been
So I dressed myself and left then, out into the gray streets
But everything seemed different and completely new to me
The sky, the trees, houses, buildings, even my own body
And each person I encountered, I couldn't wait to meet
And I came upon a doctor who appeared in quite poor health
I said, "There is nothing that I can do for you, you can do for yourself"
He said "Oh yes you can, just hold my hand, I think that would help"
So I sat with him a while then I asked him how he felt
He said, "I think I'm cured, in fact I'm sure"
Thank you stranger, "For your therapeutic smile"
So that's how I learned the lesson that everyone is alone
And your eyes must do some rainin' if you are ever gonna grow
When cryin' don't help you can't compose yourself
It's best to compose a poem, an honest verse of longing
Or simple song of hope
That's why I'm singin', baby don't worry, 'cause now I got your back
And every time you feel like cryin', I'm gonna try and make you laugh
And if I can't, if it just hurts too bad, then we will wait for it to pass
And I will keep you company through those days so long and black
And we'll keep working on the problem we know we'll never solve
Of Love's uneven remainders, our lives are fractions of a whole
But if the world could remain within a frame like a painting on a wall
Then I think we would see the beauty then, we would stand staring in awe
At our still lives posed like a bowl of oranges
Like a story told by the fault lines and the soil

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