

# Entry Way Song

## Bright Eyes

Last Saturday I stood in your entry way  
That place where we used to wait  
For cars to carry us away  
Like once in this storm, they drove me and Justin home  
The music was just being born  
It was all I was longing for  
Now I'm on a plane  
Off singing my songs again, oh please don't think ill of it  
Cause it's the reason I exists  
But you, you're the crutch of a cripple  
You're the calm of a conscience  
You're the peace that I have found  
When all these voices talk too loud you are quietly reassuring me  
With the hands of a healer  
And the tongue of a teacher  
It's your voice that I have known  
To be the first one on the phone  
Yeah, you ran all the lights to the hospital  
So don't you say to me  
That life's a trap  
The future is nothing but a tragedy  
'Cause I'll be out of that window  
Yeah, I'll start wishing to die again  
Just say we're not walking backwards, kid  
And show me to the door  
And I'll walk behind  
Out into the hot sunlight  
Where the world's very much alive  
Even when I close my eyes  
Well, should I admit  
That my promise is counterfeit  
That I'm careless and childish  
And that's all I can hope to be  
And would you concede  
That I think only of myself  
I refuse everybody's help  
Who has been reaching out for me  
Well, you reach with the soul of a sailor

And the swing of a miner  
You have cleared the rock away  
Leaving gold there in its place  
And it is more than anyone could claim  
Oh, with the sense of a banker  
And with the touch of a tailor  
You saved this life for me  
And you have sown it to beauty  
And I am grateful now and I will always be  
So would you sing with me  
The song is all I know  
Some truths are told now only in a melody  
So I've been writing a new one  
Yeah, I've been taking my time with it  
It's gonna be so perfect  
It's gonna hold all of us inside of it  
You will see  
If you just add your harmony  
I think it would be complete  
And be worthy of singing  
Becomes a symphony  
Yeah, you're the cool of the water  
You're the start of the summer  
Keep me still like an anchor  
In a storm you're the cellar  
When I'm heavy with worry make me light as a feather  
When I'm deafened by anger you're the song I remember  
With the grace of a dancer and the strength of a pillar  
When I'm starving to suffer you just fill me with laughter  
You're a poet  
And a saint  
You are the only one I choose to imitate  
Oh, like the love of a father through the eye of a camera  
It's this picture I have seen  
We're on a sloping hill of green  
And you are walking there beside me

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