

Haligh, Haligh, A Lie, Haligh

Bright Eyes

The phone slips from a loose grip
Words were missed, then some apology
I didn't want to tell you this
No, it's just some guy she's been hanging out with
I don't know, the past couple of weeks, I guess
Thank you and hang up the phone
Let the funeral start, hear the casket close
Let's pin split black ribbon to your overcoat
The laughter pours from under doors in this house
I don't understand that sound no more
Seems artificial, like a TV set
Haligh, Haligh, a lie, Haligh
This weight, it must be satisfied
You offer only one reply
You know not what you do
As you tear and tear your hair from roots
Of that same head you've twice removed
Now, a lock of hair you said would prove
Our love would never die, well, ha ha ha
I remember everything, the words we spoke on freezing South Street
All those mornings watching you get ready for school
You combed your hair inside that mirror
The one you painted blue and glued with jewelry tears
Something about those bright colors
Would always make you feel better
But now we speak with ruined tongues
And the words we say aren't meant for anyone
It's just a mumbled sentence to a passing acquaintance
But there was once you
You said you hate my suffering, and you understood
And you'd take care of me
You'd always be there, where are you now?
Haligh, Haligh, a lie, Haligh
The plans were never finalized
But left to hang like yarn and twine
Dangling before my eyes
As you tear and tear your hair from roots
From that same head that you have twice removed
Now, a lock of hair you said would prove
Our love would never die
And I sing and sing of awful things
The pleasure that my sadness brings
As my fingers press onto the strings
Yet another clumsy chord
Haligh, Haligh, an awful lie
This weight would now be satisfied

I'm gonna give you only one reply
I know not who I am?
But I talk in the mirror
To the stranger that appears
Our conversations are circles
Always one sided, nothing is clear
Except we keep coming back
To this meaning that I lack
He says "The choices were given"
And now, you must live them
Or just not live
But do you want that?

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

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