

Oh, You Are the Roots That Sleep Beneath My Feet a

Bright Eyes

I met you through a common friend
In the attic of my parents' house
And though I didn't know it then
I soon was finding out You are the roots that sleep beneath my feet
And hold the earth in place, each time a faucet opens
Words are spoken the water runs away
And I hear your name, no, nothing has changed There was this book I read and loved
The story of a ship
Who sailed around the world and found
That nothing else exists Beyond his own two sails and wooden shell
And what is held within all else is sure to pass
We clutch and grasp and debate what's truly permanent
But when the wind starts to shift well, there's no argument I sing and drink and sleep on floors
And try hard not to be annoyed
By all these people worrying about me
So when I'm suffering through some awful drive
You occasionally cross my mind
It's my hidden hope that you are still among them Well are you? Oh, you are the roots that sleep beneath my feet
And hold the earth in place, each time a curtain opens
Sunlight pours in, a lifetime melts away
And we share a name on some picturesque grave

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