

Bright Eyes

"A Scale, A Mirror And Those Indifferent Clocks"

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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 can't 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
It's no more, so tell me then, what was it for? Oh tell
me, what was it for?

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