

Bright Eyes **"Arc Of Time"**

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You can make a plan
Carve it into stone
Like a feather falling
It is still unknown
Until the clock speaks up
Says it's time to go
You could choose the high
Or the lower road
You might clench your fist
You might fork your tongue
As you curse or praise
All the things you've done
And the faders move
And the music dies
As we pass over
On the arc of time

So you nurse your love
Like a wounded dove
In the covered cage of night
Every star is crossed
By frenetic thoughts
That separate and then collide
And they twist like sheets
Till you fall asleep
And they finally unwind
It's a black balloon
It's a dream you'll soon deny

I hear if you make friends
With Jesus Christ
You will get right up
From that chalk outline
And then you'll get dolled up
And you'll dress in white
All to take your place
In his chorus line

And then in you'll come
With those marching drums
In a saintly compromise
No more whiskey slurs

No more blonde haired girls
For your whole eternal life
And you'll do the dance
That was choreographed
At the very dawn of time
Singing, I told you son
The day would come
You would die, die, die, die
You would die, die, die, die
You would die, die, die, die
You would die, die, die

To the deepest part
Of the human heart
The fear of death expands
Till we crack the code
We have always known
But could never understand
On a circuit board
We will soon be born
Again, again, again, again
And again, again, again, again
And again, again, again, again
And again, again, again

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