

## **Bright Eyes**

# **"Bent On Broken Nerves"**

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here sits the greatest liar,  
biting at his kneecaps, because he can't control  
himself.

they all want to feel that broken, they stand around him  
staring, at his obvious regret.

bored hope, wont make a difference, to someone as  
empty as that.

this is the sound we make, to fill this dead space.  
from far away, i'm on the telephone, you say its not  
enough, it doesn't fill enough, ...

i'm crumbling alone till i get drunk, then morning that  
will pass, and i'll be just as lonely, twice as boring... no

but your not here when i get home, remembering... i  
kissed your lips, they taste just like summer.  
"i think there's a word for this"

"touch!"

nothing ever scrapes these broken nerves, so i don't  
know what you did to touch them.  
i think about you when i am alone at night.

you're all i really need if i could just be near you, stand  
next to you, now.

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