

## Bright Eyes "Center of the World"

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At the center of the world there is a statue of a girl  
She is standing near a well with a bucket bare and dry  
I went and looked her in the eyes and she turned me  
into sand  
This clumsy form that I despise, it scattered easy in her  
hand

And it came to rest upon a beach with a million others  
there  
We sat and waited for the sea to stretch out so that we  
could disappear  
Into the endlessness of blue, into the horror of the truth  
You see we are far less than we knew, yeah, we are far  
less than we knew

But we knew what we could taste  
Girls found honey to drench our hands  
The men cut marble to mark our graves  
Saying that we will need something to remind us  
Of all the sweetness that has passed through us  
(Fresh sangria and lemon tea)  
The priests dressed children for a choir  
(White-robed small voices praise him)  
But found no joy in what was sung

The funeral had begun in the middle of the day  
When you drive home to your place from that job that  
makes you sleep  
Back to the thoughts that keep you awake  
Long after night has come to claim any life that still  
remains  
In the corner of the frame that you put around her face

Two pills just weren't enough  
The alarm clock's going off but you are not waking up  
This isn't happening, happening, happening,  
happening, happening  
It is

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