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Bright Eyes "Feb. 15Th"

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All eyes on the calendar

Another year I claimed with total indifference

To here the days pile up

With decisions to be made

Iâ€Â™ m sure all of them were wrong

Into this song, I send myself

And with these drinks I plan to collapse and forget

This wasted year

This wasted year

Well, devoted friends, they disappear and

Iâ€Â™ m sorry about the phone call and needing you

Some decisions you don't make

I guess it's just like breathing but not wanting to

There are some things you can't fake

Yeah, there are some things you canâ€Â™ t fake

Well, I guess that itâ€Â™s typical

To cling to memories you'll never get back again

And to sort through old photographs of a summer long ago

Or a friend that you used to know

And there below his frozen face

Where you wrote the name and that ancient date

That ancient date and

You can't believe that heâ€Â™s really gone

When all that's left is a fucking song and

Iâ€Â™ m sorry about the phone call and waking you

I know that it is late

But thank you for talking â€Â~cause I needed to

Yeah, some things just can't wait

No, no, no, no, no, no

No, no, no, no, no, no

No, no, no, no, no

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