

Bright Eyes **"Feb15th"**

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all eyes on the calendar
another year i claim of total indifference

to here the days pile up
i'm sure all of them were wrong
with decisions to be made

into this song, i send myself
and with these drinks i plan to collapse and forget
this wasted year
these wasted years
i'm sorry about the phone call and needing you

devoted friends, they disappear

i guess it's like breathing and not wanting to
some decisions you don't make
there are some things that you can't fake
i guess that it is 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
you wrote the name and that ancient date
and you can't believe he is really gone
when all that's left is a fucking song

i'm sorry about the phone call and waking you

i know that its late
but thank you for talking because i needed to
some things just can't wait

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