

Bright Eyes

"Few Minutes on Friday"

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She kills, with foreign films
The emptiness of day to day
And I wait until the weekend comes
So I can clear this uselessness from my brain

I count the days until she arrives
Those precious minutes when she is mine
As we walk from my front door to her car
We are so close and alone

But that will disappear
In a room filled with the warmth
Of others, of others company
There is too much company

There is too much company

So I hide my wounded pride
And stare off into the other cars
If I could just speak the words to tell her
Exactly how I feel

I count the ways that I might say it
But I know that none of them will work
Because she won't feel the same
I've come this far

But I can't go through with it
Because the truth would hurt
Too much, it hurts too much
This hurts too much

She goes back to the West Coast
To drink in the sunshine
And I will stay here in these dead plains
And try to make a seed grow
And I would pray for rain
If I thought that it would help

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