

Bright Eyes "Hit The Switch"

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I'm staring out into that vacuum again,
From the back porch of my mind.
The only thing that's alive.
I'm all there is.

And I start attacking my vodka,
Stab the ice with my straw,
My eyes have turned red as stop-lights,
You seem ready to walk,
You know I'll call you eventually,
When I want to talk,
'Til then you're invisible...

Cause there's this switch that gets hit,
And it all stops making sense,
In the middle of drinks,
Maybe the fifth or the sixth,
I'm completely alone,
At a table of friends,
I feel nothing for them.
I feel nothing.
Nothing.

I need a break from the City again.
I think I'll ship myself back West.
I got a friend there she says, "Hey any time".
Unless that offer's expired,
I have been less than frequent,
She's under no obligation,
To indulge every whim,
And i'm so ungrateful, I take,
She gives and forgives,
And I keep forgetting it...

And each morning she wakes with a dream to describe,
Something lovely that bloomed in her beautiful mind,
I say, I'll trade you one for two nightmares of mine.
I've got some where I die.
I've got some where we all die.

I'm thinking of quittin' drinking again.
I know I've said that a couple of times.

And i'm always changing my mind.
Well I guess I am.

But there's this burn in my stomach,
And there's this pain in my side,
And when I kneel at the toilet,
And the morning's clean light,
Pours in through the window,
Sometimes I pray I don't die,
I'm a goddamn hypocrite.

But then night rolls around,
And it all starts making sense,
There is no right way or wrong way,
You just have to live,
And so I do what I do,
And at least I exist,
What could mean more than this?
What would mean more?
Mean more.

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