

Bright Eyes

"Jetsabel Removes The Undesirables"

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My brother finds comfort in calculators
He assigns every number a name
He believes that they add up to certainty
And he's upset with the fractions that remain

So I examine these maps with my eyes
And at best, I can trace with my finger all the way
To that town where she went an attempt to forget
The cracks and the lines of my face

So Jetsabel cleaned out the closets for me
And she piled the boxes in the hall
Tomorrow when she wakes she'll come take them away
And they will never haunt me again

But it is still hard to sleep with the moon's heavy beams
I run barefoot to the backyard
Just to freeze in my place by the wrought iron gate
Too afraid and ashamed to advance

Today I walked through the snow
And found a field of headstones
They were in rows like the weeks on calendars
Where each box is a day that you can ever escape

Without pills for your poisonous sleep
These memories leak from these faucets that weep
Hot tears splash against the shower floor
And I stand in the steam as if inside a dream

I can see her again by the sink
From behind the bathroom mirror she pulls a
thermometer
And placed it underneath my tongue
She said, "You are as pale as a sheet, you look awful
my sweet
Lay down and wait for the sun?"

So I stayed in that bed, she brought me water
And read each night from a volume out loud
She whispered soft poetry
Her favorite was 'Annabel Lee'

And those words, like these drugs, comforted me
But the clocks kept waving their hands
And she could not understand
Why my temperature would never drop

And although she promised with tears
That she would always be here
I heard truth like the sounding sea

I said, "My Ariette, oh, how soon you forget
This house will never be your home
And you will leave in the fall when the trees become
graves
And their colors lie dead in the grass?"

Gold and green torture me like the lies I believe so
easily
Oh my Jetsabel, look at this hell that I have made
If you want maybe drop by sometime
Put some flowers on my grave
So that I will look beautiful in my silent sepulcher

Yeah, that's fine, throw those dresses away
I don't want anything of hers
For the moon never shines and the stars never rise
Without bringing me dreams
Haunted by the ghosts of those bright eyes

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