

## **Bright Eyes** **"Laura Laurent"**

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Laura are you still living there  
On your estate of sorrow?  
You used to leave it occasionally  
But now you don't even bother  
To ride the commuter train  
West to Chicago,  
To stroll through the greenery  
In the park past the statues

How their eyes seemed to follow you  
Like a hated addiction  
Their beauty carved out of absolutes you could never  
claim  
Or even envision

Laura you were the saddest song  
In the shape of a woman  
Yeah I thought you were beautiful  
But I wept with your movements  
But I hope that you're laughing now  
From that place on the carpet  
Where we shared a sleeping bag  
In your sister's apartment

Oh how she would worry so  
You know I was just a stranger  
But she asked me to care for you  
Yes she did  
And I went and betrayed her

But do you know we're in high demand  
Laura, us, people who suffer  
Because we don't take to arguing  
And we're quick to surrender

Well I think I would call tonight  
If I still had your number  
Your thoughts have always laid close to mine  
We were both skipping supper  
But you should never be embarrassed by  
Your trouble with living  
Cause it's the ones with the sorest throats, Laura,

Who have done the most singing

La la la la la la. la la la lah...

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