

Bright Eyes

"Oh, You are the Roots That Sleep Beneath my Feet and Hold the Earth in Place"

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I met you through a common friend,
In the attic of my parents' house.
And though I didn't know it then,
I soon was finding out...
You are the roots that sleep beneath my feet,
And hold the earth in place.
Each time a faucet opens,
Words are spoken,
The water runs away,
And I hear your name.
No, nothing has changed.

There was this book I read and loved,
The story of a ship.
Who sailed around the world and found,
That nothing else exists;
Beyond his own two sails,
And wooden shell,
And what is held within.
All else is sure to pass,
We clutch and grasp,
And debate what's truly permanent.
But when the wind starts to shift,
There's no argument.

I sing and drink,
And sleep on floors,
And try hard not to be annoyed,
By all these people worrying about me.
So when I'm suffering through some awful drive,
You occasionally cross my mind.
It's my hidden hope that you are still among them.

Well are you?

Oh, you are the roots that sleep beneath my feet,
And hold the earth in place.
Each time a curtain opens,
Sunlight pours in,
A lifetime melts away.

And we share a name,
On some picturesque grave.

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