

## **Bright Eyes**

### **"on my way to work"**

Visit "[on my way to work](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

There is a car parked where the block begins  
And there are people singing praises  
Say it's all because of him  
There is a bird perched on a frayed wet wire  
And his voice sings out for a lover  
But it's covered by the choir

Voices reaching way beyond the rafters  
With devotion they perform these sacred tasks  
They cross themselves and offer up their checkbooks  
Slight suffering is not too much to ask

Besides we all are making money  
And we are all fucking alone  
And we don't know what we are doing  
Maybe just buying us some hope  
Because we know that we are lonely  
Oh yeah, lonely that's for sure  
And the older ones are coughing  
And the older ones they are dying  
Maybe we are all dying

I pass a graveyard on my way to work  
Today I saw two dozen white roses  
On a fresh new mound of dirt  
And I wondered about the occupant  
When the darkness finally swallowed him  
Was he calm and content

Or was he sweating in a struggle to keep breathing  
Ripping apart the sheets that dressed his bed  
Crying out loud for someone to help him  
And collapsing on his back all pale and dead

Maybe it's me who's this unstable  
Always obsessed about the end  
Why can't I let what happens happen?  
And just enjoy the time I spend  
Oh how I wish it was so easy  
But when there is no point to anything  
You know it gets a bit confusing  
Why is that I keep going?

Why is that we keep going?

Visit [Bright Eyes](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.