

Bright Eyes

"One Foot In Front Of The Other"

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If you walk away, I'll walk away
First tell me which road you will take
I don't want to risk our paths crossing some day
So you walk that way, I'll walk this way

The future hangs over our heads
And it moves with each current event
Until it falls around like a cold, steady rain
Just stay in when it's looking this way

The moon's laying low in the sky
Forcing everything metal to shine
And the sidewalk holds diamonds,
Like a jewellery store case
They argue, "Walk this way, no, walk this way."

Laura's asleep in my bed
As I'm leaving she wakes up and says,
"I dreamed you were carried away,
On the crest of a wave. Baby, don't go away.
Come here."

There's kid's playing guns in the street
And one's pointing his tree branch at me
So I put my hands up, I say "Enough is enough.
If you walk away, I'll walk away."
And he shot me dead

I found a liquid cure
For my land-locked blues
It will pass away, like a slow parade
It's leaving, but I don't know how soon

The world's got me dizzy again
You'd think after 22 years I'd be used to the spin
And it only feels worse when I stay in one place
So I'm always pacing around,
Or walking away

I'm drinking the ink from my pen
And I'm balancing history books up on my head
But it all boils down to one quotable phrase

"If you love something, give it away."

A good woman would pick you apart
A box full of suggestions for your possible heart
And you may be offended, and you may be afraid
But don't walk away, don't walk away

We made love on the living room floor
With the noise in the background from a televised war
And in that deafening pleasure
I thought I heard someone say
"If we walk away, they'll walk away."

But greed is a bottomless pit
And our freedom's a joke, we're just taking a piss
And the whole world must watch
The sad comic display
If you're still free, start running away
"cause we're coming for ya

We're gonna read them out

I've grown tired of holding this pose
I feel more like a stranger each time I come home
So I'm making a deal with the devils of fame
Saying "Let me walk away, please."

You'll be free, child, once you have died
From the shackles of language
And measurable time
And then we can trade places
Play musical graves
Tell them walk away, walk away, walk away

So I'm up at dawn
Putting on my shoes
I just want to make a clean escape
I'm leaving, but I don't know where to
I know I'm leaving, but I don't know where to

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