

Bright Eyes

"Racing Toward The New"

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Just forget what you cannot replace
The sweet day is almost weightless in here
So I talk, but no one can relate
To the fear I had when I was younger
Somehow I knew I'd end up empty and alone.

We all accept in the same tired way
The gentle shift of continuous change
We confuse all the things that we say, to ourselves
The things we say to each other, always a lie
But at least we find some comfort for awhile.

So we'll start where the others left off
Get in our cars and embrace something new
To escape, we will always get caught
In the fear that what you had before was better
And you will become sick with the dream of knowing
that
You will be old.

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