

## Bright Eyes

# "Scale, a Mirror, and These Indifferent Clocks"

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Here is a scale, weigh it out and you will find  
Easily, more than sufficient doubt that  
These colors you see were picked in advance  
By some careful hand with an absolute concept of  
beauty

They are smeared and these blurs come in random  
order  
And they color the eyes of your former lovers  
Hers were green like July except when she cried they  
were red  
Now, I know a disease that these doctors can't treat

You contract on the day, you accept all you see is a  
mirror  
And a mirror is all it can be, a reflection of something  
we're missing  
And language just happened, it was never planned  
And it's inadequate to describe where I am in the room  
of my house  
Where the light has never been waiting for this day to  
end

And these clocks keep unwinding and completely  
ignore  
Everything that we hate or adore, once the page of a  
calendar is turned  
It's no more, so tell me then, what was it for? Oh tell  
me, what was it for?

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