

Bright Eyes

"The Calendar Hung Its Self"

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Does he kiss your eyelids in the morning
when you start to raise your head?
And does he sing to you incessantly
from the place between your bed and wall?
Does he walk around all day at school
with his feet inside your shoes?
Looking down every few steps
to pretend he walks with you.
Does he know that place below your neck
that is your favourite to be touched
and does he cry through broken sentences
like I love you far too much?
Does he lay awake listening to your breath?
Worried that you smoke too many cigarettes.
Is he coughing now
on a bathroom floor?
For every speck of tile
there are a thousand more
that you won't ever see
but most hold inside yourself
eternally.

I drug your ghost across the country
and we plotted out my death.
In every city, memories would whisper,
Here is where you rest.
I was determined in Chicago
but I dug my teeth into my knees
and I settled for a telephone
and sang into your machine.
"You are my sunshine, my only sunshine"
I kissed a girl with a broken jaw
that her father gave to her.
She had eyes bright enough to burn me.
They reminded me of yours.
In a story told she was a little girl
in a red-rouge, sun-bruised field
and there were rows of ripe tomatoes
where a secret was concealed.
And it rose like thunder,
clapped under our hands.
And it stretched for centuries

to a diary entry's end
where I wrote,
"You make me happy
when the skies are grey
You make me happy
the skies are grey
and grey
and grey."

Well the clock's heart it hangs inside its open chest
with its hands stretched towards the calendar hanging
itself
but I will not weep for those dying days.
For all the ones who have left
there are a few that stayed.
And they found me here
and pulled me from the grass
where I was laid.

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