

Bright Eyes

"The Calendar Hung Itself"

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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 space
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.

Oh does he know that place below your neck that is
your favorite to be touched,

And does he cry through broken sentences that I love
you far too much?

Does he lay awake listening to your breath?
Worried you smoke too many cigarettes.

Is he coughing now, on a bathroom floor?
For every speck of tile there's a thousand more,

You won't ever see.

But you must hold inside yourself eternally.

Well 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.

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine.

And 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.

And 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
Oh when skies are gray.
You make me happy oh when skies are gray, and gray,
and gray.

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

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