

Bright Eyes "The Center Of The World"

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At the center of the world
There is a statue of a girl.
She is standing near a well with a bucket bare and dry.
I went and looked her in the eyes
And she turned me into sand.
This clumsy form that I despise
It scattered easy in her hand.
And came to rest upon a beach,
With a million others there.
We sat and waited for the sea to stretch out
So that we could disappear into the endlessness of
blue.
Into the horror of the truth.
You see, we are far less than we knew.
Yeah, we are far less than we knew.
But we knew what we could taste.
Girls found honey to drench our hands.
The men cut marble to mark our graves.
Said that we will need something to remind us of all the
Sweetness that has passed through us (fresh sangria
and lemon tea).
The priests dressed children for a choir (white-robed
small voices praise Him)
But found no joy in what was sung.
The funeral had begun.
In the middle of the day
When you drive home to your place
From that job that
Makes you sleep back
To the thoughts that keep you awake
Long after night has come to claim
Any light that still remains in the corner of the frame
That you put around her face.
Two pills just werent enough.
The alarm clock is going off but you are not waking up.
This isn't happening.
It is.

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