

Bright Eyes, Patient Hope In New Show

the heat comes in distant shifts to fill up my room
it spills out of these ancient vents to meet the new cold
and i lay in my twisted sheets and stare out at the snow
still thinking of the next few months, my cold and lifeless eyes
I've never felt so separate
and then there's you but that's so obvious
it's hopeless and i know this, that's why i can't dream
no desire or circumstance would keep this from me
one by one, to department stores
we walk through the aisles
in a forest of designer clothes, you touch me and smile
and for a moment i could want nothing
your bright eyes burn through my exploding heart
and we stand as the shoppers pass us
and for once i can feel a touch complete
and i need to just be near you and fill these empty eyes
but you start turning as resistance pulls you from my cold and boring life
let's make this easy and let time pass, as devotion dies,
the list goes on and on
i have waited and i will be waiting for the pain to cure the fear