

Bright Eyes, The Joy In Forgetting/The Joy In Acc

There is a cat in the window of the house of my lover.
Well she sleeps there alone now or perhaps with another
but I try not to think about that.
I try not to think at all.
I get cocaine from this girl I met and my brother buys me alcohol.
And I stay up all night walking through these houses
I have grown to hate and my parents ask if I'm all right
I say I've just been staying up too late.
I need to sleep.
I need to do something to get this awful weight up off my chest and keep
her pretty ghost from chasing me...
You say there are spaces open and wide.
Believe me there are days longer than nights.
And you would be happy if only you'd try...
but you don't try.
I don't try.
And you speak of a fever that burns you inside.
As you explain to your mother how you have wanted to die.
So she kisses your fingers and says My Darling but why?
When there is so much more.
There is so much more.
Do you know there are spaces open and wide.
Believe me, there are days longer than nights.
And you will be happy the minute you try.
if only you try?
Won't you try?