

# Bright Eyes, A Few Minutes On Friday

she kills, with foreign films, the emptiness of day to day  
and i wait until the weekend comes  
so i can clear this uselessness from my brain  
i count the days until she arrives  
those precious minutes when she is mine  
as we walk from my front door to her car  
we are so close and alone  
but that will disappear in a room filled with the warmth  
of others company  
there is too much company  
i hide my wounded pride and stare off into the other cars  
if i could just speak the words to tell her  
exactly how i feel  
i count the ways that i might say it  
but i know that none of them will work because  
she won't feel the same  
i've come this far  
but i can't go through with it because the truth would hurt  
too much  
this hurts too much  
she goes back to the west coast to drink in the sunshine  
and i will stay here in these dead plains  
and try to make a seed grow  
and i would pray for rain  
if i thought that that would help