

Bright Eyes, Hungry For A Holiday

The indecencies of city streets
The cleaners' sweeping trucks from nine to noon
And the factories make clouds
To keep the sun from being jealous like the moon
While the husband holds his house
He hates his children for being green when he is gray
And his wife, she likes to talk on telephones
But just to people far away
Well, the big surprise was televised
On a crowded couch their eyes grew wide and wet
Oh, was it really such a sad event?
You could capture this with camera clips, but it don't exist
Just light on negatives
Another number on the birthday cake
You should act your age
We were hungry for a holiday
Won't cooperate with the calendar we found
We just scattered snow-like styrofoam
And sang our christmas carols all through town
And the voices soared, the people joined
With silver coins they filled our cupping hands
And we all agreed, the charity was much in need
Yes, a nobel cause at that
And I met a man, a mannequin
Who stood so still I knew he was afraid
And he preferred a place of permanance
To the awful guessing game of choice and change
Well, the big surprise was televised
On a crowded couch our eyes grew wide and wet
Oh yes, it's really such a sad event
You can't capture this with camera clips
No, it don't exist
Just light on negatives
Another candle on a birthday cake
And a wish you make
Well, if the costume fits, keep wearing it
But no Halloween could quite account for this
I guess you're getting into character
Or just be yourself, if that would help
Or sink completely into someone else
You dreamt of mountains but sometimes a hole
Is more comfortable