

# Bright Eyes, Joy Division

a crucial filliment is all but spent  
soon it will be dark in my basement  
my heart is waxing the slick floor again  
hoping i will slip and fall in love  
well she gave me the choice  
to remain and rejoice  
or to recoil and rebel  
well papa, this gravity attack  
yeah its a gravity attack  
and i cant seem to carry, much less burry the past  
well your ex-girlfriend said i was a terrible mess, yeah shes got a real good head on her shoulders  
when the singer spoke and confessed he didnt really smoke cigarettes  
she said her teenage brother smoldered, on a hot bed of cole in a starel white room  
underneath that, joy division poster  
he moaned papa, me moaned papa  
sometmes i gotta vent my spleen, sometmes i gotta vent my spleen  
when i get shattered in the heart and scatted in the brain  
well all those medicines in those sermans still cant keep his braison nose from turning and salvation  
they say there is nothing as sacred as the blood between brothers when its pricked from there thun  
well papa, my brother is gone  
yeah my brother is gone  
so would you tell now how it is, and how im supposed to get along  
well you asked for a chorus but you got her a frame  
yeah its anoher sad song that moves like a train  
you cant wistle to it but you can fast forward through it  
flick it off your shoulder like dead skin  
they say my head on a plate, make her the debate over the unbearable high cost of living  
but papa, everything falls apart  
everything falls apart  
and the grass will grow and surely as they will break your heart