

# Bright Eyes, Lime Tree

I keep floating down the river but the ocean never comes  
Since the operation I heard you're breathing just for one  
Now everything is imaginary, especially what you love  
You left another message said it's done,  
It's done

When I hear beautiful music it's always from another time  
Old friends I never visit, I remember what they're like  
Standing on a doorstep full of nervous butterflies  
Waiting to be asked to come inside  
Just come inside

But I keep going out  
I can't sleep next to a stranger when I'm coming down  
It's 8 a.m. my heart is beating too loud  
Too loud  
Don't be so amazing or I'll miss you too much  
I felt something that I had never touched

Everything gets smaller now the further that I go  
Towards the mouth and the reunion of the Known and the Unknown  
Consider yourself lucky if you think of it as home  
You can move mountains with your misery if you don't  
If you don't

It comes to me in fragments, even those still split in two  
Under the leaves of that old Lime Tree I stood examining the fruit  
Some were ripe and some were rotten, I felt nauseous with the truth  
There will never be a time more opportune

So I just won't be late  
The window closes, shock rolls over in a tidal wave  
And all the color drains out of the frame  
So pleased with a daydream that now living is no good  
I took off my shoes and walked into the woods  
I felt lost and found with every step I took