

Bright Eyes, Motion Sickness

There is nothing for which I'm responsible.
Just this baggage I keep carrying on,
As if I had someone.

Maybe there's a woman somewhere,
Who's still thinking of me.
A girl with cold black hair,
Who's haunted in her dreams.
But what they've seen, but it wasn't me.
It's just some lie, they slept beside.
Yeah I kept this from them,
But I can't keep this from you.

So will you look for me, in that strange bright place,
Where the statues bloom in the park.
They don't need no brain.
Cause how I ever got to you, I have no idea.
It's like some secret door, well it just appeared.
So, no matter what I do from now on with my time.
You will always stay here, in my mind.
I'm certain of this, and I'm not certain of anything.

So, I wanna get myself attached, to something bolted down.
So these winds of circumstance won't keep blowin' me arround.
From when I land, to when I leave:
Theres not enough time, to sleep and sing.
I keep running around and all I want is to lay motionless.