

# Bright Eyes, Oh, You Are The Roots That Sleep Beneath My Feet

I met you through a common friend  
In the attic of my parents' house  
And though I didn't know it then  
I soon was finding out  
Oh, you are the roots that sleep beneath my feet  
And hold the earth in place  
Each time a faucet opens  
Words are spoken  
The water runs away  
And I hear your name  
No, nothing has changed  
There was this book I read and loved  
The story of a ship  
Who sailed around the world and found  
That nothing else exists  
Beyond his own two sails and wooden shell  
And what is held within  
All else is sure to pass  
We clutch and grasp  
And debate what's truly permanent  
But when the wind starts to shift  
Well, there's no argument  
Now, I sing and drink and sleep on floors  
And try hard not to be annoyed  
By all these people worrying about me  
So when I'm suffering through some awful drive  
You occasionally cross my mind  
It's my hidden hope that you are still among them  
Well are you?  
Oh, you are the roots that sleep beneath my feet  
And hold the earth in place  
Each time a curtain opens  
Sunlight pours in  
A lifetime melts away  
And we share a name  
On some picturesque grave