

Bright Eyes, Racing Towards The New

Just forget what you cannot replace
This sweet day is almost weightless and new
So I talk but no one can relate
To the fear I had when I was younger
Somehow I knew I'd end up empty and alone
We all accept in the same tired way
The gentle shift of continuous change
We confuse all the things that we say to ourselves
To the things we say to each other, it's always a lie
But at least we find some comfort for awhile
So we'll start where the others left off
Get in our cars and embrace something new
To escape you will always get caught
In the fear that what you had before was better
And you will become sick with the dream of knowing that
To the old