

# Bright Eyes, Reinvent The Wheel

My friend you were a model, a priceless work of art.  
Boys would fashion their emotions to the pattern of your heart.  
And I heard you wrote that record for a girl you loved but died.  
I'm here sewing mine, together, just hoping you're alive.  
And I know you'll never come back now to the world where people are.  
'Cause you never understood what they loved you for.  
Now ghosts they have their secrets, and they'll tell them to a few.  
So you can never pay attention, when they're whispering to you.  
There were many talents you possessed that I wished myself to have.  
But the way your eyes would gloss over, well I never envied that.  
And I doubt you'll ever come back now from wherever it is you are.  
'Cause you never understood what we loved you for.  
I'm sure the T.V. sets will tell us when someone reinvents the wheel.  
Till then I'll have a million conversations about shit that isn't real.  
But I'll try to breathe in meaning dig deep through every gasp of air.  
Cause I know you did the same thing for as long as you can bear.  
I guess everything just circles 'round to where it was before.  
So I hope I'll see you soon in some other form.