

# Bright Eyes, Susan Miller Rag

When all the knots attention keep you from getting loose  
Relax your love  
Relax your living  
And cruise... past the People's Choice and their backwards attitudes.

When you're done all sleeping and all your dreams fall through  
Relax your rush  
Relax your grieving  
And lose... yourself in the till of your woodwind solitude.

Light in the corners of the room  
In your Eighth House is a rising moon  
Better get out of her soon...

Far away from the rag trade  
Fa away from this maritime state you're stuck in  
Relax your law  
Relax your ego  
And groove... from the deep-sea dive to the nose-bleed altitudes.

When you divide the memories outside the photobooth  
Relax your cause  
Relax your feeling  
And choose... not the one that you want but the one they just handed you.

When wet tequila gimmicks starts off but gets you juiced  
Relax your thoughts  
Relax your breathing  
And do... what you want, when you want, with whoever you wanna do.

The sun is eclipsed as silence swoons  
And you your Eighth House is a darkened room  
Is it midnight or high noon?

Far away from the rag trade  
Far away from this marathon race you're running  
Relax your costs  
And dodge the seroes  
And prove... what you think that you can to whoever you needed to.

Far away from the rag trade  
Far away from this maritime state  
Far away from the rag trade  
Far away from this maritime state you're stuck in  
...You're stuck in