

Bright Eyes, The Movement Of A Hand

You follow the footsteps echoes leading down a hall to a room. There is music playing tiny bells with moving parts. Here the shadows make things ugly, an effect quite undesirable. The bold and yellow daylight grows like ivy across the wall and bounces off of the painted porcelain, tiny dancing doll. Her body spins, as she pirouettes again, the world suddenly seems small. On an off white, subtle morning you stretch your legs in the front seat. The road has made a vacuum where our voices used to be. And you lay your head onto my shoulder, pour like water over me. So if I just exist for the next ten minutes of this drive that would be fine. And all the trees that line this curb would be rejoicing and alive. Soon all the joy that pours from everything makes fountains of your eyes because you finally understand the movement of a hand waving you good-b