

Bright Eyes, The Vanishing Act

Were you surprised that we never spoke?
Then in the still of the night-when nothing stirs-
I woke and I gathered up some clothes.
I never planned on this but its the way it goes
and now it all seems so familiar like pages turned on calendars
we get the same twelve months to fuck things up-year after year-
and i can't believe how down i am like the well i'm being lowered in,
now water stops, the bucket drops us farther and farther down.
Well i guess that you never knew me, or at least not well enough.
So i fill my gut with dark red wine until my brain shuts off and my eyes go blind.
You won't see me there in that thick black air-yeah.
i'll finally make something disappear.
Because i've been practicing disappearing
and i think that i've got it down but now there is no sun just a cellar.
Nowhere is sky its just that black, black dirt.
Expanding outwards just echoes for answers
not that it matters if its back or its forwards.
Unhappy lovers with baskets of flowers use them as markers-
the place where your bed once stood a time when it still felt good.
But you'll get that feeling back,
you just need sometime to drink
and so i'll fill my gut with that blood red wine
until my insides swim and my veins unwind.
I'll be lying there in that hot white air once
that something is gone it might never reappear.