

Bright Eyes, Weather Reports

well i left my baby for a dream as lovely, for a love that's only in books i read.
and then i hit the cities, spent all my money, i just left my whole life in a taxi cab.
cause it's just a memory, i can't love completely, when you're really with me, i'm indifferent.
but i try to get my head clear, it's too full of ideas that i haven't thought of yet.
and time, clocks keep waving their hands, doing all that they can to get our attention,
but the days fly away down a clean interstate and i'm staring drunk at a map.
so i let my hair down for the second time now, for the final time, now i had my fun.
but there's no returning from the places we've been, just repeat our slogan, never again.
so we split, said you had to get out, headed back to the south, where everything is gentle.
and i stayed for a couple weeks more, all the weather reports said it would be snow for sure,
but the storm moved away to a neighboring state. i started the car.