

Peter Bjorn And John, Big Black Coffin

it's coming back to things you've said to me
i'm hiding away from reality
denying myself for the better parts
and you slip back and say "don't take it hard"
and then i find it hard to sleep at all
wishing i could give someone else a call
someone that's closer closer close to me
forgetting someone might come over me
do you know the bar?
the way to the bar?
and it's clear and bright now
from the statements to the lights
from the big black coffin to the black under your eyes
but if life is complex
why'd we
and when i close my eyes
i still see this face looking upon me, still upon me, still
no competition over ecstasy
and you're confronting me
i will admit all of my weaker parts
but i'll shut up if you don't want my point
my point of view to stand against your own
perhaps you're better off on your own
but i don't need to be put down this way
i'm going down this way but you can stay
do you know the bar?
the way, to the bar?
but it's clear and bright now
from the statements to the lights
from the big black coffin
to the black under your eyes
but if life is complex
and when i close my eyes
i still see this face, looking upon me, still upon me, still
and if life becomes...never work for me
if black becomes...i don't want us to be
another opportunity wasted by
...best friend's endless pretense
and it's clear and bright now
from the statements to the lights
from the big black coffin
to the black under your eyes