

# Bright Eyes, A Song To Pass The Time

There is a middle-aged woman she's dragging her feet.  
She carries baskets of clothes to a laundromat.  
While the Mexican children kick rocks into the street  
and they laugh in a language I don't understand.  
But I love them.  
Why do I love them?  
So the neighborhood is dimming as I smoke on the porch  
and watch the people as they pass enclosed inside their cars.  
And on their faces just anger or disappointment.  
I start wishing there was something I could offer them.  
A consolation, what could I offer them?  
When they are sad in their suburbs robots water the lawn  
and everything they touch gets dusted spotless.  
So they start to believe that they haven't touched anything at all.  
While the cars in the driveway only multiply.  
They are lost in their houses.  
I have heard them sing in the shower  
and making speeches to their sister on the telephone.  
Saying, You come home.  
Darling, you come here.  
Don't stay so far away from me.  
This weather has me wanting love more tangible.  
Something I can hold because it's getting cold.  
So lets hold up our fists to the flame in the sky  
to block out the light that is reaching for our eyes  
because it would blind us. It will blind us.  
Now I have locked my actions in the grooves of routine.  
So I may never be free of this apathy.  
But I wait for a letter that is coming to me.  
She sends me pictures of the ocean in an envelope.  
So there still is hope.  
Yes, I can be healed.  
There is someone looking for what I concealed in my secret drawer,  
in my pockets deep,  
you will find the reasons that I can't sleep and you will still want me.  
But will you still want me?  
Well, I say come for the week.  
You can sleep in my bed.  
And then pass through my life like a dream through my head.  
It will be easy. I will make it easy.  
But all I have for the moment is a song to pass the time.  
A melody to keep me from worrying.  
Oh, some simple progression to keep my fingers busy.  
And some words that are sure to come back to me and they will be laughing.  
My mediocrity. My mediocrity.