

Bright Eyes, Act Of Contrition

the air was all dust and not so untamed
the ground opened up and swallowed all of the rain
and it swallowed you too into distance unknown
as they sat down for dinner they waited for you to get home
yeah, they set a place for you.

so don't believe everything you read in that diary of yours
and this nervousness, it isn't all your fault
its just these shaking hands won't do what i want...them to
and i've tried to guess what it is that you thought about
that act act of contrition that rolled off out tongues as you left
what are you crying for?

just dust my heart and you will find
there are no fingers printed there
just the untouched place that lies inside
of every lonely boy tonight.

and all of this open air has caused me to choke
on your new found hope for me.