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.