

# Bright Eyes, Feb. 15th

all eyes on the calendar  
another year i claim of total indifference  
to here the days pile up  
with decisions to be made  
i'm sure all of them were wrong  
into this song, i send myself  
and with these drinks i plan to collapse and forget  
this wasted year  
these wasted years  
devoted friends, they disappear  
i'm sorry about the phone call and needing you  
some decisions you don't make  
i guess it's like breathing and not wanting to  
there are some things that you can't fake  
i guess that it is typical  
to cling to memories you'll never get back again  
and to sort through old photographs of a summer long ago  
or a friend that you used to know  
and there, below his frozen face  
you wrote the name and that ancient date  
and you can't believe he is really gone  
when all that's left is a fucking song  
i'm sorry about the phone call and waking you  
i know that its late  
but thank you for talking because i needed to  
some things just can't wait