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