

Bright Eyes, February Fifteenth

All eyes on the calendar
another year I claim of total indifference
To hear 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
And, I'm sorry about the phone call
And needing you
Some decisions you don't make
I guess it's just like breathing
And not wanting to
There are some things that you can't fake
Yeah, there are some things that you can't fake
I guess that it's 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, 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 it's late
But thank you for talking
Cause I needed to
Yeah, Some things just can't wait
Yeah, some things just can't wait
Yeah, some things just can't wait
Yeah, some things just can't wait