

Bright Eyes, Go Find Yourself A Dry Place

I wish there was something I could do for you
I wish there were some words I could say
But I know that you thought it out so well
And I know there is nothing I should say
Figured it all out, figured it all out
And nothing stands up to biology
And truth is built on shady ground
Depression's all I get from philosophy
And, but really, but really, what truth I've found

Who's to blame, the educated remains, the scholars
So tell me what's the point of surviving
Why do we try so hard to stay alive?
We know that nothing we do really matters
And it, it will away with time
It'll wash away with time
Wash away with time
But there's a feeling I get when the end is loud enough
And there's a feeling I get when she smiles at me
And there's a feeling I get when I'm staying awake with you, girl
Stay awake with you
And that is all there is, and that is all I need
Someday you'll see, that is truth
The body grows tired when no sleep can mend it
And tired has chased and killed all of our friends
There's no place left in the sky for them to send us to
Just lay down and let the light come through the doors
Cover up our dreams, cover up the years
As you take, our bodies will make the raspberries grow