Bright Eyes, Happy Birthday To Me (Feb. 15)

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

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 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 that he's really gone

When all that's left is a fucking song and

I'm sorry about the phone call; and waking you.

I know that it is late,

But thank you for talking, because I needed to.

Some things just can't wait.

(Yeah, some things just can't wait)