

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)