

Bright Eyes, Hit The Switch

I'm staring out into that vacuum again
from the back porch of my mind
the only thing that's alive, I'm all there is
and I start attacking my vodka
stab the ice with my straw
my eyes have turned red as stoplights
you seem ready to walk
you know I'll call you eventually
when I wanna talk, 'til then you're invisible

cause there's this switch that gets hit
and it all stops making sense
and in the middle of drinks
maybe the fifth or the sixth
I'm completely alone at a table of friends
I feel nothing for them
I feel nothing, nothing.

well I need a break from the city again
I think I'll ship myself back west
I've got a friend there she says,
"hey anytime";
unless that offers expired
I have been less than frequent
she's under no obligation
to indulge every whim
and I'm so ungrateful, I take
she gives and forgives and I keep forgetting it

and each morning she wakes
with a dream to describe
something lovely that bloomed
in her beautiful mind
i say, "I'll trade you one
for two nightmares of mine,
I have somewhere I die,
I have somewhere we all die";

I'm thinking of quitting drinking again
I know I've said that a couple of times
and I'm always changing my mind
well I guess I am
but there's this burn in my stomach
and there's this pain in my side
and when I kneel at the toilet
and the morning's clean light
pours in through the window
sometimes I pray I don't die
I'm a goddamn hypocrite

but then night rolls around and it all starts making sense
there is no right way or wrong way, you just have to live
and so I do what I do, and at least I exist
what could mean more than this?
what would mean more, mean more?