Bright Eyes, I Will Be Grateful For This Day

I had girl I knew she grew became a woman
now I think that she teaches at one of the schools downtown,
we used to roll the windows down
and play the music loud
smoking out in her car
Lost in west Omaha,
and wed get drunk and kiss
our bodies twist like shoe laces.
And we never came untied;
I guess you were just my type.
You know that summer never stopped.
I still pretend Im there.
Bands in the living room,
neighbors aint never cared.
So when I sat behind the drum set.
Your heartbeats what I tried to play.
With kick and snares so careless not in time.
So you got ahead of me.
And I guess Im still dragging behind.

I had a friend who changed his name
but couldnt change himself.
Never quite figured out
how to do with what life had dealt.
He put a needle in his arm
to calm his handsome hell.
who would have imagined it?
Couldve worked out so well.
Now he's a shape that moves
like echoes through my empty room.
And theres a voice that speaks
like someones right behind me.
I turned around and found
exactly what you would expect.
Clothes I left on my floor.
The papers piled on my desk.
But where the ink is
where the cause effect whats meant by it
the story is incomplete.
The pictures left unfinished.
So I am writing my own ending.
Ill let my pen bleed black or blue.
And I will color in the meaning.
It will be gold and green and true.
And Ill learn to love my new discovered proof.
Ill be grateful for this day.
I will be grateful for each day to come.