

# Bright Eyes, I Will Be Grateful For This Day, I Will

I had a 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 we'd get drunk and kiss, our bodies twist like shoelaces,  
And we never came untied,  
I guess you were just my type,  
You know that summer never stopped, I still pretend I'm there,  
The band's in the living room,  
The neighbors, they never cared,  
So when I sat behind the drumset,  
Your heartbeat's what I tried to play,  
But with the kick and snare so careless, not in time,  
So you got ahead of me, And I guess I'm still dragging behind.  
I had a friend who changed his name but couldn't change himself,  
Never quite figured out, How to deal with what life had dealt,  
He put a needle in his arm to calm his handsome hell,  
Who would've imagined it Could've worked out so well?  
Now he's a shape that moves like echoes through my empty room,  
And there's a voice that speaks,  
Like someone's right behind me,  
I turned around and found exactly what you would expect,  
The clothes I left on my floor,  
The papers piled on my desk,  
But where the ink is wet, the cause, effects, what's meant by it?  
The story that is incomplete,  
The picture's left unfinished,  
So I am writing my own ending,  
I let my pen bleed black or blue,  
And I will color in the meaning,  
It will be gold and green and true,  
And I'll learn to love my new discovered proof,  
I'll be grateful for this day,  
I will be grateful for each day to come.