

Bright Eyes, If Winter Ends

i dreamt of a fever,
one that would cure me of this cold, winter set heart.
with heat to melt these frozen tears and burned with reasons
as to carry on.
into these twisted months i plunge without a light to follow
but i swear that i would follow anything
if it would just get me out of here.
and so you get six months to adapt
and then you get two more to leave town.
in the event that you do adapt we still might not want you around.
and i fell for the promise of a life with a purpose
but i know that that is impossible now.
and so i drink to stay warm
and to kill selected memories
because i just can't think anymore about that or about her tonight
i give myself three days to feel better
or i swear i'll drive right off a fucking cliff
because if i can't make myself feel better
then how can i expect anyone else to give a shit
and i scream for the sunlight or a car to take me anywhere
just get me past this dead and eternal snow
because i swear that i am dying, slowly but its happening
and if the perfect spring is waiting somewhere
just take me there and lie to me and say it's going to be alright
its going to be alright, yeah you worry too much kid,
its going to be alright.