

# Bright Eyes, June On The West Coast

i spent a week drinking the sunlight of winnetka, california  
where they understand the weight of human hearts  
you see sorrow gets too heavy and joy it tends to hold you  
with the fear that it eventually departs.  
and the truth is i've been dreaming of some tired, tranquil place  
where the weather won't get trapped inside my bones  
and if all the years of searching find one sympathetic face  
then its there i will plant these seeds and make my home  
i spent a day dreaming of dying in mesa, arizona  
where all the green of life had turned to ash  
and i felt i was on fire, with the things i could have told you  
i just assumed that you eventually would ask  
and i wouldn't have to bring up my so badly broken heart  
and all those months i just wanted to sleep  
and though spring, it did come slowly, i guess it did its part  
my heart has thawed and continues to beat  
i visited my brother on the outskirts of olympia  
where the forest and the water become one  
and we talked about our childhood, like a dream we were convinced of, that  
perfect peaceful street where we came from  
and i know he heard me strumming all those sad and simple chords  
as i sat inside my room so long ago  
and it hurts that he's still shaking from those secrets that were told by a  
car closed up too tight and a heart turned cold  
and i went to san diego  
the birthplace of the summer  
and watched the ocean dance under the moon  
and there was a girl i knew there, one more potential lover  
i guess that something's got to happen soon  
because i know i can't keep living in this dead or dying dream  
and as i walked along the beach and drank with her  
i thought about my true love, the one i really need  
with eyes that burn so bright, they make me pure  
they make me pure  
they make me pure  
i long to be with you [x2]