

# Bright Eyes, Loose Leaves

there are stories in the soil, loose leaves cover the ground  
there's volumes in the forest, no one reads out loud  
if i could take them down off of that mountain shelf  
we used to climb but no one tries to go up that far now yeah

we're all too busy working, entertaining ourselves  
forty hours television and prescription pills  
well i take two a day to make my brain behave  
it never does but who's to say at least my doctor gets paid

so that's fine, yeah come by we'll take the afternoon off  
we can kiss and undress or if you want just talk  
cause i've got nothing real, just empty space to fill  
and you're my girl i like your style just imagine all the time we could kill

and time's not poison but once you drink it all you'll die  
so let's just sip it real slow  
yeah we can nurse it all night  
try to believe that once it's gone  
we'll pour another round and come back to life  
come right back

i guess i'm moving faster now or that's what they said  
and though some days still take forever i can't disagree  
because it seems to me that i wake up and sleep  
look in the mirror have no idea what happened in between

but i remember counting days down 'til the year could be done  
so i could scatter all my notebooks on the prep school lawn  
and disappear again into a summer's bliss  
of staying out sleeping in and getting drunk with my friends

that's gone and i know that it won't ever come back  
i accept i won't cling to what i had in the past  
but life's a slippery slope, regret's the steepest hill  
hope for the best, plan for the worst and maybe wind up somewhere  
in the middle

and i'm not saying that i know what i want  
but i know what i don't, don't want to rot in my room  
and never know what could have been  
believe what everyone else tells me is true  
yeah, they say 'true'  
that's what they say