

Bright Eyes, N'en Parlons Plus

I like the sound that ice will make
When your glass is full and your hand can't help but shake
I'm not sure what is left to say
Now the dinner's done and the sun's been put away
I guess you may sense you should leave
But you look so cute with your hair attached to me
I hear the minutes tick their songs
You should grab a hand
And learn how to hold on
To something
Just laugh at the ending