

# Bright Eyes, Nothing Gets Crossed Out

The future has got me worried, such awful thoughts.  
My head is a carousel of pictures.  
The spinning never stops.  
I just want someone to walk in front  
and I'll follow the leader.  
Like when I fell under the weight of a schoolboy crush.  
Started carrying her books and doing lots of drugs. I almost forgot who I was,  
but came to my senses.  
Now I'm tryin' to be assertive.  
I'm making plans.  
Wanna rise to the occasion, yeah  
meet all of their demands.  
But all I do is just lay in bed  
and hide under the covers.  
I know I should be brave  
but I'm just too afraid of all this change.  
And it's too hard to focus through all this doubt.  
I keep making these "To Do" lists but nothing gets crossed out.  
Working on the record seems pointless now.  
When the world ends, who's gonna hear it?  
But I'm tryin' and take some comfort in written words,  
yeah Tim I heard your album and it's better than good.  
When you get off tour I think we should hang and black out together.  
Because I've been feeling sentimental for days gone by...  
all those summers singing, drinking, laughing, wasting out time.  
Remember all those songs and the way we smiled  
in those basements made of music.  
But now I've got to crawl, to get anywhere at all. I'm not as strong as I thought.  
So when I'm lost in a crowd,  
I hope that you'll pick me out.  
Oh, how I long to be found.  
The grass grew high. I laid down.  
Now I wait for a hand to lift me up, help me stand.  
I have been laying so low  
Don't want to lay here no more.  
Don't want to lay here no more.  
Don't want to lay here no more.  
Don't want to lay here no more.  
But if everything that happens is supposed to be  
and it is predetermined, can't change your destiny.  
Then I guess I'll just keep moving, someday, maybe, I'll get to where I'm going.