

# Bright Eyes, Nothing Has Changed

I met you through a common friend  
in the attic of my parent's house  
And though I didn't know it then,  
I soon was finding out  
You are the roots that sleep beneath my feet  
and hold the earth in place  
Each time a faucet opens,  
Words are spoken,  
The water runs away  
And I hear your name  
No nothing has changed  
There was this book  
I read and loved  
The story of a ship  
Who sailed around the world and found  
That nothing else exists  
beyond his own two sails  
and wooden shell  
and waters held within  
all else is sure to pass  
we clutch and grasp  
and debate what's truly permanent  
When the wind starts to shift,  
well there's no argument  
I sing and drink and sleep on floors  
and try hard not to be annoyed  
by all these people worrying about me  
So I'm suffering through some awful drive  
occasionally you cross my mind  
It's my hidden hope that you are still among them.  
Well are you?  
Oh you are the roots  
that sleep beneath my feet  
and hold the earth in place  
each time I curse you know  
and sunlight pours in  
A lifetime melts away  
And we share a name  
On some picturesque grave...