

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...