

# Bright Eyes, One Foot In Front Of The Other

If you walk away, I walk away.  
First tell me which road you will take.  
I dont wanna risk our paths crossing someday,  
so you walk that way,  
I'll walk this way.  
The future hangs over our heads,  
and it moves with each current event.  
Until it falls all around us like a cold steady rain,  
just stay in when its looking this way.  
The moons laying low in the sky,  
forcing everything metal to shine,  
and the sidewalk holds diamonds like a jewelry store case,  
they argue "walk this way"  
&"no, walk this way."  
And lauras asleep in my bed,  
as Im leaving, she wakes up and says,  
&"I dreamed you were carried away by the crest of a wave.  
baby dont go away....  
come here."  
There's kids playin guns in the street,  
and ones pointing his tree branch at me.  
So, I put my hands up I say "enough is enough.  
If you walk away, I'll walk away."  
and then he shot me dead!  
I found a liquid cure,  
for my landlock blues.  
It will pass away like a slow parade,  
it's leavin but I dont know how soon.  
The world's got me dizzy again,  
you think after 22 years id be used to the spin.  
Snd it only feels worse when I stay in one place,  
so, I'm always pacing around or walking away.  
I'm drinking the ink from my pen,  
and I'm balancing history books up on my head.  
And it all boils down to one quotable phrase...  
&"If you love something, give it away."  
A good woman will pick you apart,  
a box full of suggestions for a possible heart...  
and you may be offended,  
and you may be afraid,  
but don't walk away..  
Don't walk away.  
We made love on the living room floor,  
with the noise in the background from a televised war.  
And in that deafening pleasure, I thought I heard someone say,  
&"If we walk away, they'll walk away."  
but greed is a bottomless pit,  
and all freedoms a joke,  
we're just taking a piss.  
And the whole world must watch the sad comic display.  
If you're still free start running away.  
(cause we're coming for ya!)  
I've grown tired of holding this pose,  
I feel more like a stranger each time I come home.  
So, I'm making a deal with the devils of fame,  
saying "let me walk away...please."  
You'll be free child once you have died,  
from the shackles of language, and measurable time.  
And then we can trade places,  
play musical graves...  
till they walk away, walk away, walk away....  
So, I'm up at dawn,  
puttin on my shoes...  
I just wanna make a clean escape, I'm leaving but I dont know where to.

I'm leaving but I don't know where to.