

# Bright Eyes, Racing Toward The New

Just forget what you cannot replace  
The sweet day is almost weightless in here  
So I talk, but no one can relate  
To the fear I had when I was younger  
Somehow I knew I'd end up empty and alone.

We all accept in the same tired way  
The gentle shift of continuous change  
We confuse all the things that we say, to ourselves  
The things we say to each other, always a lie  
But at least we find some comfort for awhile.

So we'll start where the others left off  
Get in our cars and embrace something new  
To escape, we will always get caught  
In the fear that what you had before was better  
And you will become sick with the dream of knowing that  
You will be old.