

Bright Eyes, Scale

Here's a scale, weigh it out and you'll find, easily
More than sufficient doubt that these colors you see
were picked in advance by some careful hand
With an absolute concept of beauty
They are smeared and these blurs come in random order
And they color the eyes of your former lovers
Hers were green like July,
Except when she cried they were red
Now I know a disease that these doctors can't treat
You contract on the day you accept all you see
Is a mirror, and a mirror is all it can be
A reflection of something we're missing
And language just happened, it was never planned
And it's inadequate to describe where I am
In the room of my house where the light's never been
Waiting for this day to end
And these clocks keep unwinding and completely ignore
Everything that we hate or adore
Once the page of a calendar is turned it's no more
So tell me then, what was it for?
Oh tell me, what was it for?