

Bright Eyes, Spent On Rainy Days

I wish I saved up for rainy days cause they're the hardest to be dry
I got no self control
I'm always begging into telephones
I bought a little from my brother's friend, well, just to get me by
I don't trust his cut
The effect is never as high as the mark-up
I think I'll print it in the personals that I'm looking for a match
Someone to light me up, someone to burn the proof of the things that I've done
Each day there are hours I skip like a stone
I just crawl in a bag
I'm gonna live my life like somebody's shadow

I know I'm lazy with the little things, I mean I never held a door
But I still loved you more than anyone since or before
You are always saying that I owe you one, well, let's consolidate this debt
Get on a payment plan, I'll pay you compliments, you can still treat me bad
But now it's easy, getting easier, to leave you and this town behind
I'll do some traveling
Once I'm gone tell all our friends you got even
I'm held like an object and then set aside
And I'm back on the shelf, I'm locked in the drawer
I'm mint in the box, but you would still sell me for cost, wouldn't you?

I'll be anything... the cord of a parachute... the blanket on top of you...
The window you are looking through... the cord of a parachute