

Bright Eyes, Sunrise, Sunset

Sunrise, sunset.
Sunrise, sunset.
Swiftly go the days.
Sunrise, sunset.
You wake up, then you undress.
It always is the same.
A sunrise and a sunset.
You are lying while you confess, keep trying to explain.
The sunrise and the sun sets you realize
and then you forget what you have been trying to retain.
But everybody knows that it is all about the things
that get stuck inside of your head,
like the songs your roommate sings
or a vision of her body as she stretches out on your bed.
She raised her hands in the air and asked you,
When was the last time you looked in the mirror?
Because you have changed.
Yeah, you have changed.
Sunrise, sunset.
You are hopeful and then you regret.
The circle never breaks.
With each sunrise and sunset there is a change of heart or address.
Is there nothing that remains?
For a sunrise or a sunset.
You are manic or you're depressed.
Will you ever feel ok?
It's a sunrise and sunset, your lover is an actress.
Did you really think she would stay?
For a sunrise and sunset.
You are either coming or you just left but you are always on the way.
Towards a sunrise or a sunset, a scribble or a sonnet.
They are really just the same.
To the sunrise and the sunset.
The master and his servant have exactly the same fate.
It's a sunrise and a sunset.
From a cradle to a casket.
There ain't no way to escape.
The sunrise and the sunset.
Hold your sadness like a puppet, just keep putting on the play.
But everything you do is leading to the point
where you just won't know what to do.
And at that moment you may laugh
but there is someone there who will be laughing louder than you.
So it's true, the trick is complete.
Now you have become everything you said that you never would be.
You're a fool! You're a fool!
Sunrise, sunset, sunrise, sunset.
The sunrise and the sunset.
Sunrise, sunset.
Go home to your apartment
and put the cassette in the tape deck and let that fever play.
Sunrise, sunset.
Where are you Arienette?
Where are you Arienette?