

Bright Eyes, The Calendar Hung Itself

Does he kiss your eyelids in the morning when you start to raise your head?
And does he sing to you incessantly from the space between your bed and wall?
Does he walk around all day at school with his feet inside your shoes?
Looking down every few steps to pretend he walks with you.
Does he know that place below your neck that is your favorite to be touched
and does he cry through broken sentences like I love you far too much?
Does he lay awake listening to your breath?
Worried that you smoke too many cigarettes.
Is he coughing now on a bathroom floor?
For every speck of tile there's a thousand more
you won't ever see but most hold inside yourself eternally

Well, I drug your ghost across the country and we plotted out my death.
In every city, memories would whisper: "Here is where you rest."
I was determined in Chicago but I dug my teeth into my knees
and I settled for a telephone and sang into your machine.
You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You are my sunshine, my only sunshine

I kissed a girl with a broken jaw that her father gave to her.
She had eyes bright enough to burn me. They reminded me of yours.
In a story told she was a little girl in a red-rouge,
sun-bruised field and there were rows of ripe tomatoes where a secret was concealed.
And it rose like thunder, clapped under our hands.
And it stretched for centuries to a diary entry's end where I wrote,
You make me happy oh!! when skies are gray
You make me happy oh!! when skies are gray and gray and gray.

Well the clock's heart it hangs inside its open chest with its hands
stretched towards the calendar hanging itself but I will not weep for those dying days.
For all the ones who have left there are a few that stayed.
And they found me here and pulled me from the grass where I was laid.