

Bright Eyes, The Center Of The World

At the center of the world
there's a statue of a girl.
She is standing near a well
with a bucket bare and dry.

I went and looked her in the eyes
and she turned me into sand.
This clumsy form that I despise
it scattered easy in her hand.

And came to rest upon a beach,
with a million others there.
We sat and waited for the sea
to stretch out so that we could disappear

into the endlessness of blue,
into the horror of the truth.
You see, we are far less than we knew.
Yeah, we are far less than we knew

but we knew what we could taste.
Girls found honey to drench our hands.
Men cut marble to mark our graves.
Said we'll need something to remind us of
all the sweetness that has passed through us
(fresh sangria and lemon tea).
The priests dressed children for a choir
(white-robed small voices praise Him)
but found no joy in what was sung.
The funeral had begun

in the middle of the day
when you drive home to your place
from that job that makes you sleep
back to the thoughts that keep you awake

long after night has come to claim
any light that still remains
in the corner of the frame
that you put around her face.

Two pills just weren't enough.
The alarm clock's going off
but you're not waking up.
This isn't happening, happening, happening,
happening, happening. It is.