

# Bright Eyes, The City Has Sex

the city has sex with itself i suppose  
as the concrete collides, the scenery grows  
and the lonely once bandaged lay fully exposed  
having undressed their wounds for each other  
and there is a boy in a basement with a four track machine  
he's been strumming and screaming all night, down there  
the tape hiss will cover the words that he sings  
but then they say it's better to bury your sadness  
in a graveyard or garden that waits for the spring to awake from its sleep  
and burst into green  
and i've cried and you would think i would better for it  
but the sadness just sleeps and it stays in your spine  
for the rest of my life  
and i've learned and you'd think i'd be something more now,  
but it just goes to show it is not what you know  
its what you were thinking at the time.  
this feeling's familiar, i've been here before  
in a kitchen this quiet i waited for a sign or just something  
that might reassure me of anything close to meaning or motion  
(with a reason to move)  
i need something i want to be close to  
and i scream, but i still don't know why i do it  
because the sound never stays it just swells and decays  
so what is the point?  
why try to fight what is now so certain?  
the truth is all that i am is a passing event that will be forgotten.