

Bright Eyes, The Difference In The Shades

now that its june, we'll sleep out in the garden
and if it rains, we'll just sink in to the mud
where it is quiet and much cooler than the house is
and there is no clocks or phones to wake us up
because i have learned that nothing is as pressing
as the one who is pressing would like you to believe
and i am content to walk a little slower
because there is nowhere that i really need to be
i find that life is easier when it is just a blur
with no details to confuse who or what or where i was
so when the ending comes the full regret will seem obscure
but these are days we dream about when the sunlight paints us gold
and this apartment could not be prettier as when we danced up there alone
this tv is old, the color is fucked, do you see the
difference in the shades?
but the green is still close to green, my love
and i believe we are the same
and we'll stay like this, all gold and green
the light collects and projects your heart on a movie screen
and if you close your eyes
we will always be the way we were that night
you crawled inside of me
and you slept in my blood the way you sleep now
the quietest hush has consumed this house
and when the doctors are gone and you sweat through the bed
with all these pictures and pills they piled around your head
just rest now, and in a moment you will know everything
was it just a dream?
it's too vague now to recount.
and outline of the one you loved in a life that was not longer will be stands
above you as you sleep.