

# 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.