

# Bright Eyes, Touch

touch, lying on the floor  
wishing this could last  
but knowing that it can't  
and soon you will leave  
and i will be on the floor,  
watching the tv, trying hard to find a reason to move  
i'm frozen in one place, staring at the screen  
listening to the rain falling on the street  
some days go on too long  
and no one can hang out tonight  
here, where the carpet is cool and soft,  
underneath the clock i feel my weary heart is put to rest  
you gather around your friends  
the connection that you feel when the night has not yet died  
you are new with a promise of a love  
you will probably never find  
and touch that you can really feel  
the brokenness inside as hope and less collide  
now nothing is real  
(you are new and near now to someone you used to love  
when you were young; when all was gold and you two touched  
and felt the flutter underneath your skin. you stood in glowing rooms,  
the light dripping from both of you.  
and nothing since has felt as radiant or real.)  
and there is nothing more i want than just one night  
that's free of doubt and sadness  
one night that i can really feel.