

# Bright Eyes, Untitled (Lovers Turn Into Monsters)

Lovers turn into monsters at the loss of all affection  
Almost like it was the affection that kept them from being monsters  
And I could have used some warning  
I was on that porch all morning  
Smoking cigarettes and sinking deeper into doubt

Could it be I am mistaken, have I stolen somebody's baby?  
Is it possible for two people to need the same thing?

It's just the lines, they get so blurry  
Between what is once, and now required  
And I don't know on which side his heart falls  
But I know where mine is buried  
And it's so far from any wanting  
Yeah, it needs this to keep beating  
It won't go on without it

If I'm still weighed down with subtleties  
Then I'll just come right out and say  
That I think that I deserve her  
More than anyone deserves anything  
Maybe I am selfish, but there is no way to share this  
There's not enough to go around, I don't care who else gets hurt

But I'm still sick with empathy because I was stood in his place  
I spent a year quietly dying while he let go and ignored her  
And I'm sure that there are reasons for everything that happens  
And absence leads to adoration, yeah it's nobody's fault

But now there is no way to change this  
So I just photographed and framed it  
And it's hanging in a hallway  
That we have no right to walk back down

But I hope that he feels better but I'm sick of all the drama  
I can't stand to see her crying, I just want this shit to end  
And I want a place to hang out where record players play out  
And there's a thousand movies rented for a thousand nights with her