

## A Celebration Upon Completion

Bright Eyes

My grandfather's name was Moon  
Because his eyes were bright and round  
No amount of time or liquor could dull them

My grandmother's name was Joy  
Because it spilled out of her heart  
And bathed her precious children in its warmth

And there was happiness in life  
Beyond the sorrow and the pain  
But how they ever found it I cannot explain

I guess time has a way of making everything alright  
It's just there is not enough of it  
And so we drink and we sing and we celebrate this lie  
And hope that it will last, morning is here night has passed

My grandfather was a doctor  
He cured the sick with his kind hands  
And he taught me how to sail and how to find dry land

My grandmother was all sweetness  
And when she spoke we all heard bells and  
They ran in such a way that we were comforted

And they held on to each other with all the strength they had  
And they loved with devotion beyond what I understand  
But fear has a way of making sleep unbearable  
And the days seem dark and long

But we cry and we dance  
And we stumble into love an awkward perfect grace  
The moon is gone and the sun has took its place  
The moon is gone and the sun has took its place