

Approximate Sunlight

Bright Eyes

I used to dream of time machines
Now it's been said we're post-everything
As a child imagining
Neck ties and Coast lines
I seen the show man, what a sight
Drenched us in approximated sunlight
The crowd was small and mostly blind
But kind, you're too kind

Now you are how you were when you were real
Now you are how you were when you were real

There you go again on that circular trip
Lick the solar plexus of some L.A. shaman
I'm out of breath I'd better sit
Been living, hard living

All I do is follow you around

I wouldn't waste another thought
On what is fair and what is not
The quinceañera dress she bought
Was unstitched with bullets
All the guests in the garden screamed
Women and tires squealing
Such opulence, such misery Unwinding, unwinding

All I do is follow you around
All I do is follow you around
Now you are how you were when you were real