

## Bowl of Oranges

Bright Eyes

The rain, it started tappin' on the window near my bed  
There was a loophole in my dreamin', so I got out of it  
And to my surprise my eyes were wide and already open  
Just my nightstand and my dresser where those nightmares had ju  
st been

So I dressed myself and left then, out into the gray streets  
But everything seemed different and completely new to me  
The sky, the trees, houses, buildings, even my own body  
And each person I encountered, I couldn't wait to meet

And I came upon a doctor who appeared in quite poor health  
I said, "There is nothing that I can do for you, you can do for  
yourself"  
He said "Oh yes you can, just hold my hand, I think that would  
help"

So I sat with him a while then I asked him how he felt  
He said, "I think I'm cured, in fact I'm sure"  
Thank you stranger, "For your therapeutic smile"

So that's how I learned the lesson that everyone is alone  
And your eyes must do some rainin' if you are ever gonna grow  
When cryin' don't help you can't compose yourself  
It's best to compose a poem, an honest verse of longing  
Or simple song of hope

That's why I'm singin', baby don't worry, 'cause now I got your  
back  
And every time you feel like cryin', I'm gonna try and make you  
laugh  
And if I can't, if it just hurts too bad, then we will wait for  
it to pass  
And I will keep you company through those days so long and blac  
k

And we'll keep working on the problem we know we'll never solve  
Of Love's uneven remainders, our lives are fractions of a whole  
But if the world could remain within a frame like a painting on  
a wall

Then I think we would see the beauty then, we would stand stari  
ng in awe  
At our still lives posed like a bowl of oranges  
Like a story told by the fault lines and the soil