

## Classic Cars

### Bright Eyes

She was a real royal lady, true patron of the arts  
Said the best country singers die in the back of classic cars  
So if I ever got too hungry for a suitcase or guitar  
To think of them, all alone in the dark

So I laid some nights beside her in a bed made for a queen  
She said I kissed her different, that all the men her age were mean  
Gave me anything I wanted, oh, the generosity  
I took all that I could, it was free

Now the sky is a torn up denim and the clouds just splattered paint  
It's a room I'm renovating, it's a name I got to change  
If I get out of California, I'm going back to my home state  
To tell them all that I made a mistake

And I keep looking for that blindfold faith, lighting candles to  
o a cynical saint  
Who wants the last laugh at the fly trapped in the windowsill to  
ape  
You can go right out your mind trying to escape  
From the panicked paradox of day to day  
If you can't understand something, then it's best to be afraid

The whole world, it loves you if you are a chic chameleon  
Intersecting circles, she could hang with anyone  
But when conducting business, she would lie about where she's from  
Saying, "Life is how it is, not how it was"

I learned to listen, felt like I was back at school  
She'd talk forever about the phases of the moon  
Saying, "Everything's a cycle, you've got to let it come to you  
And when it does, you will know what to do"

Without even knowing, I guess I took up her advice  
Painted her front door, it seemed a suitable goodbye  
It's not that often but I think of her sometimes  
Just something quaint, a couple ships in the night

And they keep moving at a glacial pace, turning circles in a memory maze  
I made a new cast of the death mask that's gonna cover my face  
I had to change the combination to the safe  
Hide it all behind a wall, let people wait  
And never trust a heart that's so bent, it can't break