

I Will Be Grateful for This Day

Bright Eyes

I had girl I knew she grew became a woman
now I think that she teaches at one of the schools downtown,
we used to roll the windows down
and play the music loud
smoking out in her car
Lost in west Omaha,
and we'd get drunk and kiss
our bodies twist like shoe laces.
And we never came untied;
I guess you were just my type.
You know that summer never stopped.
I still pretend I'm there.
Bands in the living room,
neighbors ain't never cared.
So when I sat behind the drum set.
Your heartbeat's what I tried to play.
With kick and snares so careless not in time.
So you got ahead of me.
And I guess I'm still dragging behind.

I had a friend who changed his name
but couldn't change himself.
Never quite figured out
how to do with what life had dealt.
He put a needle in his arm
to calm his handsome hell.
who would have imagined it?
Could've worked out so well.
Now he's a shape that moves
like echoes through my empty room.
And there's a voice that speaks
like someone's right behind me.
I turned around and found
exactly what you would expect.
Clothes I left on my floor.
The papers piled on my desk.
But where the ink is
where the cause effect what's meant by it
the story is incomplete.
The pictures' left unfinished.
So I am writing my own ending.
I'll let my pen bleed black or blue.
And I will color in the meaning.
It will be gold and green and true.
And I'll learn to love my new discovered proof.
I'll be grateful for this day.
I will be grateful for each day to come.