

## The City Has Sex

Bright Eyes

The city has sex with itself I suppose  
As the concrete collides well, the scenery grows  
And the lonely once bandaged lay fully exposed  
They undressed their wounds for each other  
And there is a boy in a basement with a four track machine  
He's been strumming and screaming all night down there  
The tape hiss will cover the words that he sings  
They say it's better to bury your sadness  
In a graveyard or garden that waits for the spring  
To awake from its sleep and burst into green

Well, I cried  
And you would think I would better for it  
But the sadness just sleeps and it stays in my spine  
For the rest of my life

And I've learned  
And you'd think I'd be somethin' more now  
But it just goes to show it is not what you know  
It's what you were thinking of half the time

This feeling's familiar  
I've been here before  
In a kitchen this quiet, I waited for  
A sign of just something that might reassure me of anything close  
To meaning or motion with reasons to move  
I need something I want to be close to  
And I scream but I still don't know why I do it  
Because the sound never stays it just swells and decays  
So what is the point?

Why try to fight what is now so certain?  
The truth is all that is a passing event that will be forgotten