

# The Vanishing Act

Bright Eyes

Were you surprised that we never spoke?  
Then in the still of the night when nothing stirs  
I woke and I gathered up some clothes  
I never planned on this but it's the way it goes

And now it all seems so familiar like pages turned on calendars  
We get the same twelve months to fuck things up-year after year  
And I can't believe how down I am like the well I'm being lowered in  
Now water stops, the bucket drops us farther and farther down  
Farther and farther down

Well, I guess that you never knew me  
Or at least not well enough  
So I fill my gut with the dark red wine  
Until my brain shuts off and my eyes go blind

You won't see me there in that thick black air, yeah  
I'll finally make something disappear  
'Cause I've been practicing disappearing  
And I think that I've got it down

Now there is no sun it's just a cellar  
Nowhere is sky it's just that black, black dirt  
Now there is no sun it's just a cellar  
Nowhere is sky it's just that black, black dirt

Expanding outwards just echoes for answers  
Not that it matters if its back or its forwards  
Unhappy lovers with baskets of flowers  
Use them as markers

The place where your bed once stood  
A time when it still felt good  
But you'll get that feeling back  
You just need sometime to think

Into out of the hell, getting straight in your mind  
But you calculate cause, let me take some time  
But I'm sure you get to feelin' better  
And I just need some time to drink

So I'll fill my gut with that blood red wine  
Until my insides swim and my veins unwind  
I'll be lying there in that hot white air  
Once that something's gone it might never reappear

It might never reappear  
It might never reappear  
It might never reappear