

Touch

Bright Eyes

Touch, lying on the floor, wishing this could last
Knowing that it can't, and soon you will leave
And I'll be on the floor, watching the TV
Trying hard to find a reason to move
I'm frozen in one place, staring at the screen
Listening to the rain falling on the street

Some days go on too long
So no, no one can hang out tonight

Here, where the carpet is cool and soft
Underneath the clock, I feel my weary heart is put to rest
You gather around your friends, the connection that you feel
When the night has not yet died, you are new
With a promise of a love, and you'll probably never find
And touch that you can really feel

The brokenness inside, ...
And nothing is real
And there is nothing more I want than just one night
That's free of doubt and sadness
One night, that I can really feel