

Eurydice

The Pains of Being Pure At Heart

Out of my sight, but not out of mind
You had to leave the living behind,
and I couldn't see

So I shut my eyes and dreamt you were here
or dreamt I was there in hell or thin air,
and I wouldn't leave

Eurydice, I never stop losing you

I turned cold in September air
I wanted to follow you anywhere,
but you weren't anywhere I could go

To the end of the street where you lived,
hit the door and walk right in,
see your eyes like the sky again,
hear you laugh at the strangest thing

In the summer rain alone I cried
I couldn't stand to think heaven was a lie