

A Song to Pass the Time

Bright Eyes

There is a middle-aged woman dragging her feet
She carries baskets of clothes to a laundromat
While the Mexican children kick rocks into the street
And they laugh in a language I don't understand

But I love them
Why do I love them?
So the neighborhood is dimming as I smoke on the porch
And watch the people as they pass enclosed inside their cars

And on their faces, just anger or disappointment
I start wishing there was something I could offer them
A consolation, what could I offer them?
When they are sad in their suburbs, robots water the lawn

And everything they touch gets dusted spotless
So they start to believe that they haven't touched anything at all
While the cars in the driveway only multiply
They are lost in their houses

I have heard them sing in the shower and making speeches to their sister on
the telephone
Saying, "You come home
Darling, you come here
Don't stay so far away from me"

This weather has me wanting love more tangible
Something I can hold because it's getting cold
So let's hold up our fists to the flame in the sky
To block out the light that is reaching for our eyes

Because it would blind us
It will blind us
Now I have locked my actions in the grooves of routine
So I may never be free of this apathy

But I wait for a letter that is coming to me
She sends me pictures of the ocean in an envelope
So there still is hope
Yes, I can be healed

There is someone looking for what I concealed
In my secret drawer, in my pockets deep
You will find the reasons that I can't sleep
And you will still want me

But will you still want me?
Well, I say come for the week
You can sleep in my bed
And then pass through my life like a dream through my head

It will be easy
I will make it easy
But all I have for the moment is a song to pass the time
A melody to keep me from worrying

Oh, some simple progression to keep my fingers busy

And some words that are sure to come back to me
And they will be laughing
My mediocrity

My mediocrity