

## Make War

## Bright Eyes

Our love is dead but without limit,  
like the surface of the moon  
or the land between here and the mountains.  
Well, it is not these hiding places  
that have kept us innocent  
but the way you taught me to just let it all go by.  
And so we've learned to be as faithless,  
stand behind bulletproof glass,  
exchanging our affections through a drawer.  
And it was always horribly convenient  
and happening too fast.  
You should count your change before you're even out the door.  
Yes, you should but please...

Return, return to the person that you were.  
And I will do the same  
cause it is too hard to belong to someone who is gone.  
My compass spins. The wilderness remains.

Once too often, I have retreated  
into the depths of my despair.  
I built a barricade to block you on the road.  
But standing there with all of my possessions,  
piled higher than a house,  
I felt closer to you than you ever would have known.  
So let these tiny acts of charity  
become common ground of which to build  
a monument to commemorate our time.  
And though, you say, you've found another  
who will surely speed you on your way,  
don't let the forest grow over that path you came there by.  
But you will, so...

So hurry up and run to the one that you love.  
And blind him with your kindness.  
And he'll make war, old war, on who you were before.  
And he'll claim all that has spoiled in your heart.

Well, now, I tell myself I've mended  
under these patches of blue sky.  
There are still a few holes that let in a little rain.  
And so it is crying on my shingles.  
My floorboards moan under my feet.  
The refrigerator is whining, so I've got reason to complain.  
But I am not gonna bless you with such compliments,  
some degrading psalm of praise,  
like the kind that converted you to me so long ago.  
Because the truth is that gossip's  
as good as gospel in this town.  
You can save face but you won't ever save your soul.  
And that's a fact.

So hurry up and run to the one that you love.  
And tie him up in you likeness,  
And he'll become, become the prisoner I was.  
And know all that has spoiled in your heart.  
And know all that has spoiled in your heart.

So hurry up and run to the one that you love.  
And blind him with your kindness.  
And he'll make war, old war, on who you were before.  
And he'll claim all that has spoiled in your heart.  
Yeah, he'll claim all that has spoiled in your heart.

(So hurry up and run to the one that you love.  
And blind him with your kindness.  
And he'll make war, old war, on who you were before.  
And he'll claim all that has spoiled in your heart.  
Yeah, he'll claim all that has spoiled...)