

Forgotten Eyes

Big Thief

Forgotten eyes are the ones which we lose
Forgotten hands are the ones which we choose
To let go of, but it is no less a bruise
On the collective arm, keepin' us hangin' on

Forgotten dance is the one left at birth
Forgotten plants in the fossils of earth
And they've long passed, but they are no less the dirt
Of becoming soil, keepin' us dry and warm

The wound has no direction
Everybody needs a home and deserves protection, hmm-mm

Haul away on any street, no sirens to hear
Just trash and soiled needles, clawing the veneer
And no crying, but it is no less a tear
On the common cheek with which we smile

Haul away on any, is it they or is it I?
Is it me who is more hollow as I'm quickly passing by?
And the poison is killing them, but then so am I, as I turn away

The wound has no direction
Everybody needs a home and deserves protection, hmm-mm

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