

## Approximate Sunlight

Bright Eyes

I used to dream of time machines  
Now it's been said we're post-everything  
As a child imagining  
Neck ties and Coast lines  
I seen the show man, what a sight  
Drenched us in approximated sunlight  
The crowd was small and mostly blind  
But kind, you're too kind

Now you are how you were when you were real  
Now you are how you were when you were real

There you go again on that circular trip  
Lick the solar plexus of some L.A. shaman  
I'm out of breath I'd better sit  
Been living, hard living

All I do is follow you around

I wouldn't waste another thought  
On what is fair and what is not  
The quinceañera dress she bought  
Was unstitched with bullets  
All the guests in the garden screamed  
Women and tires squealing  
Such opulence, such misery Unwinding, unwinding

All I do is follow you around  
All I do is follow you around  
Now you are how you were when you were real