

# Bright Lost Things

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Driving your car down Madison Avenue  
Yellow street light, trash cans green and blue  
Just off Broadway a siren starts singing songs

You're trying hard to keep it tight  
But the memory of a past life  
Keeps on pushing through  
And now when you sleep you dream  
Of bright little lost things  
You left behind you

You don't want them back  
You just like the feeling that you get when you remember

Falling in and out of love, late nights in the summer  
Baseballs in gloves, grass stains on your knees  
Kissing in the rain in a Galaxie 500  
Sneaking up the stairs while your parents are asleep  
Then bodies in beds with names you can't remember  
The streets at 2AM after closing down the bar  
The way the day breaks from a rooftop in Brooklyn  
Is the way the heart aches to know and to be known

I want to stay here for a while  
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