

# Bright Eyes - An Attempt To Tip The Scales

Tom: C

Did you expect it all to stop  
at the wave of your hand?

Like the sun is just going to drop  
if it's night you demand.

Well, in the dark we are just air  
so the house might dissolve.

But once we are gone, who is gonna care  
if we were ever here at all?

Well, summer is going to come  
and it's gonna cloud our eyes again.  
There is not need to focus  
when there is nothing that it worth seeing.

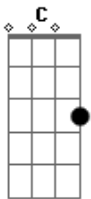
So we trade liquor for blood  
in an attempt to tip the scales.  
I think you lost what you loved  
in that mess of details.

They seemed so important at the time  
but now you can't even recall  
any of the names, faces, or lines.  
It is more the feeling of it all.

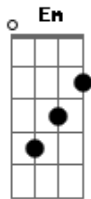
Well, winter is going to end and  
I'm going to clean these veins again.  
So close to dying that I finally can  
start living.

C Em F G

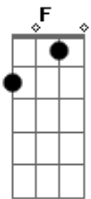
## Acordes



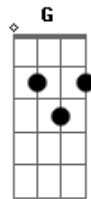
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