

**A Scale A Mirror And Those Indifferent Clocks
Bright Eyes**

C#

Here is a scale, weigh it out and you will find easily

Fm

More than sufficient doubt that these colors you see

Bbm

Were picked in advance by some careful hand

F#

G#

With an absolute concept of beauty

C#

They are smeared and these blurs come in random order

Fm

To color the eyes of your former lovers

Bbm

Hers were green like July except when she cried

F#

G#

They were red

C#

Now I know a disease that these doctors can't treat

Fm

You contract it the day you accept all you see

Bbm

Is a mirror and a mirror is all it can be

F#

G#

A reflection of something we're missing

C#

And language just happened, it was never planned

Fm

And it's inadequate to describe where I am

Bbm

In the room of my house where the light has never been

F#

G#

Waiting for this day to end

F#

G#

And these clocks keep unwinding and completely ignore

Fm

Bbm

Everything that we hate or adore

F#

G#

Once the page of a calendar is turned it's no more

Fm

Bbm

So tell me then, what was it for?

F#

G#

C#

Oh tell me, what was it for?