

**An Attempt To Tip The Scales
Bright Eyes**

C **Em**
Did you expect it all to stop
F **G**
at the wave of your hand?

C **Em**
Like the sun is just going to drop
F **G**
if it s night you demand.

C **Em**
Well, in the dark we are just air
F **G**
so the house might dissolve.

C **Em**
But once we are gone, who is gonna care
F **G**
if we were ever here at all?

F
Well, summer is going to come
G **Em**
and it s gonna cloud our eyes again.

There is not need to focus
F **G**
when there is nothing that it worth seeing.

C **Em**
So we trade liquor for blood
F **G**
in an attempt to tip the scales.

C **Em**
I think you lost what you loved
F **G**
in that mess of details.

C **Em**
They seemed so important at the time
F **G**
but now you can t even recall

C **Em**
any of the names, faces, or lines.

F **G**
It is more the feeling of it all.

F

Well, winter is going to end and

G

Em

I m going to clean these veins again.

F

So close to dying that I finally can

G

start living.

C Em F G