Red Lights

Brian Fallon

In all good faith and sentiment
I can't believe somehow
That I haven't died of grief or something
Since you left this town
I'm all undecorated, cigarettes
And standard white apartment walls

At 3 AM and 4 AM
It's impossible to sleep
I'd do anything to hold you
And feel you next to me
But I'm all sore eyes and beasts
At my back door, pulling out their claws

So yes I will take those
Whatever else they give me
If it stops the nightmares
It probably wonâ€™t kill me
And if I slow it down Iâ€™ll end up on one of my accusers' knives
So I only stop to tell her that I love her at the red lights

And all in all, I'm wrecked you see
From years of piping down
And piping up about the things
That never mattered anyhow
When you change too much you lose yourself
And sometimes you just can't get them back

And you might be an angel or devil I donâ€™t know
But if in fact you are now love
Well Iâ€™ve been there before
Iâ€™ve fallen on my face
And Iâ€™ve been burned so near to death I probably wonâ€™t live through it
Anyhow

So yes I will take those
Whatever else they give me
If it stops the nightmares
It probably wonâ€™t kill me
And if I slow it down Iâ€™ll end up on one of my accusers' knives

So I only stop to tell her that I love her at the red lights

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