

# Soul Singer in a Session Band

## Bright Eyes

See the soul singer in the session band  
Shredded to ribbons beneath a microphone stand  
Felt the quickness of pity like a flash in a pan  
For the soul singer in the session band A red carpet bagger makes a blackberry call  
To the plastic piranhas in the city of salt  
Wasted wheat paste campaign, post no bills on the wall  
You mean nothing to no one but that's nobody's fault See the soul singer in the session band  
Shredded to ribbons beneath a microphone stand  
Felt the quickness of pity like a flash in a pan  
For the soul singer in the session band I had a lengthy discussion about the power of myth  
With a post-modern author who didn't exist  
In this fictitious world, all reality twists  
I was a hopeless romantic, now I'm just turning tricks Just like that soul singer in the session band  
Shredded confetti beneath a microphone stand  
Saw the conflict of interest slipping cash in the hand  
Of the soul singer in the session band Now his room is on fire since he painted it red  
There are a stranger's silk sequins at the foot of the bed  
He's been to weddings and funerals but he still never wept  
Now sorrow is pleasure when you want it instead Just like that soul singer in the session band  
Wailed like an infant atop a white baby grand  
We'll need every sandbag and every man  
To save the soul singer in the session band Headlights or taillights, it's a flip of a coin  
I've been coming and going since the day I was born  
And I followed the breadcrumbs but I never got home  
I grew old in an instant, now I am all on my own See the soul singer in the session band  
Shredded to nothing beneath the microphone stand  
Saw the wave of the future through the crack in the dam  
Drowned the soul singer in the session band  
Bless the soul singer in the session band

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