# 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 bandA 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 faultSee 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 bandI 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 tricksJust 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 bandNow 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 insteadJust 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 bandHeadlights 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 ownSee 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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