8MM

Sony Pictures

You'll never see me posing for a photo
The flashbulbs got me washed out
Digital stills, everyone looking like a criminal
Nose a little crooked
I hate my voice on playback
But the kids in this city stay strapped
Like every moment is a moment
Hold it up with itchy trigger digits
Gunslinger, one finger
No consequence to figure with it
You shoot enough odds are, you're going to catch a kill
And ammo is unlimited
Now that no one?s copping film
In the blue light of the bar
We were looking like some movie stars
Beautiful and out of place
Hair falling around your face
The memories weak, it carries weight like a dream
Any imperfections more like variations on a theme
My mind's eye?s film is special ordered out of state
Only shoot what you need
No edits, just the tape
The projector flashes like a whole life
Reel to reel
Watch it wind
The only way to match the pictures of my mind

8 mm no sound
And if you didn't know then, you know now

And I was like "Hey, no rush"
The sun?s hiding like a thief on the Atlantic
The early shifters and the late drinkers are up
Shuffling down Bushwick like they're tired and out of practice
Headline screams "Criminal"
Papers read like a rap sheet
In the big brick cage there's plenty of shade for a black sheep
Hands together
Waiting for something sacred

Like pigeons ain't much for a mascot, but fuck it, we?ll take it
Sleeping on a bench Kentucky bourbon on his breath
Til the voices in his head are staying quiet
This ain't no midnight train to Georgia
No Johnny Cash
No Porter
But tonight the thunder on the tracks is silent
Paint the scene in grainy mariachi
Heroin and silver
Nobody stays places like this
They only pass through
And the light out the tunnel
Makes everything looks like it?s washed away
And everything looks brand new

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Lyrics submitted by Bjarni.

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