## 8<sub>m</sub>m

## **Yann Tiersen**

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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