

Real Nighttime

Game Theory

Pull back the credit we take for breaking through
To the moment before we really knew
Take off the jackets and shirts and see some skin
Feel a chill of the air we were born in
Before the debate came in
The rewards are great for those who can stay
Would you all push me offside
Force me to hide from the sun?
Look at the oneupmanship that gets you through
And you'll see that one put down is you
Shine the harsh light on the faults of those you know
And you'll find it's so bright your eyes stay closed
You better get on the first bus home
What makes it okay? So tempting to stay
Would you all turn me aside
Force me to hide from the sun
If I should run when real nighttime comes?
If I should look down off my ledge
Pare down the man who can order someone dead
To the boy who can't take the sight of red
Show the landlady who throws her weight around
As the girl who won't walk alone downtown
And you'll see it's a long way down
My bed in my room, I need some sleep
Would it be so much to ask
To please leave out of the fun?
'Cause I'm not the one
If I should run when real nighttime comes
If I should look down off my ledge
Now I don't want anything I can't afford
Just a letter from home and a lock on the door

Songwriters

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