

# Beady Eyes On the Horizon

## Jukebox the Ghost

There's a dead man hanging, slumped over a steering wheel, of an interstate runaway bursting into flame.  
And the Devil was gently breathing, sleeping face down in my apartment, and like all his friends i'm growing  
tired of his games.  
And there's a homeless man, arranging his hands,scrubbing to the beat radiating from a police scanner, he said  
the air was feeling good to me, as cool and right as air could be.  
And a woman who sincerely believes in UFOs, who could blame her when the stars are hanging overhead,  
dangled by a thread,floating 10,000 feet off the ground.

This was the story told to me,  
when i was just the age of 17,  
one which God himself dictated to me,  
he said this is how all the shits gonna be,  
when i blow your little planet into smithereens, (smithereens)  
blow your little planet into smithereens.  
It haunted my dreams,  
like an accident on replay on, the TV screen.

She sees faces in her dreams, strange machines she'd never seen.  
Blueprints of submarines to re-assemble in a time of dire need. (dire need)  
And there are preachers in the desert, waving to the crowd, dictating seven angry letters,from a man up in the  
clouds.  
And there where 27 soldiers, telling 27 lies.  
in a whole inside a hurricane, with- (Refrain)

'Refrain'  
-a pair of beady eyes,  
a pair of beady eyes, looking down,  
onto the pavement while the stars are gathered round,  
because they all wanna front seat,  
when shit starts going down,  
because the sun is just a,  
supernova turned the other way around.

(interlude)

There were strangers in the subway and men in limousines,making deals and swapping photographs of cans of  
gasoline,  
There are no angles in the wood work, or devils in the ground,  
Their looking through a hurricanes tectonic wall of sound,  
And a man who smokes a cigarette the other way around, she's looking in behind him from inside a wall of

sound, and she is dancing with the neon cause, the air is feeling good, against her arms and legs and fingertips  
are measuring the distance, and spaces in between,  
Me and you and all your friends, there's no time to load a weapon, no time to make amends, and people frozen  
in their tracks, they're staring at the sky, at a whole inside a hurricane, revealing- (Refrain)

This is not a test, this is the real thing.

This is not a test, this is the real thing.

---

Lyrics submitted by Christine.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>