8mm

Nightshade

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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