

Middleman

Bright Eyes

I traveled through the atmosphere as a wall of feedback climbed
The pegs were gold, the band was old, they played in half time
Now every dream gets whittled down just like every fool gets wise
'Cause you never reap of any seed deprived of sunlight So I have become the middleman, the gray areas are mine
The in-between, the absentee is a beautiful disguise So I keep my footlights shining bright, just like I keep my
exits wide
'Cause I never know when it's time to go, it's too crowded now inside
The dead can hide beneath the ground and the birds can always fly
But the rest of us do what we must in constant compromise So I have become the middleman, the gray areas are
fine
The 'I don't know', the 'Maybe so', is the only real
Is the only true, is the only real reply

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