

Headlights

New Model Army

Lit up like a Christmas tree, the oil refinery glows in the night;
and down by the shoreline the seagulls fly white, against the black.
The great moon riding shotgun - rolling out across the veil of clouds,
and you were small, and lying awake listening to the noises in the house.

With the best of them you ran, like all of us, in our season
Casting memory aside - your history, all forgotten;
driven onwards through the years in love with each distraction.

But all the while, the past is close behind;
like headlights on your tail, headlights on your tail. Your pulse is beating faster now, like a bird flying hard
against the wind;

trying to understand all the crazed compulsions that you feel.
And all the little jealousies and betrayals, they echo in the dark;
and somewhere back through it all, the key is still turning in the lock.
Now the ghosts that you have laid, they all come out to greet you;
the knowledge that you've gained - well, none of this protects you.

You've been so very far, still peace will not embrace you,
for all the while the past is close behind.

Like headlights on your tail, headlights on your tail.

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