

Soul Singer in a Session Band

Bright Eyes

See the soul singer in the session band
Shredded to ribbons beneath a microphone stand
Felt the quickness of pity like a flash in a pan
For the soul singer in the session band A red carpet bagger makes a Blackberry call
To the plastic piranhas in the city of salt
Wasted wheat paste campaign post no bills on the wall
You mean nothing to no one but that is nobody's fault See the soul singer in the session band
Shredded to ribbons beneath a microphone stand
Felt the quickness of pity like a flash in a pan
For the soul singer in the session band I had a lengthy discussion about The Power of Myth
With a post-modern author who didn't exist
In this fictitious world all reality twists
I was a hopeless romantic, now I'm just turning tricks Just like that soul singer in the session band
Shredded confetti beneath a microphone stand
Saw the Conflict of Interest slipping cash in the hand
For the soul singer in the session band His room is on fire since he painted it red
There are a stranger's silk sequins at the foot of the bed
He has been weddings and funerals but still never wept
Now sorrow is pleasure when you want it instead Just like the soul singer in the session band
Wailed like an infant atop a white baby grand
We'll need every sand bag and every man
To save the soul singer in the session band Headlights or taillights, it's a flip of a coin
I have been coming and going since the day I was born
And I followed the breadcrumbs but I never got home
I grew old in an instant, now I am all on my own Just like that soul singer in the session band
Shredded to nothing beneath a microphone stand
Saw the wave of the future through the crack in the dam
Drown the soul singer in the session band
Bless the soul singer in the session band

Songwriters

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