

# 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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