Here In the Deadlights

Brendan Benson

Crank it up for me.
Better open your eyes.
Uncover your ears.
You might notice something.
Because of all of your lies
over your years.
You've been missing something.
You've been missing something.
Lost forever.
Gone for good.
And there's nothing you can do.
It comes together
as it should.
And in the end it's only you
standing alone.
Taking it in.
Not sure how to end or how to begin.
Here in the deadlights
there's so many hands
reaching out to touch you.
Here in the deadlights
in No Man's Land
stretches out before you.
When the feeling goes away
and you're left with nothing.
Everything you think to say
doesn't matter anymore.
Nothing matters anymore.
In a stale and musty room
when your old and no one cares.
Underneath fluorescent plume
only cold and hopeless stares.
All an allusion, all of the time.
Everything perfectly all in a line.
Here in the deadlights
there's so many hands
reaching out to touch you.
Here in the deadlights
in No Man's Land

stretches out before you.
And I huff and I puff
at the ash and the soot.
And my head and my crook
are dead wood that I took.
And the way that she shook
if you like by the book
take a knife, take a bite
and I could and I might.
If only to spite.
If only to spite.
If only to spite.
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