

The Lottery

Afghan Whigs

Let it be light, baby
Where there's none
Memories bite, baby
Never done

I control, collect, collide
Come in slow, that's alright
Let it be night, baby
Come undone now

Let it be night, lady
Watch them run
The enemy lies waiting
For the sun

I control, collect, collide
To let go is to bet your life
Let it be light, baby
Till there's none

The lottery, the ritual
The consequence, the criminal
Come back to me, I've been them all

Come bedtime, come bad times

Let it be night and then I'm born again
Remedy disguise the poison pen
You let her slip out of the tourniquet again

The lottery, still waiting for the show
A part of me can't let it go
I'll fade to black, a parable
Incognizant, incomparable

And now we've reached the end
One for now
One for always
One for me
One for yourself

I'm ready
I'm ready
Ready