

# 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.  
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.

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.