

## Red Lights

Brian Fallon

In all good faith and sentiment  
I can't believe somehow  
That I haven't died of grief or something  
Since you left this town  
I'm all undecorated, cigarettes  
And standard white apartment walls

At 3 AM and 4 AM  
It's impossible to sleep  
I'd do anything to hold you  
And feel you next to me  
But I'm all sore eyes and beasts  
At my back door, pulling out their claws

So yes I will take those  
Whatever else they give me  
If it stops the nightmares  
It probably won't kill me  
And if I slow it down I'll end up on one of my accusers' knives  
So I only stop to tell her that I love her at the red lights

And all in all, I'm wrecked you see  
From years of piping down  
And piping up about the things  
That never mattered anyhow  
When you change too much you lose yourself  
And sometimes you just can't get them back

And you might be an angel or devil I don't know  
But in fact you are now love  
Well I've been there before  
I've fallen on my face  
And I've been burned so near to death I probably won't live through it  
Anyhow

So yes I will take those  
Whatever else they give me  
If it stops the nightmares  
It probably won't kill me  
And if I slow it down I'll end up on one of my accusers' knives  
So I only stop to tell her that I love her at the red lights