

# Happy Lights

Hamilton Leithauser

Oh, these happy lights  
These crappy lights  
An amber, red, and tangerine  
Across the dash tonight  
Yeah, I came so far  
I kept a sickening speed  
I burned all my friends  
And all my gasoline  
These happy lights

Well, my simpleness is killing me  
Tonight, it's really dragged me out  
With the patience of a lunatic  
The vision of an owl  
This night has lit up like a slot machine  
Like a Christmas tree  
I burned, I burned all my friends  
And I burned all my weed

Just stuck in this summer night  
Just burning my blue flame bright  
And you know I'm doing just fine  
But tell Mama I might not make it home tonight

Stuck in this summer night  
Stuck with these happy lights  
But I might keep bawling till I'm dry  
And I might not make it home tonight  
Yeah, I might not make it