

## **Blindside**

# **"Pretty Nights"**

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Pace is picking up  
Tempo changing slowly gradually hardly noticeable  
One beat per minute becomes two and two makes four  
Now where is that door

To reality check me out and in and out of this motel  
rooms  
It's unbelievable is this retrievable  
I think I better leave

Pretty nights flashing photo lights  
I feel all right as long as smiles are shining bright  
What a game what a night  
I feel all right I said  
Pretty nights pretty nights but got nothing to say

Who touched the volume knob  
Has it always been this loud  
Allowed it to go from one  
Does this one go to eleven  
I think I better leave

Nothing is silent except the thoughts in my head  
And all those words have been said  
Feels unbelievable are they retrievable

Because all I do is scream to overpower this noise

Pretty nights flashing photo lights  
I feel all right as long as smiles are shining bright  
What a game what a night  
I feel all right I said  
Pretty nights pretty nights but got nothing to say

Pace is picking up tempo changing the common normal  
Normalized us and paralyzed us and left us with a  
sadness  
And now it's hovering in the air in between our eyes  
I know we can find our way around  
Around if we can only find the time  
Time we don't have but that has been given

Pretty nights flashing photo lights  
I feel all right as long as smiles are shining bright  
What a game what a night  
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