

The Dead Milkmen

"Nightline"

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Shallow cries the stranger's warn
Don't be trapped by the angry storm
Suitcase, suitcase fix my head
I buried my dreams before they were dead
And i,m on the nightline

Phantom pain can numb your life
Make you dazed before you're tied
Cinch coat, cinch coat only a few
Ever return after going through
I'm on the nightline

Detached eyes that reak with scorn
Stare into the poisoned sores
Footsteps, footsteps without any face
Footsteps, footsteps fading away
I'm on the nightline

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