

Bedlight For Blue Eyes

"The City And The Ghost"

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Tonight I need the bright lights, still got her face on my mind.

Heading where the talk is cheap and I'm dressed to a "t" so they won't notice me.

It's warm for October and I've got the windows down. The skyline whispers her promises, the same lie each night.

But I force myself to believe...

And I swore it'd be different but how could it be?

What I came to escape is right here inside of me.

The city's a desert with photographic stars.

Each pretty face is just a mirage, and my mouth's full of sand again.

But I force myself to believe, across the river's acure for what's sick inside of me.

I look in the mirror past the buildings, the sky's getting light.

Another piece of my innocence is the admission I paid there tonight.

Slow down past her exit though it makes me sick, and I imagine her saying,

"You're better than this... you're better than this."

And I swore it'd be different but how could it be?

What I came here to escape is right here inside of me.

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