

## Shooter Jennings "Last Light Radio 11:16 PM"

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The night seems so calm, doesn't it?  
As if time is frozen  
The city below used to sound like a mechanic motion  
moving in giant waves  
Now, it's silent  
No cars, no kids, nothing but transport trucks and men  
with guns standing on street corners  
What a waste!  
But, isn't this what they wanted? What they bargained  
for?  
They create a problem so they can offer a solution  
They scare us then offer relief, and we fall on our  
knees in gratitude  
They create a war, promise peace, and we walk into  
their traps - like mice  
From where I sit I can look down at a big park where I  
used to watch birds gather while old men played  
chess, Tired women pushed sleeping children in  
strollers

Where teenagers used to hold hands and sometimes -  
stop to kiss  
Now it's a tense city filled with soldiers there are guns  
instead of roses  
I can see one armed man clearly and I've gotta wonder  
if he thinks he's serving justice, I gotta wonder if he  
truly knows who he is  
Which brings us to our next song  
To you son, with your guns and grenades, standing  
there in all your graceless glory, I dedicate this next  
song  
Here's Hierophant with Everything Else is Illusion from  
The Well Wisher's album  
I'm Will 'O the Wisp, you're you, and we're riding the  
night together

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