

The City And The Ghost

BEDlight for blueEYES

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 the
y 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 wha
t's sick inside of me.
I look in the mirror past the buildings, the sky's getting ligh
t.
Another piece of my innocence is the admission I paid there ton
ight.
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.