

Pretty Nights

Blindside

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

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I feel all right as long as smiles are shining bright
What a game what a night
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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

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