

# If the Brakeman Turns My Way

Bright Eyes

When panic grips your body and your heart is a hummingbird  
Raven thoughts blacken your mind until you're breathing in reverse  
All your friends and sedatives mean well but make it worse  
Every reassurance just magnifies the doubt  
Better find yourself a place to level out

Got a cricket for a conscience always looks the other way  
A cocaine soul starts seeming like an empty cabaret  
Hey, where have all the dancers gone? Now the music doesn't play  
Tried to listen to the river but you couldn't shut your mouth  
Better take a little time to level out

I never thought of running  
My feet just led the way

Mixed up Signals  
Bullet Train  
Cars are switched out in the crazy rain  
I could meet you any place  
If the Brakeman turns my way

All this automatic writing I have tried to understand  
From a psychedelic angel who was tugging on my hand  
It's an infinite coincidence but it doesn't form a plan  
So I'm headed for New England or the Paris of the South  
Gonna find myself somewhere to level out

Are your brothels full, Oh Babylon, with merry Middlemen?  
Never peer out of their periscopes from those deep opium dens  
All this death must need a counterweight always someone born again  
First a mother bathes her child then the other way around  
The Scales always find a way to level out

I tried to pass for nothing  
But my dreams gave me away

Mixed up Signals  
Bullet Train  
People snuffed out in the brutal rain  
I could live to any age  
If the Brakeman turns my way

It is an old world it's hard to remember  
Like a dime store mystery  
I'm a repeat first time offender  
Who has rewritten history

Mixed up tea leaves  
Phantom Pain  
Fuzzy logic in the crazy rain  
Getting better every day  
If the Brakeman turns my way  
Mixed up Signals  
Bullet Train  
Cars are switched out in the blinding rain  
He'll be smiling as he seals my fate  
When the Brakeman turns my way