

Staring Down the Barrel of the Middle Distance

R.E.M.

Now the hope for the future took a pounding in the
parking lot
And the answer for today is all I got
When your name is called the lights went down
The time is the essence excuse me and I'm
Blinking at the vanishing point of what I thought

Staring down the barrel of the middle distance
God knows I tried
I close my eyes
I close my eyes
I close my eyes

I greet despair to a standard prayer
If you call for the future I don't care
And I don't mean *** to face me here aha
There's a compass raised with familiar tone
With a voice that needles me to the bone

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I close my eyes
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Whose position shifts cause its been effect
If you can't hit play cause the button sticks
Ignorance is bliss, I can't say
There's a compass raised with familiar tone
With a voice that needles you to the bone
You're left with chaos, static and delay

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