

Never Mistake A Suit For A Friend

The Bigger Lights

Is there anybody out there alive or dead?
This heaven's looking like a ghost town baby, black and red
I'm an artist with a shotgun in a dark, dark room
With a chip on my shoulder and nothing left to lose

I square dance with the dead
The pretty little liars all attend
Are we mice? Are we men?
Until the sun comes out again

I've been writing my confession, I've been keeping score
I was always just a point shy from changing the world
I'm pushing down the fast track baby; silently, dangerously
I'm just a dreamer with a matchbook and a little kerosene

I square dance with the dead
The pretty little liars all attend
Are we mice? Are we men?
Until the sun comes out again
I square up for the bull fight
Between the beauty and black ties
God knows it's a fight we just can't win
So never mistake a suit for a friend

Who are we? We are more than the enemy
Red hands with a mic and a ministry
Hands up! Lights out!
Who are we? We're the spark that you want to be
Red hands with a mic and a ministry
Hands up! Lights out now!

I square dance with the dead
The pretty little liars all attend
Are we mice? Are we men
Until the sun comes out again?
I square up for the bull fight
Between the beauty and black ties
God knows it's a fight we just can't win
So never mistake a suit for a friend