

# Beady Eyes On The Horizon

Jukebox the Ghost

There's a dead man hanging, slumped over the steering wheel  
Of an interstate runaway bursting into flames  
And the devil was gently breathing  
Sleeping face-down in my apartment  
And like all his friends I'm growing tired of his games

And there's a homeless man arranging his hands  
Grooving to the beat radiating from a police scanner  
Who said, "The air is feeling good to me, as cool and ripe as air can be"  
And a woman who sincerely believes in UFOs  
And who can blame her when the stars are hanging overhead  
Dangling by a thread  
Floating ten thousand feet off the ground

(This was a story told to me when I was just the age of 17  
One which God Himself dictated to me  
He said, "This is how all this shit's gonna be when I blow your little plane  
t into smithereens  
Blow your little planet into smithereens"  
It haunted my dreams like an accident on replay on the TV screen)

She sees faces in her dreams, strange machines she'd never seen  
Blueprints of submarines to reassemble in a time of dire need  
And there were preachers in the desert, waving to the crowd  
Dictating seven angry letters from a man up in the clouds

And there were 27 soldiers telling 27 lies  
And a hole inside a hurricane with a pair of beady eyes  
A pair of beady eyes  
Looking down  
Onto the pavement while the stars are gathered 'round  
Because they all want a front seat when shit starts going down  
Because the sun is just a supernova turned the other way around

There were strangers in the subway  
And men in limousines making deals  
And swapping photographs of cans of gasoline  
There are no angels in the woodwork or devils on the ground  
And they are looking through a hurricane's tectonic wall of sound  
And a man who smokes his cigarettes the other way around  
And she is looking in behind him from inside a wall of sound  
And she is dancing with the neon because  
The air is feeling good against her arms and legs and fingertips are measuring the distance  
In the spaces in between me and you and all your friends when there's no time to load a weapon  
No time to make amends,  
And people frozen in their tracks there staring at the sky at a hole inside a hurricane revealing

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Looking down  
Onto the pavement while the stars are gathered 'round  
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This is not a test, this is the real thing  
This is not a test, this is the real thing