

Last Light Radio 11:16 pm

Shooter Jennings

The night seems so calm, doesn't it?
As if time is frozen
The city below used to sound like a mechanic motion moving in giant waves
Now, it's silent
No cars, no kids, nothing but transport trucks and men with guns standing on street corners
What a waste!
But, isn't this what they wanted? What they bargained for?
They create a problem so they can offer a solution
They scare us then offer relief, and we fall on our knees in gratitude

They create a war, promise peace, and we walk into their traps - like mice
From where I sit I can look down at a big park where I used to watch birds gather while old men played chess, Tired women pushed sleeping children in strollers
Where teenagers used to hold hands and sometimes - stop to kiss
Now it's a tense city filled with soldiers there are guns instead of roses
I can see one armed man clearly and I've gotta wonder if he thinks he's serving justice, I gotta wonder if he truly knows who he is
Which brings us to our next song
To you son, with your guns and grenades, standing there in all your graceless glory, I dedicate this next song
Here's Hierophant with Everything Else is Illusion from The Well Wisher's album
I'm Will 'O the Wisp, you're you, and we're riding the night together