

White Lights

The Handsome Family

When you walked with me
Away from the strip mall bar
Across the highway
To that little graveyard

Where plastic flowers
Bloomed in yellow grass
We sat on a broken bench
Listening to the cars pass

And right above your head
In the branches of a tree
There were white lights
Swaying slowly in the breeze

There were white lights, white lights, white lights swaying in a tree

I know they were there
To stop kids kicking over graves
Or spray-painting tree trunks
With their favorite rock band's name

But sitting there with you
Almost touching your white hand
Among the broken bottles
Crushed and faded cans

And those white lights, white lights, white lights swaying in the breeze

There was mystery
Singing from everything
The strip mall, the highway
The boarded-up skating rink

They were calling our names
In the strip mall parking lot
Our sweet drunken friends
Finally noticing we'd gone

But we just sat there
Not saying anything
Almost touching hands
Your hair flying in the highway breeze

Like those white lights, white lights, white lights swaying in a tree