

# Bob Mould, Shoot Out The Lights

In the dark, who can see his face?  
In the dark, who can reach him?  
He hides like a child  
He hides like a child  
Keeps his finger on the trigger  
You know he can't stand the day  
Shoot out the lights  
Shoot out the lights  
Keep the blind down on the window  
Ah, keep the pain on the inside  
Just watching the dark  
Just watching the dark  
Ah, he might laugh but you won't see him  
As he thunders through the night  
Shoot out the lights  
Shoot out the lights  
In the darkness the shadows move  
In the darkness the game is real  
Real as a gun  
Real as a gun  
As he watches the lights of the city  
And he moves through the night  
Shoot out the lights  
Shoot out the lights  
Shoot out the lights  
Ah, shoot out the lights