

# Bob Seger, No Mans Land

Headin' in or headin' out  
Standing on the shore  
Pause a moment to reflect  
Which trip costs you more  
Between the ever restless crowds

And the silence of your room  
Spend an hour in no man's land  
You'll be leaving soon

Victims come and victims go  
There's always lots to spare

One victim lives the tragedy  
One victim stops to stare

And still another walks on by  
Pretending not to see  
They're all out there in no man's land  
Cause it's the safest place to be

But sanctuary never comes  
Without some kind of risk  
Illusions without freedom

Never quite add up to bliss  
The haunting and the haunted  
Play a game no one can win  
The spirits come at midnight

And by dawn they're gone again  
And so it seems our destiny  
To search and never rest  
To ride that ever changing wave  
That never seems to crest  
To shiver in the darkest night  
Afraid to make a stand  
And then go back and do our time  
Out there in no man's land