

# Bright Eyes, Middleman

I traveled though the atmosphere as a wall of feedback climbed  
The pegs were gold, the band was old, they played in half time  
Now every dream gets whittled down just like every fool gets wise  
You will never reap of any seed deprived of sunlight

So I have become the Middleman  
The gray areas are mine  
The in-between, the absentee  
Is a beautiful disguise

So I keep my footlights shining bright just like I keep my exits wide  
'Cause I never know when it's time to go, it's too crowded now inside  
The dead can hide beneath the ground and the birds can always fly  
But the rest of us do what we must in constant compromise

So I have become the Middleman  
The gray areas are fine  
The "I don't know," the "maybe so"  
Is the only real reply  
It is the only true reply