

# Noe Venable, Badlands

I was drivin  
Through the badlands  
A woman screaming  
Cause she stuck in the radio  
(my heart will go on)  
He was a biker  
That's what he told me  
"where's your bike then?"  
"well, I burried the pieces  
Oily steel and bone"  
I aint hip on ditchin  
A stranger stranded at the lip of alone

Liquid night  
There's a moon in my soup  
Liquid night  
They hang you up against the sky

You are a feather  
I made a wish once  
You are a bluebird  
I am blue  
I just wanna get next to you

Liquid night  
There's a moon in my soup  
Liquid night  
They hang you up against the sky  
Liquid night  
I'm afraid of what I read  
Liquid night  
And everyone's afraid of me

Thirsty gazer  
Fraidy stare  
Father empty  
Are you there?  
Now you see me  
Now you shout  
The de the de the de the de the de  
The devil let me out

Liquid night  
There's a moon in my soup  
Liquid night  
They hang you up against the sky  
Liquid night  
I'm afraid of what I read  
Liquid night  
And everyone's afraid of me

(to the microtonal weeping of a violin,  
She goes loping, lonely, into the dark,  
Bemoaning her cursed wretched state)  
It aint a houseguest  
More like hotel  
And I have lived there  
And I have lived well  
The wind gets high and the fog gets low  
There are days when the dogs know

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Liquid night

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Liquid night  
I'm afraid of what I read  
Liquid night  
And everyone's afraid of me