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