

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