

In the Shadowland

Darkness has definitely fallen.
Moving so slow I'm barely crawling.
Here I sit, dirt on my hands.
Dying way out in the Shadowland.

Made my bed and here I lie.
Trying to hold my head up high.
Lying to myself sometimes.
Bad decisions, but I now won't cry.

Been down a long and twisted road.
Said to myself I'm at a record low.
Do anything just to get ahead.
Now it's all quiet here in this Shadowland.

In my Shadowland,
I've done things I know are wrong.
Brought down people all alone.
Sold my pride for a song.
Lost my way, but I'll go on, I'll go on.

Here I sit, dirt on my hands.
It's lonely way out in the Shadowland.
In the Shadowland.

I looked around for beautiful things.
Success I found had a hollow ring.
Not so sure for what I stand.
All quiet here in the Shadowland.
Quite here in the Shadowland.

Bruce Hornsby
From the film, *Bamboozled*, by Spike Lee