

Some Never Come Home

Brad

Holding out for troubled waters.
Who knows where the course will tell you?
You've got many fortunate beliefs,
Like love your girl, and love your mother.
Don't wait until a cold December.
Who knows when a brother's goin' down?
Something every girl should know.
Don't count on some to make it home.
'Cause that reminds me of a time when
All the lights were shining, and the
Light was always more than one could use.
And you were once a shining ocean,
Giving light to those that wanted
Something more to hold, than just the air.
So give me something to remember;
A diamond ring upon a finger.
Something every girl should know.
Don't count on some to make it home.
You don't have to do what you're told.
I guess I'm kinda used to the cold.