

The Lights

Robbie Robertson

There was something strange
In the sky tonight
I was left standing
With three moons shining

Just on the outskirts of civilization
Just on the outskirts of civilization

Indians have always seen the lights
Since the beginning of time
They drew pictures on the rocks
Of our relatives from the sky

Just on the outskirts of civilization
Catch the light
Just on the outskirts of civilization
Just on the outskirts of civilization
Where the sun goes at night
Just on the outskirts of civilization
Catch the light, catch the light

I hear no longer, the song of the wind
I hear no longer, the cry of the bird
I see, no more, the white smoke rising
Only the low hum of the lights is still heard

Just on the outskirts of civilization
Just on the outskirts of civilization
Just on the outskirts of civilization
Just on the outskirts of civilization
Just on the outskirts of civilization
Just on the outskirts, just on the outskirts of civilization