

Headlights On The Highway

Ron Pope

And the headlights on the highway cannot help me understand
Whatever it is you need
I pray I am

You were nothing but a smile
A nervous laughter
Spend the evenings in your dark blue cotton sheets

And I spent years it seems just wandering through the darkness
Then the answer came on that late summer breeze

And the headlights on the highway cannot help me understand
Whatever it is you need
I pray I am

With my fingertips I trace on your bare skin
All of the things I'd like to say but cannot speak

You mean everything
There're not quite words enough to tell you
All the things that you've become for me

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I pray I am

And I don't need no secrets
I give up on lies
If it's gonna rain I'd rather know then be caught blind

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