

The Light

The Strangers

Predestination, not a thing that you'd plan
Misunderstanding, or a line in the sand
Thunder & lightning, did God have a hand
Wasn't it frightening, wasn't it sad
Would it have mattered, if the timing was bad
Something surprising, or nothing so sad
A night at the Wiskey, or was I just mad
Was it intended, why was I so glad
Was it so lovely, did it seem real
Was there a purpose, I just can't tell you

It was always darkness, time was never on your side
That's the rock of ages, and I could tell you why
I'd talk about the daytime, and tell you 'bout the night
You'll have to live in darkness to get some piece of mind
Don't try to make the darkness bright, night will always dim the light

Something is a happening, nothing ain't right
I've been a waiting, a waiting all night
Is it on purpose, who know if you might
I'm biting my nails, right through to the bone
I seem to be dripping my blood on the phone

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If I could tell you I might as well
If it was heard, the honest word
But you should know, like no one knows
The words, just can't be heard

Now it don't matter, it's too late to care
It's something you'd saviour, leave up in the air
You can't criticise it, it wouldn't be fair
You couldn't do that, you'd be such a bore
It's only the thinking, that altered the score

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