

Keep The Light On

The Whitlams

We stumble into each other's lives and we knock some things over

Try not to make a sound

Each time you reach out, a new shout or shine-on

We run in and fall out, fumble around for the key

I'll always keep the light on for you

You try so hard to be alive

What else can you do, but close your eyes

You can't see the beautiful way when you're burning so bright

Your halfpenny eyes smile like a fire-sale

Everyone's a suspect, the horses won't move up the rail

Your sadness, a thief, waits in the hallway

With mail on the floor and 2 birds in the chimney