

# Bright Lights

Tom McRae

Baby, I went back to funeral row  
kicking through the old streets  
of a place I once called home, not long ago  
Searching for an omen, looking for a sign  
looking for the place I swore an oath of love undying  
of love undying

But I'm tired of this dull ache  
this endless and fake parade  
I'm goinna torch my name and my trade

Run into the bright lights  
run into the bright lights

Brother don't go back to funeral row  
the streets have fallen silent  
and the cross no longer glows  
on funeral row  
And i'm tired of this dark place  
where hope dies and hope fades  
I'm gonna leave these shadows behind

Head into the bright lights  
head into the bright lights

So come on Red get your guitar  
feed the flames and feed the fire  
wishing things won't make them so  
and the truth is i refuse to go  
Dos the shadow's where the best things hide  
you can keep the brightest light  
you can keep the brightest light  
you can keep the brightest light