To Be Scared

The Rural Alberta Advantage

Oh, oh oh
Whoa there's nothing to be scared
Oh Oh Oh
Whoa there's nothing to be scared of
Tonight I got you running in my mind
Lord I got you hanging on a line
Go to sleep on a rotten bedA lone, lonely night
Lord, my god, you're running out of timeWhoa oh oh oh
Oh, there's nothing to be scared of
Tonight the wolves the cry in the night
Sleeping in the cold,
I was clutching on a knifeLord I got you running through my mind
Lord I know they're running out of time.

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