

# 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 bed A lone, lonely night  
Lord, my god, you're running out of time Whoa 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 knife Lord I got you running through my mind  
Lord I know they're running out of time.

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