Some Never Come Home

Brad

Holding out for troubled waters
Who knows where the course will tell you
You've got many fortunate beliefs
Like love your girl and love your mother
Don't wait until a cold December
Who knows when a brother's goin' downSomething every girl should know
Don't count on some to make it home
'Cause that reminds me of a time when
All the lights were shining and the
Light was always more than one could useAnd you were once a shining ocean
Giving light to those that wanted
Something more to hold than just the air
So give me something to remember
A diamond ring upon a fingerSomething every girl should know
Don't count on some to make it home
You don't have to do what you're told
I guess I'm kinda used to the coldSomething every one should know
Don't count on some to make it homeSomething every girl should know
Don't count on some to make it home
You don't have to do what you're told
I guess I'm kinda used to the coldI guess I'm kinda used to the cold
I guess I'm kinda used to the cold

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