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 undyingBut I'm tired of this dull ache
This endless and fake parade
I'm gonna torch my name and my tradeRun into the bright lights
Run into the bright lightsBrother 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 behindHead into the bright lights
Head into the bright lightsSo 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'Cause the shadow's where the best things hide
You can keep the brightest light
You can keep the brightest light
You can keep the blinding light

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