Bright Lights

The Pogues

The bright lights are calling me
The bright lights are calling me
When the world is dark and cold
And I'm heading down the road
The bright lights are calling me

As the world is round, road is long
Trouble on my mind
I'll just keep on moving
Till the day comes 'round

Wind a' blowing on my back
And my feet a' flying
Flying down the road
Where the bright lights shine

Monday's in a pigtown
Tuesday's in a truck
Wednesday's a field of mud
And Thursday's out of luck

Friday's rain clouds
Saturday flies by
Sunday comes shining
From a blue, blue sky

The bright lights are calling me
The bright lights are calling me
When the world is dark and cold
And I'm heading down the road
The bright lights are calling me

Some towns are golden
Some towns are stained
Some towns are shadows
Fading in the rain

Some towns are rust
And some towns they gleam
Some towns are mad dogs

Some towns are a dream

The bright lights are calling me
The bright lights are calling me
When the world is dark and cold
And I'm heading down the road
The bright lights are calling me

Some dreams are hollow
Some dreams are cold
Some dreams are crazy
And some dreams are bold

Some dreams are bought
And other dreams are sold
Some dreams lie waiting
At the end of the road

Where the bright lights are calling me
The bright lights are calling me
When the world is dark and cold
And I'm heading down the road
The bright lights are calling me

I said the bright lights are calling me
The bright lights are calling me
When the world is dark and cold
And I'm heading down the road
The bright lights are calling me

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