Right Behind You

Brandon Flowers

Passed by the door to get to Heaven
Seven trumpets big and bright
You hear it coming in the middle of the night
A caution to the children, time to turn your crimson white
We've all got reservations
Trials will come suddenly and without explanation
But you were born with goodness
You were born with goodness wherever you go now
I'm right behind you
In the light of hope
I'll be beside you
On that dusty road
And if you get blind, well that's alright
Wicked winds blow with grace and might
Cling to the ways of my name
When you touch the stone
Break your word over me
Sinking in the quicksand
Break your word, don't you see?
You're breaking me down now
I'm right behind you
In the light of hope
I'll be beside you
On that dusty road
When no one expects you to deny
And no one accepts your reasons why
You cling to the ways of my name
When you touch the stone
No one expects you to deny
And no one accepts your reasons why
You cling to the ways of my name
When you touch the stone

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