To the Light

Bobby Long

well the radio was blasting another day old tune
my mother left me for a war, for an old dragoon
the streets were burnt , no one cried, no one made a soundmy friends waited by the wayside until the end of the day
the pipes burst in the road and soaked our way
we followed that path until we came to our homewell her diamonds twinkle fast, her time don't move
she can turn inside the evening
she's got nothing to prove
she comes, she comes to the lightno one was speaking except the sound of an alarm
it kept me up for an hour, lying in her arms
and she comforts me and tells me, "lay your head"

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