Look Into The Night

Mark Olson

The weeds have grown in the playground
House we lived in fell down
Your mothers cryin, my father
Has left and gone downtownLook into the night
See if we can find a place to be
Across the highway with no lightsFar enough to believe in
This life, this dream and
Our belonging picks us up
Look into the nightJealous young tree
We planted in our youth and I see
Jealous young treeOld enough to believe in
This life, this dream and
Our belonging picks us up
Look into the nightYour eyes I remember
In mind still the same
Your eyes I remember
In mind still the sameWe build our house while some fall down
You must hide the ground we walk onLook into the night
And see if we can find a place to be
Across the highway with no lightsFar enough to believe in
This life, this dream and
Our belonging picks us up
Look into the nightWeeds have grown in the playground
The house we lived in fell down

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