

Who will you turn to when the fire goes out
What you gonna do when your time heads south
Ain't no silver up in them clouds
Who will you turn to when the fire goes out

When you're gasping for your last breath
Something to save to you but there's nothing left
You've shot your limit, not a prayer in sight
Something to save you a little luck just might

Sharecropping in a field of the weary
Empty handed in the pouring rain
Ain't nothing gonna come up roses
When you're looking for the burning truth to wash away

Hope is in motion, numbers in red
Dark is the ocean, dark is your bed
Sleep on tight, you're gonna wake up soon
Dead of the night is gonna call on you

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