

Looking for the Light

Transatlantic

Summer came, winter's gone
Your sun will set before too long
Everyone's got a secret disguise

You thought you were the Bowie Nazz
Your Howard Roark's a sorry spaz
You rip off even songs you despise

You're deep into the night
Looking for the light
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Black is black and blood is red
The ego is the fountainhead
Here the human race is all wrong

You could be the greatest still
Forget the world and set your will
Only the helpless need to belong

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