

To The Light

Bobby Long

Well the radio is blasting Another day old tune My mother let me
e for a walk For an... The streets were burnt No one cried, no
one made a sound

My friends waited by the west side Until the end of the day The
pops burts in the road, soaked our way We followed that path U
ntil we came to our home

When the dawn is tingle fast Her time don't move She can turn a
ll evening, she's got nothing to prove She comes, she comes To
the light, to the light, to the light To the light, to the ligh
t, to the light To the light, to the light, to the light

Know I'ma speak in, and set the sound of alarm And kept me up f
or an hour Lying in her arms And she comforts me, and tells me
Lay your head So out from the darkness I hear her crying for me
A sign that she's coming let the old banshee I know that she m
eans well And she comes from the dark

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