

Changing Lights

L.A. Guns

We're always on our way
Spinning wheels of the dreams of yesterday
When the sun was warm
And the darkness stayed away
Stayed away

They say I'd be gasoline
The world is cold and the streets are mean
But I come alive in the dead of night
Shifting gears with the changing lights

Here we go, here we go
Hear the engines burn
Here I go, here I go
Hear the engines burn

It seems a waste
Been searching high and low
Always wondering if you're out there
Fearing I may never know
Never know

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