

# With The Lights Down

Ocie Elliott

Turn the lights down for the night  
Looking up at stars to see right  
Seasons change, every one  
But we don't really know where they're going  
And your eyes, my recourse  
Opening this heart and I get soft  
I like you being mine  
Yeah, you make it fine

All right on the road  
Have our fill and we're full  
No, I don't mind a bad sign, I don't  
Raise our glass to the big mind  
In this life, we keep on

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These fears that we talk  
On that cliff we walked  
(Mm-mm-mm-mm)  
Thought we left some things behind  
Hangover turned kind  
(Mm-mm)  
(Ooh-ooh-ooh)

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Waited on this train to get a little high  
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Waited on this train to get a little high  
Waited on this train to get a little high  
Waited on this train to get a little high  
Waited on this train to get a little high, mm-mm

Your eyes go inside  
Your eyes go inside  
Your eyes go inside