

Out Where the Bright Lights Are Glowing

Ronnie Milsap

I was only eighteen in a ducktail and jeans when he had to go
We spent so many nights, me and Jim and the lights from my radio

I never knew him or once shook his hand
But sometimes I think he was my closest friend

I can stand at my window some nights
With a soft southern breeze gently blowing
I know deep inside he's still shining somewhere
Out where the bright lights are glowing

When love let me down Jim was around to share those four walls
But then he went away one fateful day and saddened us all
The headline that morning I remember it yet
He'll never be that easy to forget

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