

## The Light

The Stranglers

Predestination, not a thing that you'd plan  
Misunderstanding, or a line in the sand  
Thunder & lightning, did God have a hand  
Wasn't it frightening, wasn't it sad  
Would it have mattered, if the timing was bad  
Something surprising, or nothing so sad  
A night at the Wiskey, or was I just mad  
Was it intended, why was I so glad  
Was it so lovely, did it seem real  
Was there a purpose, I just can't tell you

It was always darkness, time was never on your side  
That's the rock of ages, and I could tell you why  
I'd talk about the daytime, and tell you 'bout the night  
You'll have to live in darkness to get some piece of mind  
Don't try to make the darkness bright, night will always dim the light

Something is a happening, nothing ain't right  
I've been a waiting, a waiting all night  
Is it on purpose, who know if you might  
I'm biting my nails, right through to the bone  
I seem to be dripping my blood on the phone

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If I could tell you I might as well  
If it was heard, the honest word  
But you should know, like no one knows  
The words, just can't be heard

Now it don't matter, it's too late to care  
It's something you'd saviour, leave up in the air  
You can't criticise it, it wouldn't be fair  
You couldn't do that, you'd be such a bore  
It's only the thinking, that altered the score

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