

# Lights Out

Stryper

Wind blows back and the batons charging  
It winds all the way  
Right to the butt of my gun  
Maybe now your time has come

From the back streets there's a rumblin'

Smell of anarchy  
No more nice time, bright boy shoe shines  
Pie in the sky dreams

Lights out, lights out in london  
Hold 'em tight 'til the end  
Better now you know we'll never  
Wait 'til tomorrow  
Lights out, lights out in london  
Hold 'em tight 'til the end  
God knows when I'm comin' on [my] run

Heaven help those who help themselves  
That's the way it goes  
The frightening thoughts of what's been taught  
And now it shows

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God knows when I'm comin' on [my] run

You keep comin', there's no runnin'  
Tried a thousand times  
Under your feet grass is growin'  
Time we said goodbye

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Lights out, lights out in london

Lights out, lights out in london  
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