

# Make A Way

Thomas Gold

The stars of the night  
Way up high in the sky  
Shining like miracles  
All around us  
Maybe they'll guide us back home

Is it too much left for us to learn or it's too late  
We were where we both belong yeah holding on to fate

Holding on  
Holding on  
Believe me when I say  
We'll go through hell if we have to  
We can make a way

We can make a way  
We can make a way

Keep on losing the light  
Sorry it's too many times  
We keep our hearts closed  
No matter the darkness  
We can't outrun this back home

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