

Follow

Whitney

I know I'll hear the call
Anytime
On a night when the moon is low
On the pines

I pray your troubled mind remembers
When it's coming to an end
At least the rain won't come again

Still as I ride along
Through the night
You're holding on as the ones you know
Stand by

But if your troubled mind remembers
When it's coming to an end
It's like you're runnin' home again

And I'll follow you