

Carl Wilson, Bright Lights

My nights were getting better
Without a lover
The feeling of peace I had
All by myself
Free to fill my space with
Things I really wanted
Giving no excuses I even had my own place
Had my own place

Those long nights
Those bright lights
Those carefree days
Those long nights
Those bright lights
I tell you I got it made

Never ever realized that I was lonely
'cause working on the road can be
It can be an escape
Dinner in a one night stop
Just meet me in the hall
Take a number in my black book
And promise to call, promise to call

Those long nights
Those bright lights
Those carefree days
Those long nights

Those bright lights
I tell you I got it made

Then I saw a bright face
Lit by a candle
Sitting in the bar alone
She filled the whole place

The magic of her presence
Who could walk up to her
Who would ever dare to give
This woman-child a chase

Thought my nights were getting better
Just living by myself
But I got hooked this time
Now we got our own place
We got our own place

Those long nights
Those bright lights
Those carefree days
Those long nights
Those bright lights
I tell you I got it made

And I love those long nights