

# Matchbox 20, Bright lights

She got out of town  
On a railway New York bound  
Took all except my name  
Another alien on Broadway  
There's some things in this world  
You just can't change  
Somethings you can't see  
Until it gets too late  
Baby, baby, baby  
When all your love is gone  
Who will save me  
From all I'm up against out in this world  
Maybe, maybe, maybe  
You'll find something  
That's enough to keep you  
But if the bright lights don't receive you  
You should turn yourself around  
And come on home  
I got a hole in me now  
yeah, I got a scar I can talk about  
She keeps a picture of me  
In her apartment in the city  
Some things in this world  
Man, they don't make sense  
Some things you don't need  
Until they leave you  
And they're things that you miss  
Baby, baby, baby  
When all your love is gone  
Who will save me  
From all I'm up against out in this world  
Maybe, maybe, maybe  
You'll find something  
That's enough to keep you  
But if the bright lights don't receive you  
You should turn yourself around  
And come on home  
Let that city take you in, come on home  
Let that city spit you out, come on home  
Let that city take you down, yeah  
God's sake turn around  
Baby, baby, baby  
When all your love is gone  
Who will save me  
From all I'm up against in this world  
Maybe, maybe, maybe  
You'll find something  
That's enough to keep you  
But if the bright lights don't receive you  
You should turn yourself around  
And come on home  
Come on home  
Baby, baby, baby  
Come on home  
Yeah, come on home  
Yeah, come on home