

# matchbox twenty, Bright Lights

She got out of town  
On a railway, New York bound  
Took all except my name  
Another alien out on Broadway

Some things in this world you just can't change  
Some things 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  
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...  
They're the 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...  
For God's sake, turn around

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...  
Turn yourself around and come on home  
Yeah, come on home  
Maybe, maybe, baby, baby  
Come on home  
Yeah, come on home  
Come on home,  
Come on home...