

# Tarnation, Lonely Lights

There she goes, she's a lonely one,  
She wears a strange painted on smile.  
She's caught in the middle,  
And she's waited for a long, long while.  
There she sits half in the shade,  
She won't look at any trouble made by that man.  
He's the only trouble she understands.  
Dancing where the lonely lights are dim,  
Holding on to just a memory of him  
I tell myself there's no one to blame,  
Is it fate? Why we feel the same.  
Caught by the middle after waiting for a long, long time  
Dancing where the lonely lights are dim,  
Holding on to just a memory of him