

The Hoodies, The Bright Lights

Opening night for the same old show.
Well the lights go down and the curtains up.
Tell me is the spotlight bright enough?
Read the cards and recite those lines.
You know they always seem so dry.
And the words you say, they are getting old,
but the choirs singing for you.
All is well, all is gold!
Can't you hear them singing for you?
Now you're everything that you hoped you'd be.
Oh yeah you know you've got,
you've got everyone on the edge of their seats,
watching you so anxiously.
Hanging on to every word,
you knew they always would.
And the words you say, they are getting old,
but the choirs singing for you.
All is well, all is gold!
Can't you hear them singing for you?
We'll move towards a steady place on solid ground.
And the time will find us in our separate country towns.
The pictures line your shelves.
You wish that someone else adorned
that golden frame above the fireplace.
At night when you're in bed,
I'll sneak inside your head,
into your wildest dreams.
Because you still need me.
All is well! Not everything is gold