

Allison Crowe, Shine A Light

Saw you stretched out in room ten-o-nine
With a smile on your face
And a tear right in your eye
Couldn't see to get a line on you
My sweet honey love
Berber jewelry jangling down the street
Make you shut your eyes
At every woman that you meet
Could not seem to get a high on you
My sweet honey love
May the good Lord shine a light on you
Make every song your favorite tune
May the good Lord shine a light on you
Warm like the evening sun
Well, you're drunk in the alley, baby
With your clothes all torn
And your late night friends
Leave you in the cold gray dawn
Just seemed too many flies on you
I just can't brush them off
Angels beating all their wings in time
With smiles on their faces
And a gleam right in their eyes
Thought I heard one sigh for you
Come on up, come on up, now
Come on up, now
May the good Lord shine a light on you
Make every song you sing your favorite tune
May the good Lord shine a light on you
Warm like the evening sun