

Amy McDonald, Barrowland Ballroom

Oh the lights outside they're as bright as the sun
They're much brighter than anyone.
Oh the girls in the Queue yes they're waiting for you
Well they're waiting for their song to be sung.
And when the night turns to day and all the people go away
It's not the same, tell me who's to blame?
And when the stars shine so bright on the cold December night
I wish that I was on that stage
Oh wont you take a ride with me
through the Barrowland history
and Ill sing you a song or two
People they may stop and stare but baby I, I just dont care it's
it's only me and you.
And the drink and dance and drugs you know
it's all part of the show we go to
Maybe I should tell you.
That people they may stop and stare but baby I, I just dont care
tonight, it's only me and you.
Oh nothing beats the feeling of the high Barrowland ceiling
When the band starts to play.
Wont you buy me a drink and Ill tell her what I think
If she gets in my way
And when the night turns to day and all the people go away
It's not the same, tell me who's to blame?
And when the stars shine so bright on the cold December night
I wish that I was on that stage
Chorus
And when the night turns to day
And the lights they fade away
I wish that life and love would pass me by
And when the band stops a song because there's something going on
Well there is magic in the air I swear.
And I wish that I saw Bowie, playing on that stage
I wish that I saw something, to make me come of age.
Chorus