## Brad, Some Never Come Back

Holding out for troubled waters Who knows where the course will tell you You've got many fortunate beliefs Like love your girl and love your mother Don't wait until a cold December Who knows when a brother's goin' down Something every girl should know Don't count on some to make it home 'Cause that reminds me of a time when All the lights were shining and the Light was always more than one could use And you were once a shining ocean Giving light to those that wanted Something more to hold than just the air So give me something to remember A diamond ring upon a finger Something every girl should know Don't count on some to make it home You don't have to do what you're told I guess I'm kinda used to the cold...