

# Brad, Some Never Come Home

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