

# Deacon Blue, The World Is Lit By Lightning

Oh the rush hour is over  
And the night has been trying  
To drive us and chase us away  
But we're lovely and drunk now  
And our laugh doesn't  
Rattle or fray  
And the Friday folk  
Are coming round  
Let the wildness  
Have its way  
Oh sweet autumn  
With your dark surprise  
And your short days all smudged with gold  
You covered up  
Worn paths for us  
So no story could be told  
And sent the dark  
Come tumbling down  
So the wildness  
Can't grow cold  
So the morning  
Would never know  
Of the wildness  
Of the wildness  
Driving me on again  
Of the wildness  
Of the wildness  
Shaking me  
Letting me know  
There were two of us driving  
We were six miles out  
And a  
Hundred miles to go  
Still the morning lies waiting  
And the light falls  
On your travel map  
I'm still here hoping  
For the wildness  
To relax  
For the wildness  
To go back  
Of the wildness  
Of the wildness  
Driving me on again  
Of the wildness  
Of the wildness  
Shaking me  
Letting me know  
I said yeah  
Can you  
Feel it  
I went up to your house one night  
I took 59 in the rain  
And I saw your tiny face shine  
So calm and so bright  
And so gay  
I called in  
I called out  
I couldn't see any other name  
I woke  
One morning  
With the wildness  
Once again  
With the wildness

Shining in  
Of the wildness  
Of the wildness  
Driving me on again  
Of the wildness  
Of the wildness  
Shaking me  
Letting me know  
Of the wildness  
Of the wildness  
Driving me on again  
Of the wildness  
Of the wildness  
Shaking me  
Letting me know  
Of the wildness  
Of the wildness baby  
Driving me on again  
Of the wildness  
Of the wildness  
Shaking me  
Letting me know