

Mark Olson, Look into the night

The weeds have grown in the playground
House we lived in fell down
Your mother's cryin', my father
Has left and gone downtown
Look into the night
See if we can find a place to be
Across the highway with no lights
Far enough to believe in
This life, this dream and
Our belonging picks us up
Look into the night
Jealous young tree
We planted in our youth and I see
Jealous young tree
Old enough to believe in
This life, this dream and
Our belonging picks us up
Look into the night
Your eyes I remember
In mind still the same
Your eyes I remember
In mind still the same
We build our house while some fall down
You must hide the ground we walk on
Look into the night
And see if we can find a place to be
Across the highway with no lights
Far enough to believe in
This life, this dream and
Our belonging picks us up
Look into the night
Weeds have grown in the playground
The house we lived in fell down