

# Pogues, Bright Lights

The bright lights are calling me  
The bright lights are calling me  
When the world is dark and cold  
And I'm heading down the road  
The bright lights are calling me

As the world is round, the road is long  
I've trouble on my mind  
I'll just keep on moving  
Until the day comes round  
The wind a' blowing on my back  
And my feet a' flying  
Flying down the road  
Where the bright lights shine

Monday's in a pigtown  
Tuesday's in a truck  
Wednesday's a field of mud  
And Thursday's out of luck  
Friday's rain clouds  
Saturday flies by  
Sunday comes shining  
From a blue blue sky

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Some towns are golden  
Some towns are stained  
Some towns are shadows  
Fading in the rain  
Some towns are rust  
And some towns they gleam  
Some towns are mad dogs  
Some towns are a dream

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Some dreams are hollow  
Some dreams are cold  
Some dreams are crazy  
And some dreams are bold  
Some dreams are bought  
And other dreams are sold  
Some dreams lie waiting  
At the end of the road

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