

Tom McRae, Bright Lights

Baby I went back to funeral row,
kicking through the old streets
in a place I once called home,
not long ago.

Searching for an omen,
looking for a sign.
Looking for the place I swore
An oath of love undying,
of love undying.

But I'm tired of this dull ache,
this endless and fake parade.
I'm gonna torch my name
and my trade.

Run into the bright lights.
Run into the bright lights.

Brother don't go back to funeral row.
The streets have fallen silent,
and the cross no longer glows
on funeral row.

And I'm tired of this dark place
where hope dies and hope fades.
I'm gonna leave these shadows behind.

Head into the bright lights.
Head into the bright lights.

So come on Red get your guitar,
"Head into the bright lights."
feed the flames and feed the fire.
Wishing things won't make them so,
"Head into the bright lights."
the truth is I refuse to go.
Shadows where the best things hide,
"Head into the bright lights."
You can keep the brightest light.
You can keep the brightest light.
You can keep the blinding light.