Tom McRae, Silent Boulevard

Low light
Framed in red
Sing out
Until your last Breath
'Til the cats in this town
Scream another night down to the bone
You count under your breath
Wonder which step comes next
But you can't set a course
When you've lost yourself
Your love
And your north

No I'm not anybody's good son Shoot the lights out all over this town 'Til we're out on the silent boulevard With our way lit only by stars

Red hand Voice like a knife Warns me No good goodbyes And seen from the sky The city tonight is on fire

No I'm not anybody's good son Shoot the lights out all over this town Come on out, come on out To the silent boulevard Come on out, come on out To the silent boulevard

Come on out, come on out To the silent boulevard Come on out, come on out To the silent boulevard