

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