## 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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