

matchbox twenty, Bright Lights

She got out of town
On a railway, New York bound
Took all except my name
Another alien out on Broadway

Some things in this world you just can't change
Some things you can't see until it gets too late

Baby, baby, baby
When all your love is gone,
Who will save me
From all I'm up against out in this world?
Maybe, maybe, maybe
You'll find something that's enough to keep you,
But if the bright lights don't receive you,
You should turn yourself around and come on home

I got a hole in me now
I got a scar I can talk about
She keeps a picture of me
In her apartment in the city

Some things in this world, man, they don't make sense
Some things you don't need until they leave you...
They're the things that you miss

Baby, baby, baby
When all your love is gone,
Who will save me
From all I'm up against out in this world?
Maybe, maybe, maybe
You'll find something that's enough to keep you,
But if the bright lights don't receive you,
You should turn yourself around and come on home

Let that city take you in (come on home)
Let that city spit you out (come on home)
Let that city take you down...
For God's sake, turn around

Baby, baby, baby
When all your love is gone,
Who will save me
From all I'm up against out in this world?
Maybe, maybe, maybe
You'll find something that's enough to keep you,
But if the bright lights don't receive you...
Turn yourself around and come on home
Yeah, come on home
Maybe, maybe, baby, baby
Come on home
Yeah, come on home
Come on home,
Come on home...