

you can t get out, you don t believe in light.
Well there is hope, like there is Hell,
like going home, like getting well.

Don t be scared, i have a plan,
i know a place, i know the man.

Cowboy boots and back-catalogue,
White Russians and a monologue,
put him on, turn it up and rip him off.
A hired guitar and no fixed abode,
a howl and suspended chord,
broken heart, a swinging door, the open road.

When you re lost follow Robin down
to the darkness where he hangs around.
You can hear him sing his songs
how he bounced off women where it all went wrong.
Screaming at the dreamers, holding up a light
in the darkness,
in the darkness.