

## Wiley "Bright Lights"

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Cast your mind back to the days,  
When I'd pretend I was OK.  
I had so very much to say,  
About my crazy livin'.  
Now that I've stared into the void,  
So many people, I've annoyed.  
I have to find a middle way,  
A better way of giving.

So I haven't given up,  
But all my choices, my good luck...  
Appear to go and get me stuck,  
In an open prison.  
Now I am tryin' to break free,  
Be in a state of empathy.  
Find the true and inner me,  
Eradicate the schism.

No-one can take it away from me,  
And no-one can tear it apart.  
Because a heart that hurts,  
Is a heart that works.  
A heart that hurts,  
Is a heart that works.

A heart that hurts,  
Is a heart that works.  
No-one can take it away from me,  
No-one can tear it apart.  
Maybe an elaborate fantasy,  
But it's the perfect place to start.

Because a heart that hurts,  
Is a heart that works.  
A heart that hurts,  
Is a heart that... works.

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