

Everybody Else Wins "Broadway Lights The Star"

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Off the subway at 6:00am
These neon lights are growing dim
Gypsy lady sing to me
Despite these sour rainbows and slanted peaks

Wrote these ideas down in my head
But Iâ€™ve lost them once again

And the radio plays just a little too late and a little too
low
And emotion it fades just a little too late and a little too
low

Off the subway at six a.m.
The neon lights are fading dim
Gypsy lady sing to me

Despite these sour rainbows and slanted peaks

I feel the sun on my face
Kinda feels like a steel train
Just like a heat wave cominâ€™ on
Two hours and Iâ€™ll be gone

Wrote these ideas down in my head
But Iâ€™ve lost them once again

And the radio plays just a little too late and a little too
low
And emotion it stays just a little too late and a little too
low

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