

## **Jim Johnston** **"Limelight"**

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Words and music: jim johnston  
Keyboards: sarah barron

She's in love with the night, a silent refuge from voices  
that descend on her in spite  
They keep saying she's strange, that don't matter  
She knows that she doesn't have to if she doesn't want  
to, she isn't going to change.

They tell her good girls go to heaven others  
everywhere.  
Standing in imaginary spotlights they all share.  
She heeds the rumble of a distant drum from  
yesterday.  
Waiting for the time when being different is okay.  
They tell her she's wrong.

Things go bump in the night, she lights a candle that  
chases the shadows from her sight.  
When things bump in the day, it's not imaginary things  
It's the hurt from all the painful things they didn't have  
to say.

They tell her good girls go to heaven others  
everywhere.  
Standing in imaginary spotlights they all share.  
She heeds the rumble of a distant drum from  
yesterday.  
Waiting for the time when being different is okay.

And it's time to move on...

She sometimes cries in the night,  
Worried by fears bourne of hope from a beyond her  
years insight,  
She's learned life can be strange, she's not seeking  
their approval,  
They cannot reach her, they cannot touch her, and  
some things cannot change.

They tell her good girls go to heaven, others  
everywhere.

Standing in imaginary spotlights they all share.  
She hears the rumble of a distant drum from  
yesterday.  
Waiting for the time when being different is okay.

They tell her no one gets to heaven unless they  
approve,  
Only when that rumble bowls them over will they move.  
Dancing to a distant drum she knows is not the easy  
way,  
Waiting for the time when being different is okay..  
She knows what's going on.

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