

Shane Alexander

"Carrollton"

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In Carrollton, when the sun goes down
The lights turn on inside and the secrets seem to come
to life and flicker
In the eyes of those who hold them close, who'll never
let them go
Those who pray that they will somehow be forgiven

And they sing, "Angels, forgive us please, we've
turned our backs on family
and it ain't like it's supposed to be.
So hear our prayers and put our souls at ease"

Behind the smiles and bloodshot eyes is something
dark and cold like ice
That never warms, even in July it's winter
The past is dressed in Sunday clothes, in pictures
frames in dusty rows
and put in rooms where no one goes to see them

And they sing, "Angels, forgive us please,
we ain't got much as you can see.
But, we've turned our backs on family.
So hear our prayers and put our souls at ease"
Oh please

We've tried so hard to live good lives,
to tell the truth, to love our wives
But the darkness holds those ancient lies and a wicked
pain that never ever dies

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to life and flicker
In Carrollton, when the sun goes down
In Carrollton, when the sun goes down, down

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