

Paul Colman

"Finish Line"

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You got me running 'round ain't got no place to go
You keep me waiting you need a slow hand
Slow hand don't you know
You got me wondering if you're really there
'Gotta keep on track no looking back
Let the sweet sun light my day
I've been searching for your face in a crowded city
street
'Cause I can't go on 'till I know for sure
Hey Jesus you're the one I've been trying to meet
You got me wondering if you're really there
Gotta keep on track no looking back
Let the sweet sun light my day
You got me ready for the first time
I need a love that's gonna take me to the finish line
I've been sold a black lie by the hand that held the flag
They waved those colors in my face
Robbed my youth and stole me blind
Submission is the password in a country with no brains
You gotta shake your fist through the deep dark mist

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