

Monroe Johnson & The Clouthanger Band

"Lights Off Main"

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She works at a Westside cafe
She's there most nights till the small hours fray

And as the Hollywood child
Dances like the wild
Flames in the canyon

Coyotes are calling
Stars are falling
Chasing down the window pane

What are you doing
Where are you going tonight
When the lights go off on Main?

She pours a coffee, Lord, I wish she were mine
She can smile a little sad sometimes, I want to tell her
everything is alright

And as the moon is rising
Waves are capsizing
Ships that hear her song

Thunder is rolling
Howling is growing
I try to speak her name

Won't you let go all of your kings in the back row?

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