

Tom Harrell**"The Echo / Maybe Tonight"**

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The sinners and the saints and the suicide girls
Passion into darkness and the pawnshop pearls
One place, one time, one love, we owned the night
And the tender souls wondered where the faith has all
gone
And the neon on Lamar came rumbling on
We swore they wouldn't take us down without a fight

Hopeless hearted hunters waging war on the stars
We cheered the revolution from a rooftop bar
And swore to one another only we could make it right

We said
Maybe tonight
Maybe tonight
Maybe tonight we can

I remember your kiss like TNT
How it rattled every long gone part of me
And in the heat of the night you shook when you said
my name
And the precious drop of sweat running down your
back
Like a southbound train burning down the track
Two martyrs in a world that would never be the same

Among the midnight runners and the teenage stunners
Searching for the light of day we hoped against hope
we could find one voice
To sing what we were desperate to say

We said
Maybe tonight
Maybe tonight
Maybe tonight we can

And the tears running down your face
Like a sad broken prophets parade
While this dirty city sleeps tonight
To the Gutterat serenade
Underneath that holy streetlight

We can take it all back again
And it's the echo of the wounded heart in the night
That proves we were born to win

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