

## Two Hours Traffic

### "White Light"

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There's quiet at the end of this bed,  
It's calm near the sound of her beating heart,  
Now I don't tell her,  
But I think I'll start,  
My baby makes me think of heaven.

I won't make the same mistakes twice,  
I'll just learn so she might love me more,  
I have this dream now,  
Where I'm with her at the door,  
My baby makes me think of heaven.

My lord, My Lord, My Lord, My Lord  
My lord, My Lord, My Lord, My...  
My Lord, My Lord, My Lord, My Lord

Your little message got me.

Call the devil back,  
And turn the candles on,  
Burn them to the ground,  
Signals for the sky,  
Call the devil back,  
My girl is coming soon  
(How do you know?)  
There's white light in my drawing room.

My lord, My Lord, My Lord, My Lord  
My lord, My Lord, My Lord, My...  
My Lord, My Lord, My Lord, My...

Your little message got me.

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