

# Looking for the Light

Transatlantic

Summer came, winter's gone  
Your sun will set before too long  
Everyone's got a secret disguise

You thought you were the Bowie Nazz  
Your Howard Roark's a sorry spaz  
You rip off even songs you despise

You're deep into the night  
Looking for the light  
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Looking for the  
Looking for the light

Black is black and blood is red  
The ego is the fountainhead  
Here the human race is all wrong

You could be the greatest still  
Forget the world and set your will  
Only the helpless need to belong

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