

Some days when the sun's gone,  
It's tough when the spotlight leaves.  
To walk still in that truest of light.  
As one who so truly believes.

When all the faces have turned,  
And all the eyes have returned home,  
So hard to stay among the right,  
Can't let this heart freely roam.

It longs for sweet words of assurance,  
For whispers that somehow I'm wanted,  
Some nights I've just run out of might!  
This upward climb so hard, I'm daunted!

Some nights when even the moon goes out,  
It's tough to remember your heart still bleeds,  
Desiring that I give it one more fight!  
And know who my heart truly needs.