

Night Clothes

Joseph Arthur

The sun is out, I got no shades
The moon in my pocket, I got it made
Riding my bike for a free guitar
Sweating in leather, my eye is the scar
Rob from always on the run is so bad and copy paste is a sin
She scratched me awake
Must've been a bad dream
Blood for a tear
And a kiss for a scream
Night clothes

Say a prayer for my sister
Drink my coffee down
The jukebox is blaring
An old fashioned sound

The street kids are walking
With books made of junk
With words drinking on them
Until they are drunk

Voices in echoes
Stir into noise
The soundtrack of chaos
Girls beating boys
Night clothes

I'm in my nightclothes
Still from the night before
Too many layers
And I can't reach the floor

All the time floating
On a bike made of wings
Sweating and laughing
As my lost angel sings

Deep in hells kitchen
With hookers and saints
Workers of metal
And gypsies with paints

Spraying on people
On city brick walls
Who somehow can listen
When euphoria calls

The world is a flood
Of music and light
Of day bleeding backwards
In the folly of night

The city must be
Where gods like to hang
Their monkey hearts beat
Like drums in the rain
In my nightclothes

Here in my city
I'm blessed and I'm cursed
Not nearly the best
But close to the worst

Blessed are the meek
The rodents, the slaves
For we are still close
To exploding the graves

To dance here with death
And music and light
Through agony days
And the freedom of night
In my nightclothes

I'm in my nightclothes
And the coffee is gone
To move through the veins
Of this old city's song

The laughter the music
The tears are the words
The melody suspended
Like wires and birds

Floating and changing
Resolved to be free
The light that's in you
Is in them and in me
In my nightclothes

I'm in my nightclothes
Still from the night before
I'm in my nightclothes
Still from the night before