Late at night

When reality's failing and nothing is prevailing but the wind, I come to you

Out of sight

Like a fugitive trailing across a barren land, you let me in, y ou always do.

My reason is caught by a sudden gust of lateral thought that sw eeps me far beyond

It's the opium of the night

And the ocean of words that we throw in the air grow more absur $\ensuremath{\mathsf{d}}$ and nobody seems to care

It's a refugee's respite.

Café Society.

Late at night (late at night)

While the city lies sleeping and solitude is keeping me awake, I think of you

Dim your lights (dim your lights)

Oh, I want to sink deep in that river of oblivion you make, I n eed it too.

Let me check-in my mind with my coat at the door 'cause I want to go flying where I've never been before

Some inviting dark ravine

If the hand that you hold in the dead of the night is a little too cold, the body seems just right

It's a Toulouse Lautrec scene.

Café Society.

('Excuse me, sir, are you a member?')