

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, you
always do.

My reason is caught by a sudden gust of lateral thought that sweeps me far beyond
It's the opium of the night
And the ocean of words that we throw in the air grow more absurd 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 need 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?')