

## In the Night

Bauhaus

In the night, in the chair  
He sits there, he sits tight  
No more cans, no more crime  
See the place, see the time  
You never know

He walks light, don't know how  
Maybe now, in the night  
Oh, I know, yes I know  
There's no chat  
He's for show  
You never know

Sees the place and tries to get the time  
He's slowly slipping into the slime  
Can't inject into his veins  
Blood and guff ooze out and stain  
Cares not that he really bleeds  
Death not hell is what he needs  
Sees the place, checks the time  
Some other place, some other time  
You never know

Slipping up and down his writhing side  
His eyes begin to ponder pride  
Subjective pics of misled youth  
Before him lies the dreadful truth  
Undignified, Insignified  
His wrist on to the razor slides  
You never know