

## Night Light

## Blood Red Shoes

Write a note on the back of your hand  
Ease your soul, you can understand  
Take good pride in what you had  
The day is done, the day is gone  
Again

I'll be waiting up at midnight  
When you feel  
It's the ghost you made of me  
It's the ghost you made of me  
It's the ghost you made of me

Blackened sky is closing in  
Concrete walls sit still and the autumn's been  
Cool breeze, and the cocktails fight  
This bitter taste, this bitter waste of mine

I'll be waiting up at midnight  
When you feel  
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