

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
It's the ghost you made of me
It's the ghost you made of me
It's the ghost you made of me
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It's the ghost you made of me