

# Beat of the Night

Bob Geldof

It was cold that night from across the west and the days had lost their spar  
k

And the yellow lights split the rain so bright and the dogs had lost their b  
ark

What Hitchcock plots were hatched that night behind the shuttered door  
When the curtain shook and the head beat down and he quietly was withdrawn

And we moved in the Beat  
Beat of the Night, Beat of the Night  
Beat of the Night

So I made my way to the top of the hill and I looked on down the road  
And the air stood still in the frost and chill as the hours and the minutes  
unfold  
But the trees they shook and the house creaked as though seized by a violent  
rage  
And the wind bites deep and the wires shriek like a noise from beyond the gr  
ave

And they moved in the Beat  
Swayed in the Beat  
Talk in the Beat  
The Beat of the Night

The sound of women crying made me go and investigate,  
and I walked past a row of houses 'til I reached #48  
Where the huddled neighbors stood about, frightened shocked and scared  
And the bleating of an ambulance cut through the thickening air  
And with a sickening sense of deja vu I knew what was coming next  
I'd been here before, but when or how, I couldn't quiet connect  
And from an open-windowed upstairs flat someone sang along  
Yes I knew the words and I knew the tune  
They were playing that beautiful song that went Yeah, yeah, yeah (Yeah yeah  
yeah) (Yeah yeah yeah) (Yeah yeah yeah) (Yeah yeah yeah)

And we moved in the Beat (Yeah yeah yeah)  
Rocked in the Beat (Yeah yeah yeah)  
Talkin' in the Beat (Yeah yeah yeah)  
The Beat of the Night (Yeah yeah yeah)  
The Beat of the Night (Yeah yeah yeah)  
The Beat of the Night (Yeah yeah yeah)

A black man slumped up against the door  
And a Brown man lay face down on the floor  
And a white woman sobbed on the second stair  
And all the blood was red

And then they moved in the Beat  
Rockin' in the Beat  
Talkin' in the Beat  
The Beat of the Night [x4]

Yes the tears of rage and the tears of anger flowed to the river bank  
And at the local disco dancehall they were cranking up the skank  
And the pulse of the noise went through the night into the washed-  
up back of my feet  
And I smelled the fear and I tasted blood and the soundtrack was the Beat

As we moved in the Beat (Yeah yeah yeah)  
Rockin' in the Beat (Yeah yeah yeah)  
Murder in the Beat (Yeah yeah yeah)  
The Beat of the Night (Yeah yeah yeah)