

Twilight, twilight,
let the twilight embrace
you and the world,
oh let it draw your face.
And the trees will bend,
we all do in the end.
Don't you say again how lucky I am.

I guess it's not up to me
but I want to be someone new
and all the cops of New York City
know me better than I already do.

We played the chords we knew,
the ones we remembered,
but it was the best song we've ever heard.
Oh the moon was full, it was starting to snow,
and I wish you said "I don't want you to go".

I guess it's not up to me
but I want to be someone new
and all the cops of New York City
know me better than I already do. (x 2)