

Brite Nitegown

Donald Fagen

I dreamed I had a fever
I was pushin' one-oh-three
My mom's all upset - cryin' by my bedside
Everybody's prayin' for me
I hear a scratchin' at the window
I somehow twist myself around
I realize I'm eyes to eyes
With the fella in the Brite Nitegown

Brite Nitegown
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You can't fight with the fella
In the Brite Nitegown

The eagle flies on Friday
My baby wants to bash
I hit the ATM - and march down the street
With a roll of party cash.
Right then a couple lit-up brothers
They gently put me on the ground
They do the steal and leave me to deal
With the fella in the Brite Nitegown

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Ten milligrams of Chronax
Will whip you back through time
Past Hebrew kings - and furry things
To the birth of humankind
I shared in all of nature's secrets
But when I finally came around
I'm sittin' on the rug gettin' a victory hug
From the fella in the brite Brite Nitegown

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