

# The Night Belongs To Mona

Donald Fagen

Mona's become a child of the night  
When she goes out  
It's only for bare necessities  
She says she's had it up to here with light  
While the city sleeps  
That's when she comes alive

Yes, the night belongs to Mona  
When she's dancing all alone  
Forty floors above the city  
CDs spinnin'  
AC hummin'  
Feelin' pretty

Sometimes she'll call at some unholy hour  
She wants to talk  
All of this grim and funny stuff  
Then she'll go all quiet in her Chelsea tower  
And that's when we wait  
To see how the story ends

'Cause the night belongs to Mona  
When she's dancing all alone  
Forty floors above the city  
CDs spinnin'  
AC hummin'  
Feelin' pretty

Was it the fire downtown  
That turned her world around  
Was it some guy or lots of different things  
We all wonder where she's gone  
That sunny girl we used to know  
Now every night we get the Mona show

Maybe it's good that she's above it all  
Things don't seem as dark  
When you're already dressed in black  
We try not to see the writing on the wall  
What happens tomorrow

When the moonrays  
Get so bright  
When she rises  
Towards the starlight  
Miles above  
The city's heat  
Will she fall hard  
Or float softly to the street

Tonight the night belongs to Mona  
When she's dancing all alone  
Forty floors above the city  
CDs spinnin'  
AC hummin'  
Feelin' pretty

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