

Faithful Night, Listening

Great Lake Swimmers

As I sit here on this curb
In the middle of the night
With my guitar in my hands
Playing a lonely midnight song
A stranger approaches me and says
Why do you play
And I answer him

This parking lot and
Everyone else lies in its dark corners
And down it's dark alleyways
Is my audience
And this song is for this night
And all that comes with it
And all that belongs to it

Play for the stars
And the immobile cars
Stray cats and telephone lines
The old dumpster bins
They will all receive me
Will not turn me away
They will listen with kind ears
They will listen with kind ears

And I shiver in the cool air
My guitar echoes against the back of sleeping building
My faithful night still listens
And my faithful night still listens

Play for the stars
And the immobile cars
Stray cats and telephone lines
The old dumpster bins
They will all receive me
Will not turn me away
They will listen with kind ears
They will listen with kind ears

They will listen with kind ears