

# Night Clothes

Joseph Arthur

The sun is out, I got no shades  
The moon in my pocket, I got it made  
Riding my bike for a free guitar  
Sweating in leather, my eye is the scar  
Rob from always on the run is so bad and copy paste is a sin  
She scratched me awake  
Must've been a bad dream  
Blood for a tear  
And a kiss for a scream  
Night clothes

Say a prayer for my sister  
Drink my coffee down  
The jukebox is blaring  
An old fashioned sound

The street kids are walking  
With books made of junk  
With words drinking on them  
Until they are drunk

Voices in echoes  
Stir into noise  
The soundtrack of chaos  
Girls beating boys  
Night clothes

I'm in my nightclothes  
Still from the night before  
Too many layers  
And I can't reach the floor

All the time floating  
On a bike made of wings  
Sweating and laughing  
As my lost angel sings

Deep in hells kitchen  
With hookers and saints  
Workers of metal  
And gypsies with paints

Spraying on people  
On city brick walls  
Who somehow can listen  
When euphoria calls

The world is a flood  
Of music and light  
Of day bleeding backwards  
In the folly of night

The city must be  
Where gods like to hang  
Their monkey hearts beat  
Like drums in the rain  
In my nightclothes

Here in my city  
I'm blessed and I'm cursed  
Not nearly the best  
But close to the worst

Blessed are the meek  
The rodents, the slaves  
For we are still close  
To exploding the graves

To dance here with death  
And music and light  
Through agony days  
And the freedom of night  
In my nightclothes

I'm in my nightclothes  
And the coffee is gone  
To move through the veins  
Of this old city's song

The laughter the music  
The tears are the words  
The melody suspended  
Like wires and birds

Floating and changing  
Resolved to be free  
The light that's in you  
Is in them and in me  
In my nightclothes

I'm in my nightclothes  
Still from the night before  
I'm in my nightclothes  
Still from the night before