

Quarter To Four

New Bomb Turks

Well the night was lost.
The night was sore.
Then my pockets emptied
as the beer downpoured.
What at last was on
was now quarter to four.
Another wasted night.

So this night was right
for stupid sin.
Yeah the holding out
was caving in.
The slickest sinner
always wins the prize
of a wasted night.

I wanna go, I wanna stay.
I wanna say something.
I've got nothing to say.
Another wasted night.

I close my eyes,
don't wanna see
the sun coming up
on my history.

So if the chance comes down
to steal a kiss
you nab what you can
resignation is bliss.
I never brake when I hit the skids
on a wasted night.

See we can close our eyes,
let our hands pretend
we can kill this life
with tight grips and hedged bets
that will ditch this world.
But for now let's curl
into this wasted night.

Crawling like James Dean
for his toy monkey.
Living by night, in a lonely place.
My father was Nicholas Ray