

Night's Song

Say Anything

Stumble on to the pavement; they're strapped tight to bed
They've got a fetish for sheep, straitjacket sheets
But I've got Randy Newman in my head
This is no corn-fed day, it's gloomy, blue, and cold
So let the muggings occur, I feel secure
They say that I'm peculiar

But oh I don't know, I don't care
I'll be waiting for you there
Crave this chill, bathe in black
All the ghouls and fiends attack
Knees go weak, and I swoon, underneath the pallet moon
Praise the night, and praise the night
The only time I feel alright

Under the sun gods stare, I wince and blossom hives
Counting the fractions of day, rotting away
As businessmen just drink away their eyes
But when the stars once shy, come bloom and blanket earth
I feel beloved and blessed, quite Byron-esque
The need to just get off my chest that, oh

I don't know I don't care
I'll be waiting for you there
Crave this chill, bathe in black
All the ghouls and fiends attack
Eyes erupt, and I swoon, underneath the pallet moon
Praise the night, and praise the night
The only time I feel alright

I don't know I don't care
I'll be waiting for you there
Crave this chill, bathe in black
All the ghouls and fiends attack
Head combusts, and I swoon, underneath the pallet moon
Praise the night, and praise the night
The only time I feel alright