

Nighttown

Shriekback

Take a look at this - drink it in - it is such a wicked sight
By the river; in the city; in the country of the night.
So exotic; so mysterious. Look out where you go.
Stand under the yellow moon, stand under the yellow moon
Of NIGHTTOWN... NIGHTTOWN

Someone said to me that all of history is just a cry in the street
All the apparitions up at the window, well - who can sleep in this heat?
This is the crucible and everything is burning - turning golden brown.
All framed in the nightmare light, all framed in the nightmare light
Of NIGHTTOWN... NIGHTTOWN

Our own and Golden City.
Our own and Golden City.
Our own and Golden City.
The air is full of cries:
Our own and Golden City.
Our own and Golden City.
Our own and Golden City.
The night is bright with eyes
in NIGHTTOWN... NIGHTTOWN

Meet the military making merry where the magic people go.
They are looking at us looking at them and we know they know we know.
It's a nuclear sort of feeling and it's close to melting down.
All washed in the blood and rain. All washed in the blood and rain.
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