

The streets are empty
Everything is closed
And the night-time is waking
Where does everybody go?

So many lonely hearts broken
Broken in the night
Roaming the streets to find
Some warmth from someone else's fire

I'm drawing breath again
From the sights that I see
I'm breaking down again
From the news that I read

And the shops are opening
People busying around
But there are the few of us
Who didn't sleep at all last night

Give a little help you say
Give a little cash today
To those who are less
Fortunate
But it doesn't work that way
Doesn't work that way, you know
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From the sights that I see
I'm breaking down again
From the news that I read

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