

King Of The Night

Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes

King Of The Night
(J. Lyon/M. Noble)

Battered old hands, black leather jacket
Sad, mournful cat, sweet moonlit racket
And I slid through the alleys
Like some old town stalking
As I go out walking, King of the Night
King of the Night

Night's curtain falls, soft velvet texture
A saxophone calls some ballad by Dexter
Yea, I'm dresses in my best and the locals are gawking
I hear them talking, King of the Night
When I'm out in my kingdom
Cares if the world take flight
King of the Night

Someone is waiting
A falling star's creating
Anticipation in the air
Hidden in the craters of the moon
She's there

Damp morning streets
Small town awakens
Warm rumbled sheets
And the smell of bacon
I peek through kitchen windows
And see couples talking
As I finish walking, King of the Night
Watching over his kingdom
As it fades in the morning light
King of the Night
King of the Night