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