

# 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