

Donald Fagen, Brite Nitegown

I dreamed I had a fever
I was pushin' one-oh-three
My mom's all upset - cryin' by my bedside
Everybody's prayin' for me
I hear a scratchin' at the window
I somehow twist myself around
I realize I'm eyes to eyes
With the fella in the Brite Nitegown

Brite Nitegown
Brite Nitegown
You can't fight with the fella
In the Brite Nitegown

The eagle flies on Friday
My baby wants to bash
I hit the ATM - and march down the street
With a roll of party cash.
Right then a couple lit-up brothers
They gently put me on the ground
They do the steal and leave me to deal
With the fella in the Brite Nitegown

Brite Nitegown
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Ten milligrams of Chronax
Will whip you back through time
Past Hebrew kings - and furry things
To the birth of humankind
I shared in all of nature's secrets
But when I finally came around
I'm sittin' on the rug gettin' a victory hug
From the fella in the brite Brite Nitegown

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