

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

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

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