

Donald Fagen, The Night Belongs To Mona

Mona's become a child of the night
When she goes out
It's only for bare necessities
She says she's had it up to here with light
While the city sleeps
That's when she comes alive

Yes, the night belongs to Mona
When she's dancing all alone
Forty floors above the city
CDs spinnin'
AC hummin'
Feelin' pretty

Sometimes she'll call at some unholy hour
She wants to talk
All of this grim and funny stuff
Then she'll go all quiet in her Chelsea tower
And that' when we wait
To see how the story ends

'Cause the night belongs to Mona
When she's dancing all alone
Forty floors above the city
CDs spinnin'
AC hummin'
Feelin' pretty

Was it the fire downtown
That turned her world around
Was it some guy or lots of different things
We all wonder where she's gone
That sunny girl we used to know
Now every night we get the Mona show

Maybe it's good that she's above it all
Things don't seem as dark
When you're already dressed in black
We try not to see the writing on the wall
What happens tomorrow

When the moonrays
Get so bright
When she rises
Towards the starlight
Miles above
The city's heat
Will she fall hard
Or float softly to the street

Tonight the night belongs to Mona
When she's dancing all alone
Forty floors above the city
CDs spinnin'
AC hummin'
Feelin' pretty