

morphine, The Night

you're the night, Lilah
a little girl lost in the woods
you're a folktale
the unexplainable
you're a bedtime story
the one that keeps the curtains closed
I hope you're waiting for me
cause I can't make it on my own
I can't make it on my own
it's too dark to see the landmarks
and I don't want your good luck charms
I hope you're waiting for me
across your carpet of stars
you're the night, Lilah
you're everything that we can't see
Lilah
you're the possibility
you're the bedtime story
the one that keeps the curtains closed
and I hope you're waiting for me
cause I can't make it on my own
I can't make it on my own
sweet-ass sax solo
unknown the unlit world of old
you're the sounds I've never heard before
off the map where the wild things grow
another world outside my door
here I stand I'm all alone
driving down the pitch black road
Lilah you're my only home
and I can't make it on my own
you're a bedtime story
the one that keeps the curtains closed
I hope you're waiting for me
cause I can't make it on my own
I can't make it on my own