

Shawn Colvin, The Dead Of The Night

S. Colvin

It is the dead of the night
Oh the dead of the night
I live on a dream, it came to me
When I was young
I brought it here, and now for years
The streets of London keep it safe and warm
Every morning it dies and it is reborn
In the dead of the night

I keep a pencil and a book
I say this is how a life can look
Russian roulette, French-kissed cigarette
And the silence like an anvil
The things that you learn, but now all
that burns
Is a candle
And the fog melts over the night, and
it softens the edges
I begin to write in the dead of the night

A bead of sweat runs down my arm
And I drink it from my skin
It is the most real thing that I feel
It is communion
Bless the meek
Heal the sick
Protect the weak
In the dead of the night