

The Church, The Night Is Very Soft

Tiny drops of water glistened on her black fur
Taillights in earshot, headlights shine through her
And on legs crossed on the red surge settee
Sat next to nothing and she looked right through me, and on
Inside the car sat a sulky blonde
And on her lap the road went on and on
As she dresses I look to the ground
Perhaps I know where the place can be found, and on
Outside, the night is very soft, but where does it end
We'd pile into the Buick, but you've got to have money for that
92 people taking it too fast
They never noticed where their lines are cast, and on
I've got a milk white electric guitar
Walked in the shop and I peeled off the notes
Oh yeah