

U.K., In The Dead Of Night

Are you one of mine who can sleep with one eye open wide?
Agonizing psychotic solitary hours to decide
Reaching for the light at the slightest noise from the floor
Now your hands perspire heart goes leaping at a knock from the door

In the dead of night
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Rich and powerful ascend complicated bends to be free
To indulge in what they will any jaded thrill or fantasy
Shuttered windows that belie all the stifled cries from within
And prying eyes are blind to proceedings of the kind that begin

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