

Blues Traveler, The Children Of The Night

We climb slowly out from under the rock We were hiding
To greet the sun as it leaves the sky
On the cycle it was riding
And we stand new
Beneath the blanket of stars
So vast it sways our stance
And swaying
We continue to rise
Until it becomes one outright dance

And the moon keeps watch as the howling grows
Into one single petal
From a very different rose
And when we all get lost in
The throbbing throng's exhaustion
We actually touch those flickering lights
And give them something back
We are in fact the children of the night

A spark of smoke in the air
Commands the revelries as I attend
It says "be not afraid beneath
The heavens for the evening is your friend"

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