

# 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"

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