

# Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Nighttime For The

Well it's nighttime and the long cars  
Are arriving at the door,  
The general is having another party,  
With a congressman or three  
And some guys you never see outside the bank.

There's a laughing clink of glasses  
And a polished click of boots  
And bitter talk of a country  
With a weakness in its roots.

And it's nighttime for the generals  
And the boys at the C.I.A.  
Power gone mad in the darkness  
Thinking they're God on a good day  
They giveth, they taketh  
But they like to take it away.

"Well the fools don't know the difference  
It's for their own good," they said.  
And they shot blind Lady Liberty  
In the back of her head.

And it's nighttime for the generals  
And the boys at the C.I.A.  
Power gone mad in the darkness  
Thinking they're God on a good day  
They giveth, they taketh  
But they like to take it away.

They giveth, they taketh,

Nighttime, nighttime, nighttime.