

Jim Carroll, Day & Night

Day and night . . . the shadows move too slowly
From dark to light she promised she could know me
Remember when . . . I watched her on the stairway
She was drinkin' wine . . . and she told me what the
Stars
Say . . .

Some destinies, they should not be delivered . . .
But in her eyes I saw a thousand reasons

Day and night

I feel her skin . . . it's thin and white as pressed milk
I closed my eyes and she vanished just like burnt silk
And what remains was like some fallen thunder

And my lips were chained; they were filled with empty wonder

But the stars tell lies, it blinds the only warning
And when darkness dies, there's nothing left but morning . . .

Just day and night

Day and night . . . the shadows start to scatter
When touched by light . . . each promise made is shattered
And even when the question find the answer
But even then, they're something like a dancer
But even then, they're something like a dancer
Like day and night . . . dark to light
I move from day to night