

# King Crimson, The Night Watch

Shine, shine, the light of good works shine  
The watch before the city gates depicted in their prime  
That golden light all grimy now  
Three hundred years have passed  
The worthy Captain and his squad of troopers standing fast

The artist knew their faces well  
The husbands of his lady friends  
His creditors and councillors  
In armour bright, the merchant men

Official moments of the guild  
In poses keen from bygone days  
The city fathers frozen there  
Upon the canvas dark with age

The smell of paint, a flask of wine  
And turn those faces all to me  
The blunderbuss and halberd-shaft  
And Dutch respectability

They make their entrance one by one  
Defenders of that way of life  
The redbrick home, the bourgeoisie  
Guitar lessons for the wife

So many years we suffered here  
Our country racked with Spanish wars  
Now comes a chance to find ourselves  
And quiet reigns behind our doors  
We think about posterity again

And so the pride of little men  
The burghers good and true  
Still living through the painter's hands  
Request you all to understand