

Latin Quarter, The Night

The night's the night, whoevers spending it
The nights not hers, but she is lending it
A love to last? She's not pretending it
So quickly passed, she's not defending it

He talks of wine, his words cascading it
An active life, his hands parading it
To please him now, his eyes persuading it
The night's a lie, there's no evading it

The night's a fire
This engine's speeding to
The night's a crash
This learning curve is leading to
The night's a fire

It's blue and black
And broke, and bleeding too
The night's embrace
Will never stop me needing you
The song that plays, the singers faking it
The step they took, should not have taken it
The beating heart, they both are breaking it
The love they made, they start unmaking it.