

MARC COHN, Don't Talk To Her At Night

Don't talk to her when shooting stars are falling
Don't talk to her when she can smell the jasmine in the air
Don't talk to her when no one knows you're calling
You might just say the words that keep her waiting there
Don't talk to her when she is softly sleeping
Don't wake her to the sound of your voice whispering her name
Don't tell her all the secrets you've been keeping
Don't tell her that you're drowning in a river of shame
When the wolf is howling
Underneath the moon
Underneath the window
Of a hotel room
Burn the blanket
Shoot the light
But don't talk to her at night
Don't talk to her in thunder or in lightning
Don't talk to her with fuses blown and wires falling down
Don't talk to her when the fever is frightening
When she's burning in the bedroom in an evening gown
Or when the wolf is howling
Underneath the moon
Underneath the window
Of a hotel room
Burn the blanket
Shoot the light
But don't talk to her at night
Don't talk to her at night