

Pretty Things, Edge Of The Night

I saw the canopies, beneath the buildings discreet
The hour's late and not a soul on the street,
As I stood alone there, at the edge of the night.

With all your wisdom, you had gone to bed early
I hesitated and just think what it cost me
Just like a victim in the sights it doesn't feel right

At the edge of the night.

I had the backbone but then, I heard it cracking.
I faced the terror but I found myself lacking
What good is courage here, at the edge of the night.

At the edge of the night.

There was this man,

Gun in his hand,
That wanted to waste me
My mouth became dry,
I reached for the sky,
The sight seemed to freeze me
He said he'd been a hero,
Now he'd fallen down to zero
Ain't it a crime

Whooo

I handed over all I had on my person
My bank america card and this was my first one
Then he just stepped right out of sight, at the edge of the night

At the edge of the night.