

Robert Cray, Night Patrol

(D. Amy)

See him cuddled in the shadows
Sleepin' on his cardboard bed
Using rags for a pillow
Where he lays his unwashed head
His blanket's old newspaper
Not much good against the snow
See so many like him out there
When you walk the night patrol
When you walk the night patrol

Oh, you wonder where he came from
Where he's gonna go
Was it a woman or a bottle?
That's brought him down so low
What's happened to his family?
Do they know he's out here in the cold?
He's just a nameless soldier
Marching on the night patrol
Marching on the night patrol

Like that girl on the corner
She can't be more than seventeen
She's run away from somewhere
Taking nothing but her dreams
Now those dreams are lying shattered
As the street exacts its toll
And she's just another victim
Lost out on the night patrol

Oh, you could ask me why I'm out here
Where do I fit into the scene?
Now I'm drawing unemployment
Got replaced by a machine
And I'm tortured by my bad habits
Sometimes, I lose this struggle to control
And the street has its attractions
When you walk the night patrol
When you walk the night patrol