

Starflyer 59, Night Life

If you're teaching a trade
About a mocker's song
With no business to name
You've got night life
If you're making the made
For your precious own
With no need for a name
You're got a nice life
To live and write

So when I called you enemies
It was just for the things that I cannot buy
I never had a working wife

So if you've made all the trades
And no pressure is on
And you are coming home
For that nice life
To live and write