

The The, This Is The Night

I'm scared of the things I think of
when night comes along
Something gets hold of me
Something I can't see

Oh, it's a wicked world
Awaits the ones our young girls bear
Oh, I need somebody to hold me
In the fading light of this coming night
In the fading light of this coming night

How many whores have walked through that door
Lain by my side and climbed in my mind
And taken me down to where the heat
Blisters the skin upon my feet
Makes me reach out and weep for the days when
I was pure of heart and slept in peace

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Awaits the ones our young girls bear
Oh, I need somebody to hold me
In the fading light of this coming night
In the fading light
This coming night

In the fading light
Of this coming night
In the fading light
This is the night