

Van Morrison, Wild Night

As you brush your shoes
And stand before the mirror
And you comb your hair
And grab your coat and hat
And you walk, wet streets
Tryin' to remember
All the wild breezes
In your mem'ry ever.
And ev'rything looks so complete
When you're walkin' out on the street
And the wind catches your feet
And sends you flyin', cryin'
Ooh-wee!
The wild night is calling.

And all the girls walk by
Dressed up for each other
And the boys do the boogie-woogie
On the corner of the street
And the people passin' by
Just stare in wild wonder
And the inside juke-box
Roars out just like thunder.
And everything looks so complete...
The wild night is calling
The wild night is calling
Come on out and dance
Come on out and make romance....