

# Webb Wilder, Skeleton Crew

""Skeleton Crew""

This is one of those  
Joints that never close  
The waitress looks tired  
The bartender does too  
It's down to me and you  
And the skeleton crew

It's close to winter's edge  
The city's playing dead  
The stars seem so small  
And all we have we can't let them fall  
It's up to me and you  
And the skeleton crew

When you're tied to the graveyard shift  
You seldom pass the time of day  
In the stillness the sirens call  
And the world makes do  
With the skeleton crew

When morning comes around  
It's a different town  
The shadows change  
In the grey light they just slip away  
The same is true  
Of the skeleton crew

When you're tied to the graveyard shift  
You seldom pass the time of day  
In the stillness the sirens call  
And the world makes do  
With the skeleton crew

It's time I made the most  
Of what's left of the night  
We can chance the streets  
Go to my place and shake out the chill  
We could make our move  
And lose the skeleton crew

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na  
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na  
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na