

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