

Yngwie Malmsteen, In The Dead Of Night Wetton

Are you one of mine who can sleep with one eye open wide?

Agonizing psychotic solitary hours to decide

Reaching for the light at the slightest noise from the floor

Palms of hands perspire heart goes leaping at a knock from the door.

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Rich and powerful ascend complicated bends to be free

To indulge in what they will and jaded thrill or fantasy

Shuttered windows that belie all stifled cries from within

And prying eyes are blind to proceedings of the kind that begin

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