

## **Cray Robert**

### **"Night Patrol"**

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Night Patrol

by Robert Cray

See him huddled in the shadows, sleepin' on his  
cardboard bed.

Usin' rags for a pillow, where he lays his unwashed  
head.

His blankets old newspapers, they're not much good  
against the snow.

You see so many out there like him, when you walk the  
night patrol,

When you walk the night patrol.

Oh, you wonder where he came from, where he's  
gonna go.

Was it a woman or a bottle that brought him down so  
low?

What's happened to his family? Do they know he's out  
here in the cold?

He's just a nameless soldier, Marchin' on the night  
patrol,

Marchin' on the night patrol.

Like that girl there on the corner, she can't be more  
than seventeen.

She's run away from somewhere, takin' nothin' but her  
dreams

Now those dreams are lying shattered, as the street  
exacts its toll,

And she's just another victim, lost out on the night  
patrol.

Oh, you can ask me why I'm out here, where do I fit into  
the scene.

Now I'm drawing unemployment got replaced by a  
machine.

And I'm tortured by my bad habits, sometimes I lose  
the struggle to control.

And the street has its attractions, when you walk the  
night patrol,

When you walk the night patrol.

Transcribed by Rich Kulawiec, rsk@ecn.purdue.edu

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