Marc Broussard "Don't Talk To Her At Night"

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Don't talk to her when shooting stars are falling Don't talk to her when she can smell the jasmine in the air

Don't talk to her when no one knows you're calling You might just say the words that keep her waiting there

Don't talk to her when she is softly sleeping Don't wake her to the sound of your voice whispering her name

Don't tell her all the secrets you've heen keeping Don't tell her that you're drowning in a river of shame

When the wolf is howling Underneath the moon Underneath the window Of a hotel room Burn the blanket Shoot the light But don't talk to her at night

Don't talk to her in thunder or in lightning Don't talk to her with fuses blown and wires falling down Don't talk to her when the fever is frightening When she's burning in the bedroom in an evening

gown

Or when the wolf is howling Undernearh the moon Underneath the window Of a hotel room Burn the blanket Shoot the light But don't talk to her at night Don't talk to her at night

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