

City and Colour

"Bordello Night"

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There's a place I go, not far from New Mexico,
Where we party all night,
Soon as I came from the city, it was
Bar room brawls and lazy nights,
Why should I fight? When it's

CHORUS

Oh Oh, yes it's a Bordello Night
Oh Oh, yes it's a Bordello Night,
Burn the midnight oil, you're on foreign soil,
That somehow makes it alright.
It's a Bordello Night.

It's the kind of place where a month is just
Twenty eight lazy days,
To just whistle away, in this way.
"Come to the dance?" she asked -
The seven veils or a saraband -
And a mystery romance. When it's . . .

CHORUS

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