

## Mc 900 Foot Jesus "The City Sleeps"

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Stealing down an ally on a cold dark night  
I see a halo in the rain around the street light  
I stop and look, and listen to the sound  
As the raindrops penetrate the silence all around  
Alone, I gaze into the glistening street  
The distant thunder echoing my heartbeat  
Urging me on to a secret goal  
Away from the light from this lamp on a pole  
So I turn, slip away into the rain  
Drifting like a spirit through the shadows in the lane  
Clutching the tools of my trade in my hand  
An old box of matches and a gasoline can  
Darkness envelopes the scene like a shroud  
A veil of emptiness hangs from the clouds  
Filling up the cracks in this desolate place  
Cradled by the night in an icy embrace

Moving to the town like a ghost in the rain  
A dim reflection in a dark window pane  
Blackness beckons from every side  
Creeping all around like an incoming tide  
A broken window in an empty house  
I slip inside and begin to douse  
The whole place with the fuel that will feed the fire  
And push back the night, taking me higher  
On out of the darkness in a deafening roar  
The match in my hand is the key to the door  
A simple turn of the wrist will suffice  
To open a passage to paradise  
I pause, I think about the past and the gloom  
The smell of gasoline permeates the room  
Everyone has a little secret he keeps  
I light the fires while the city sleeps

(Like the 4th of July)

The match makes a graceful arc to the floor  
And time stands still as I turn for the door  
Which explodes in a fireball and throws me to the  
street  
I hit the ground running with the flames at my feet  
Reaching for the night which recoils from the fire

The raindrops hiss like a devilish choir  
Dying in the flames with a terrible sound  
Calling all the names of the sleepers all around  
But then in the arms of the night, they lay  
Their dreams, sprout wings and fly away  
Out of the houses in a gathering flock  
Swarming overhead as I hurry down the block  
I make my escape with the greatest of ease  
And savor the darkness, drop to my knees  
And the lightless window, my hand on the latch  
I reach in my pocket, and pull out a match

(Like the 4th of July)

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