

Robert Cray "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
exact's it's 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 it's attractions, when you walk the
night patrol,
When you walk the night patrol.

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

