

The "This Is The Night"

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I'm scared of the things I think of
when night comes along.
Something gets hold of me.
Something I can't never see.
Oh, it's a wicked world
Awaits the ones our young girls bear
Oh, I need somebody to hold me
In the fading light of this coming night.
In the fading light of this coming night.
How many whores have walked through that door
Lain by my side & climbed in my mind
& taken me down to where the heat

blisters the skin upon my feet
makes me reach out & weep for the days when
I was pure of heart & slept in peace.
Oh, it's a wicked world
Awaits the ones our young girls bear
Oh, I need somebody to hold me
In the fading light of this coming night.
In the fading light. This coming night.
In the fading light.
Of this coming night.
In the fading light
this is the night.

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