

Morphine

"The Night"

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You're the night, Lilah, a little girl lost in the woods
You're a folk tale, the unexplainable

You're a bedtime story, the one that keeps the curtains
closed
And I hope you're waiting for me, 'cause I can make it
on my own
I can make it on my own

It's too dark to see the landmarks, I don't want your
good luck charms
I hope you're waiting for me across your carpet of stars

You're the night, Lilah, you're everything that we can
see
Lilah, you're the possibility

You're the bedtime story, the one that keeps the
curtains closed
And I hope you're waiting for me, 'cause I can make it
on my own
I can make it on my own

Unknown the unlit world of old, you're the sounds I
never heard before
Off the map where the wild things grow, another world
outside my door

Here I stand I'm all alone, drive me down the pitch
black road
Lilah, you're my only home and I can't make it on my
own

You're the bedtime story, the one that keeps the
curtains closed
And I hope you're waiting for me, 'cause I can make it
on my own
I can make it on my own

You're the paint can falling off the wall at the door that
slams
At the end of the hall where the kid rings sounds of

basketball

The battle of the earth of the angels, the shifting snow
drifts so realistic

So realistic, call you carpet of stars, see there is
something in the yard

It's awful dark with the painted strings, the cross, the
good luck charm

The prayer, the extra layer, the group

[Incomprehensible]

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