

## Quicksilver Messenger Service

### "Still Of The Night"

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We're not the ones to blame  
Burning passions mixed with pain  
Past the point of no return  
Nothing stays the same  
The streets become our home  
Restless souls out on our own  
Trapped my ruins made by fools  
Chasing the unknown  
In the still of the night  
With nowhere to turn  
We took a roll of the dice  
And we learn  
And in the still of the night  
Streets of fire will burn  
As we run for our lives  
To survive  
Yeah  
Voices in the dark  
Calling us to play a part  
Little be known the razor's edge  
Have we gone too far?  
Every chance that we take  
There is a price that must be paid  
It's easy come and easy go  
But we are here to stay  
Yeah!  
In the still of the night  
With nowhere to turn  
We took a roll of the dice  
And we learn  
In the still of the night  
Streets of fire will burn  
As we run for our lives  
To survive  
Yeah  
Oh!  
In the still of the night (Of the night)  
With nowhere to turn  
We took a roll of the dice  
And we learn  
And in the still of the night

Streets of fire will burn  
As we run, run for our lives  
To survive  
To survive  
To survive  
And where do I turn  
In the still of the night  
And what did I learn  
In the still of the night  
The fires still burn, yeah  
Yeah, yeah

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