

Boots Electric

"Swallowed by the Night"

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And it casts a gloomy shadow on my soul
I've got weakness for the flesh
And for powdered speed and death
And my heart is aching for my desert home

There are women in my life
Who get swallowed by the night
They are faceless to me
As I am to them

I am troubled in the night
By the thoughts of my own life
And my spirits sinking
And my faith is thin

I'd rather be in Yorker Valley
Where the fuel they make is fine
Where sleep can't ever seem to catch me anywhere
So the sun begin to rise up now,
But still I see no lights
And I fear the rays of hope will never shine
The devil, he's creepin' near
And he whispers in my ear
Tellin' me he'll gimme all that I desire

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