

Shawn Colvin "The Dead Of The Night"

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It is the dead of the night
Oh, the dead of the night

I live on a dream, it came to me when I was young
And I brought it here and now for years
The streets of London keep it safe and warm
Every morning it dies and it is reborn

Into the dead of the night
In the dead of the night
Oh, the dead of the night

I keep a pencil and a book, I say this is how a life can
look
Russian Roulette, French-kissed cigarette and the
silence like an anvil
And the things that you learn but now all that burns is
the candle
And the fog melts over the night and it softens the
edges I begin to write

Into the dead of the night
In the dead of the night
Oh, the dead of the night

A bead of sweat runs down my arm and I drink it from
my skin
It is the most real thing that I feel, it is communion
Bless the meek, heal the sick, protect the weak

Into the dead of the night
In the dead of the night
Into the dead of the night
In the dead of the night
Oh, the dead of the night

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