

## Hackett Steve

### "There Are Many Sides To The Night"

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Standing under the lamplight

In one of the nicer parts of hell

Behold this dreamer with rich red ruby lips

Some pay for the privilege

And some just pay to talk

Because there are many sides to the night

When Father Thomas lies sleeping

His ever watchful sons

Divide up the spoils of the day's takings

A woman's work is never ever done

She's a child a slave a teacher and a fool

And then she vanishes from sight

Did no one ever tell you

There are many sides to the night

Standing under the lamplight

Selling perfume sweetcorn and lace

She looks beautiful from a distance

But it's too dark to see her face

I do it for my child alone

And who would say it's just not right

Verily I say unto you

There are many sides to the night

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