

Gay Blades, The

"Every Night Is Like A Revival"

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We sit, you and I, one by one, on the driver's side of
this station wagon
My right hand in your left, the sun is setting to the west,
We are clutching our bibles tight, we musn't forget to
light.

To light those candles under asses, make them scream
and reach for rafters
Clap their hands and stomp their feet and reinstill
some dignity

Well its seems to me, every time we hit the streets, we
don't have to try
Every night is like oh...

Every night is like a revival, painting strangers faces
with smiles
Every night is like a revival, and we always do it with
style
Well I guess, I've always known somehow our loved
was blessed

To light those candles under asses, make them scream
and reach for rafters
Clap their hands and stomp their feet and reinstill
some dignity

We'll make our way right back to Queens without the
aid of luxury
A quiet ride in our own taxi, yeah that's enough for you
and me

Well it seems to me, every time we hit the streets, we
don't have to try
Every night is like oh...

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