

# Night's Song

## Say Anything

Stumble on to the pavement; they're strapped tight to bed  
They've got a fetish for sheep, straitjacket sheets  
But I've got Randy Newman in my head  
This is no corn-fed day, it's gloomy, blue, and cold  
So let the muggings occur, I feel secure  
They say that I'm peculiar But oh I don't know, I don't care  
I'll be waiting for you there  
Crave this chill, bathe in black  
All the ghouls and fiends attack  
Knees go weak, and I swoon, underneath the pallet moon  
Praise the night, and praise the night  
The only time I feel alright Under the sun gods stare, I wince and blossom hives  
Counting the fractions of day, rotting away  
As businessmen just drink away their eyes  
But when the stars once shy, come bloom and blanket earth  
I feel beloved and blessed, quite Byron-esque  
The need to just get off my chest that, oh I don't know I don't care  
I'll be waiting for you there  
Crave this chill, bathe in black  
All the ghouls and fiends attack  
Eyes erupt, and I swoon, underneath the pallet moon  
Praise the night, and praise the night  
The only time I feel alright

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