

# Nocturnal

Chris Taylor

Well, she's lying in our bed  
Sweating staring at the ceiling  
I know her worried head is aching  
I know the because it's me  
I could leave the bathroom light on  
For better dreams tonight  
My stability, my luxury  
My life  
And I won't go, neither will you  
Turn of the phone, let's sleep 'til 2  
Your sad eyes taken on me  
Words are unnecessary  
Grip the back of your neck and slowly  
Move to me all becomes alright  
All becomes alright  
Well, I wake up in a cold sweat  
Got a bone to pick with reality  
Take a deep breath lay back down  
Wearing my badge of infamy  
Changed the bulb in the night light  
'Cause it flickered flickered and died  
Repeat the words you're not alone  
Just yell three times and hit the light  
My aim is true  
Turn off the phone, let's sleep 'til 2  
Your sad eyes taken on me  
Words are unnecessary  
Grip the back of your neck and slowly  
Move to me all becomes alright  
All becomes alright  
Let the fighting words lie  
Let the candle light die  
Let the sun come up  
Let the saline dry  
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