The Night

Morphine

You're the night, Lilah, a little girl lost in the woods
You're a folk tale, the unexplainableYou're a bedtime story, the one that keeps the curtains closed
And I hope you're waiting for me, 'cause I can make it on my own
I can make it on my ownIt's too dark to see the landmarks, I don't want your good luck charms
I hope you're waiting for me across your carpet of starsYou're the night, Lilah, you're everything that we can see
Lilah, you're the possibilityYou're the bedtime story, the one that keeps the curtains closed
And I hope you're waiting for me, 'cause I can make it on my own
I can make it on my ownUnknown the unlit world of old, you're the sounds I never heard before
Off the map where the wild things grow, another world outside my doorHere I stand I'm all alone, drive me down the pitch black road
Lilah, you're my only home and I can't make it on my ownYou're the bedtime story, the one that keeps the curtains closed
And I hope you're waiting for me, 'cause I can make it on my own
I can make it on my ownYou're the paint can falling off the wall at the door that slams
At the end of the hall where the kid rings sounds of basketball
The battle of the earth of the angels, the shifting snow drifts so realistic
So realistic, call you carpet of stars, see there is something in the yard
It's awful dark with the painted strings, the cross, the good luck charm
The prayer, the extra layer, the group [Incomprehensible]

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