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.
I hope you're waiting for me cause I can make it on my own.
I can make it on my own.It'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 stars.
You're the night, Lilah. You're everything that we can't see.
Lilah, you're the possibility.You'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 own.Unknown 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 door.
Here 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 own.You'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 own.You'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 ?

Songwriters
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