

# Every Night Is Like a Revival

## The Gay Blades

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 dignityWell 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 blessedTo light those candles under asses, make them  
scream and reach for rafters

Clap their hands and stomp their feet and reinstill some dignityWe'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 meWell 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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