

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 dignity Well it 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 blessed To light those candles under asses, make them
scream and reach for rafters
Clap their hands and stomp their feet and reinstill some dignity We'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 me Well 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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