

# The Night Watch

## King Crimson

Shine, shine  
The light of good works shine  
The watch before the city gates  
Depicted in their prime That golden light all grimy now  
300 years have passed  
The worthy captain  
And his squad of troopers standing fast The artist knew their faces well  
The husbands of his lady friends  
His creditors and councilors  
In armor bright, the merchant men Official moments of the guild  
In poses keen from bygone days  
The city fathers frozen there  
Upon the canvas dark with age The smell of paint, a flask of wine  
And turn those faces all to me  
The blunderbuss and halberd-shaft  
And Dutch respectability They make their entrance one by one  
Defenders of that way of life  
The redbrick home, the bourgeoisie  
Guitar lessons for the wife So many years, we suffered here  
Our country racked with Spanish wars  
Now comes a chance to find ourselves  
And quiet reigns behind our doors We think about posterity again  
And so the pride of little men  
The burghers, good and true  
Still living through the painter's hand  
Request you all to understand

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