

# This Is the Night

## The The

I'm scared of the things I think of  
When night comes along  
Something gets hold of me  
Something I can't see Oh, it's a wicked world, awaits the ones our young girls bear  
Oh, I need somebody to hold me  
In the fading light of this coming night  
In the fading light of this coming night How many whores have walked through that door?  
Lain by my side and climbed in my mind  
And taken me down to where the heat  
Blisters the skin upon my feet, makes me reach out and weep  
For the days when I was pure of heart and slept in peace Oh, it's a wicked world, awaits the ones our young girls  
bear  
Oh, I need somebody to hold me  
In the fading light of this coming night  
In the fading light of this coming night

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