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 seeOh, 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 nightHow 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 peaceOh, 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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