

My Time of Day

Peter Gallagher

My time of day is the dark time a couple of deals before dawn
When the street belongs to the cop and the janitor with the mop
And the grocery clerks are all gone When the smell of the rain washed pavement
Comes up clean, and fresh, and cold
And the street lamp light fills the gutter with gold That's my time of day, my time of day
And you're the only doll I've ever wanted to share it with me

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