

# Guardian of the Night

## Accept

In the night of the day I was born,  
quite sure I wouldn't see no tomorrow.  
All the days I was wasting alone,  
always waiting for the night without sorrows.  
Mister, mister, don't you know what I am.  
Can't you hear it's always trembling in my voice?  
Don't you know I'm doing all that I can,  
but I'm a man without any choice.  
Ev'ry day's only pain for me.  
I don't like the sunlight shining on my head.  
I'm a man that was born for the dark.  
Ev'ry light shines is making me feel bad.  
Lady, lady, put your hand on my head.  
Can't you hear it's always trembling in my voice?  
'Cause I'm the one who's behaving so bad.  
I need those feelings for you again.  
Man of the dark, guardian of the night  
I don't like people working all day,  
only working just to see next tomorrow.  
But they're happy while they're living that way.  
In that world I gotta beg, steal or borrow.  
Mister, mister, you don't know...

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