

In The Night

Bauhaus

In the night, in the chair
He sits there, he sits tight
No more cans, no more crime
See the place, see the time
You never know He walks light, don't know how
Maybe now, in the night
Oh, I know, yes I know
There's no chat
He's for show
You never know Sees the place and tries to get the time
He's slowly slipping into the slime
Can't inject into his veins
Blood and guff ooze out and stain
Cares not that he really bleeds
Death not hell is what he needs
Sees the place, checks the time
Some other place, some other time
You never know Slipping up and down his writhing side
His eyes begin to ponder pride
Subjective pics of misled youth
Before him lies the dreadful truth
Undignified, Insignified
His wrist on to the razor slides
You never know

Songwriters

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