

# Nighttime

[Bryan Milton](#)

This tender body  
Just wouldn't have a clue  
What it could be in for  
So come on, get your shoes on  
I'll get you what you go through  
And all the people  
Around here every day  
They go home in the nighttime  
So come on, do your make-up  
And get me what I'll go through  
I'm worth my weight in gold  
Watching the crowds unfold  
Late-start velocity  
Nighttime's making a mess of me  
And you hear music  
Everywhere you go  
Music's better in the nighttime  
So come on, play a record  
It'll get you what you go through  
I'm worth my weight in gold  
Watching the crowds unfold  
Late-start velocity  
Nighttime's making a mess of me  
I'm worth my weight in gold  
Watching the crowds unfold  
Late-start velocity  
Nighttime's making a mess of me  
Nighttime's making a mess of me  
Nighttime's making a mess of me  
Nighttime's making a mess  
So come on, get your shoes on  
Nighttime's making a mess of me  
Nighttime's making a mess  
Nighttime's making a mess  
So go on, get your shoes on  
Go on, get your shoes on

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