

Wasted Sleepless Nights / Dark Room

The Angels

Knocking at the window, standing in the rain
Ulysses smiles as he takes his pills
the street walker knows his middle name
she understands why he's dressed up to kill
poor little rich boy born to the thin woman
the papers said he'd never be deprived
the dust shifted in and out of time
he lost his grip on his privileged life

Now he's got children and a fat lady
who watch over him and he watches them
the house is brimming over with inside information
if learning is a crime it's looking grim!

I've got my hands in the water dipping in the dirty
there might be a witness I better keep out of sight
they've got their feet in the doorway
trying not to hurt me
this'll be the end of wasted sleepless nights
wasted sleepless nights

Somewhere in the dark room there's a sign on the door
that says "help for those who got the urge to stray"
they've got boudoirs and operating theatres
and microphone apostles who got nothing to say
now the finger's moving in for the kill
save up your breath! slow down your death!
don't you know they weren't around
when the loving angel said "don't seek the living
out here with the dead"...

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Staring voices from the dark room
they are the wind that blows forever around the sun
they are the beating of the city drum
and if you could see me now
you'd burn a fifty dollar bill!
take Valium and arithmetic
take a calculated thrill

Staring voices from the dark room
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