Wasted Sleepless Nights / Darkroom

Angel City

Knocking at the window, standing in the rain Ulysses smiles as he takes his pill
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, 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"

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

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
Oh, those wasted sleepless nights

(Break)

Staring voices from the dark room
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

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Staring voices from the dark room (wasted sleepless nights)
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