

# The Beat Of The Night

Bob Geldof

It was cold that night from across the west and the  
days had lost their spark  
And the yellow lights split the rain so bright and the  
dogs had lost their bark  
What Hitchcock plots were hatched that night behind the  
shuttered door  
When the curtain shook and the head beat down and he  
quietly was withdrawn

And we moved in the Beat  
Beat of the Night, Beat of the Night  
Beat of the Night

So I made my way to the top of the hill and I looked on  
down the road  
And the air stood still in the frost and chill as the  
hours and the minutes unfold  
But the trees they shook and the house creaked as  
though seized by a violent rage  
And the wind bites deep and the wires shriek like a  
noise from beyond the grave

And they moved in the Beat  
Swayed in the Beat  
Talk in the Beat  
The Beat of the Night

The sound of women crying made me go and investigate,  
and I walked past a row of houses 'til I reached #48  
Where the huddled neighbors stood about, frightened  
shocked and scared  
And the bleating of an ambulance cut through the  
thickening air  
And with a sickening sense of deja vu I knew what was  
coming next  
I'd been here before, but when or how, I couldn't quiet  
connect  
And from an open-windowed upstairs flat someone sang  
along  
Yes I knew the words and I knew the tune  
They were playing that beautiful song that went Yeah,  
yeah, yeah (Yeah yeah yeah) (Yeah yeah yeah) (Yeah yeah  
yeah) (Yeah yeah yeah)

And we moved in the Beat (Yeah yeah yeah)  
Rocked in the Beat (Yeah yeah yeah)  
Talkin' in the Beat (Yeah yeah yeah)  
The Beat of the Night (Yeah yeah yeah)  
The Beat of the Night (Yeah yeah yeah)  
The Beat of the Night (Yeah yeah yeah)

A black man slumped up against the door  
And a Brown man lay face down on the floor  
And a white woman sobbed on the second stair  
And all the blood was red

And then they moved in the Beat

Rockin' in the Beat  
Talkin' in the Beat  
The Beat of the Night [x4]

Yes the tears of rage and the tears of anger flowed to  
the river bank  
And at the local disco dancehall they were cranking up  
the skank  
And the pulse of the noise went through the night into  
the washed-up back of my feet  
And I smelled the fear and I tasted blood and the  
soundtrack was the Beat

As we moved in the Beat (Yeah yeah yeah)  
Rockin' in the Beat (Yeah yeah yeah)  
Murder in the Beat (Yeah yeah yeah)  
The Beat of the Night (Yeah yeah yeah) [repeat til end]