

# The Night

Catie Curtis

You're the night, Lila  
A little girl lost in a storm  
You're a folk tale, the unexplainable

You're a bedtime story  
The one who keeps the curtains closed  
I hope you're waiting for me  
'Cause I can't make it on my own  
I can't make it on my own

It's too dark to see the landmarks  
And I don't want your good luck charms  
I hope you're waiting for me  
Across your carpet of stars

You're the night, Lila  
You're everything we can't see  
Lila, you're the possibility

You're a bedtime story  
The one who keeps the curtains closed  
I hope you're waiting for me  
'Cause I can't make it on my own  
I can't make it on my own

Unknown in an unlit world of old  
You're the song I never heard before  
Off the map, where the wild things grow  
Another world outside my door

And here I stand all alone  
And driving down a pitch black road  
I can't make it on my own

You're a bedtime story  
The one who keeps the curtains closed  
I hope you're waiting for me  
'Cause I can't make it on my own  
I can't make it on my own