

I know that it is freezing but I think we have to walk  
I keep waving at the taxis; they keep turning their  
lights off  
But Julie knows a party at some actor's west side loft  
Supplies are endless in the evening; by the morning  
they'll be gone.

When everything gets lonely I can be my own best friend  
I'll grab a coffee and the paper; have my own  
conversations  
With the sidewalk and the pigeons and my window  
reflection  
The mask I polish in the evening, by the morning looks  
like shit.

I know you have a heavy heart; I can feel it when we  
kiss  
So many men much stronger than me have thrown their  
backs out trying to lift it  
But me I'm not gamble you can count on me to split  
The love I sell you in the evening, by the morning  
won't exist.

You're looking skinny like a model with your eyes all  
painted black  
You just keep going to the bathroom always say you'll  
be right back  
Well it takes one to know one, kid, I think you've got  
it bad  
But what's so easy in the evening, by the morning is  
such a drag.

I've got a flask inside my pocket we can share it on  
the train  
If you promise to stay conscious I will try and do the  
same  
We might die from medication, but we sure killed all  
the pain  
But what was normally in the evening, by the morning  
seems insane.

And I'm not sure what the trouble was that started all  
of this  
The reasons have run away but the feeling never did  
It's not something I would recommend, but it is one way  
to live  
Cause what is simple in the moonlight, by the morning  
never is  
What's so simple in the moonlight, by the morning is so  
complicated.  
What's so simple in the moonlight, so simple in the  
moonlight