

Against the Night

Jason Webley

Hold on to these words,
I'd like to think that they may offer
Some protection,
Against the night.

Against the night,
Your life can feel transparent,
A reflection,
A trick of light.

So when sleep just won't come,
And you've got no occupation,
But nibbling at the fruit
Of the melancholy tree,
Just hold on to these words,
Hold on to me.

Just hold on to these words,
They're the best I've got to offer
At the moment,
As a lullaby.

As a lullaby,
You can lay down by the tracks
And feel the world
Slip by.