

In the Dead of Night

John Wetton

Are you one of mine
who can sleep with one eye open wide?
Agonizing psychotic
solitary hours to decide
Reaching for the light
at the slightest noise from the floor
Palms of hands perspire
heart goes leaping at a knock from the door

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Rich and powerful ascend
complicated bends to be free
To indulge in what they will
and jaded thrill or fanstasy
Shuttered windows that belie
all stifled cries from within
And prying eyes are blind
to proceedings of the kind that begin

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