Vampires

The Midnight

Strangers in a dark room
Laugh at jokes they didn't quite hear
Frosted window panes and cheap champagne
A face appears

And anything could happen
In these cathedrals we roam
Where shadow people dance
And trade their glance
And walk home alone

She's staring out the window
Of the Roosevelt Hotel
Watching Midtown empty out
And I kiss her farewell

They say we come from nothing
And to nothing we'll return
And in between is gravity
And bridges left to burn

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