

# 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