

## Night And Day

The Skids

The city lights are dying,  
Two burning suns cruise west,  
Stomachs taught,  
With the smack of wine  
Left behind the streets of sweat,  
Bled a thousand times  
Living in the alleys of grime,  
Kids made of steel  
Who never give,  
Muscle and blood  
To stay alive  
An encounter on the highway,  
A woman in an injured machine  
Several numbers,  
One wave thought  
To steal some fun in a single shot,  
The screams lost in the distance  
No city tears were shed,  
The Boss-man sheriff  
So far away,  
As the car pulled off and  
The night turned day..... and CONTUSION...  
There's blood on the road,  
Car on the motorway  
Screaming machine,  
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,  
Or victory or Ecstasy  
There's blood on the street,  
Man in the subway,  
Human remain,  
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,  
Or victory or Ecstasy  
There's blood in the war,  
Passage of history,  
Only a memory  
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,  
Or victory or Ecstasy  
There's blood in your brain,  
Clot travelling slowly,  
Held by a vice,  
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,  
Or victory or Ecstasy  
There's blood in the sea,  
Float so smoothly,  
Never to blend  
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,  
Or victory or Ecstasy  
In a reasonable way the blood gained transfusion  
But nothing could block, no nothing could close,  
These cells of confusion