

Thirteen on High

WHY?

I've seen my shadow make the grass not grow
In a strange approximation of my sorrow
So I know I'm framed in pain to see
But here the maid does come before I show and after I go
And she has not seen me
No she has not seen me

Cause I am obliterated
Get close and be frustrated
I am obliterated by
The end of the night (Whoa-oh)
The end of the night (Whoa-oh)
The end of the night (Whoa-oh)
The end of the night

The bay awakes to the whispers of dawn
Take the cigarette slow and watch them go
By the rise of the sun they'll all be gone
And they have not seen me
No they have not seen me

Cause I am obliterated
Get close and be frustrated
I am obliterated by
The end of the night (Whoa-oh)
The end of the night (Whoa-oh)
The end of the night (Whoa-oh)
The end of the night