

# Robert Cray, Night Patrol

(D. Amy)

See him cuddled in the shadows  
Sleepin' on his cardboard bed  
Using rags for a pillow  
Where he lays his unwashed head  
His blanket's old newspaper  
Not much good against the snow  
See so many like him out there  
When you walk the night patrol  
When you walk the night patrol

Oh, you wonder where he came from  
Where he's gonna go  
Was it a woman or a bottle?  
That's brought him down so low  
What's happened to his family?  
Do they know he's out here in the cold?  
He's just a nameless soldier  
Marching on the night patrol  
Marching on the night patrol

Like that girl on the corner  
She can't be more than seventeen  
She's run away from somewhere  
Taking nothing but her dreams  
Now those dreams are lying shattered  
As the street exacts its toll  
And she's just another victim  
Lost out on the night patrol

Oh, you could ask me why I'm out here  
Where do I fit into the scene?  
Now I'm drawing unemployment  
Got replaced by a machine  
And I'm tortured by my bad habits  
Sometimes, I lose this struggle to control  
And the street has its attractions  
When you walk the night patrol  
When you walk the night patrol