

# U.K., In The Dead Of Night

Are you one of mine who can sleep with one eye open wide?  
Agonizing psychotic solitary hours to decide  
Reaching for the light at the slightest noise from the floor  
Now your hands perspire heart goes leaping at a knock from the door

In the dead of night  
In the dead of night

Rich and powerful ascend complicated bends to be free  
To indulge in what they will any jaded thrill or fantasy  
Shuttered windows that belie all the stifled cries from within  
And prying eyes are blind to proceedings of the kind that begin

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