

Here comes the night again

Poet fills his eyes with all the women of his dreams  
His heart's still full of death, his jam, and the pulsing beams  
Ice can fill the room as she changes her first dime  
Here comes the night again

The shining stars are eyes, but the good ones are all blinded  
She broke him, shattered bare, I don't think he ever minded  
Fire, leather, steal it all when it's past it's prime  
Here comes the night again

You call this progress?  
You call this progress?  
You call this progress?  
Well I don't

Standing in the field now, standing watch across his sheep  
But she's intruding him again, she's stomping on his sleep  
Turns around to find out she was never there  
Here comes the night again

Waiting for the man, or girl, no rain upon his shoulder  
But there's sweat upon his brow as he feels himself get older  
And what the hell must've happened over there  
Here comes the night again

You call this progress?  
You call this progress?  
You call this progress?  
Well I don't

Boulevard in the background, just the empty cup in hand  
It's lonely now he can't seem to want to stand  
Spitting in the the sun won't make clouds go away  
Here comes the night again

Poet can't seem to think the clouds are all around  
He looks blindly at the hope that he has downed  
There's nothing more that he can say  
Here comes the light again

You call this progress?  
You call this progress?  
You call this progress?  
Well I don't