

**RAFA RUSSO**



## LATE AT NIGHT

Well it's late at night  
The moon puts on her crown  
It's time for dogs to bark  
The dustmen make their round  
And it's time for me to plot  
My revenge on the world  
For this darkness wraps my bones  
Like shawls of fur

And I think of you so hard  
But I don't cry anymore  
Though we're so far apart  
I know loneliness has a shore  
I've got my carrier pigeons  
One for every star  
Then I launch them in the air  
And leave my door ajar

Now the chairs are over the tables  
The waiters collect their tips  
The air carries the marks  
Of lonely red lips  
And the streetlamp blinks  
To the bad breath of the drunk  
And the tramps kicks a subway wall  
Claiming that the world has shrunk

Well it's late at night  
I hear the crickets in my head  
You give time a head-start  
In the quick-sands of your bed  
But I'd rather stay up  
And play my Indian drum  
Cause I know something's gonna happen  
The rain is gonna come

