

## Wasted Sleepless Nights / Darkroom

Angel City

Knocking at the window, standing in the rain  
Ulysses smiles as he takes his pill  
The street walker knows his middle name  
She understands why he's dressed up to kill  
Poor little rich boy born to the thin woman  
The papers said he'd never be deprived  
The dust shifted in and out of time  
He lost his grip on his privileged life

Now he's got children and a fat lady  
Who watch over him, he watches them  
The house is brimming over with inside information  
If learning is a crime it's looking grim

I've got my hands in the water dipping in the dirty  
There might be a witness I better keep out of sight  
They've got their feet in the doorway  
Trying not to hurt me  
This'll be the end of wasted sleepless nights  
Wasted sleepless nights

Somewhere in the dark room there's a sign on the door  
That says "help for those who got the urge to stray"  
They've got boudoirs and operating theatres  
And microphone apostles who got nothing to say

Now the finger's moving in for the kill  
Save up your breath! slow down your death!  
Don't you know they weren't around  
When the loving angel said "don't seek the living  
Out here with the dead"

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Wasted sleepless nights  
Oh, those wasted sleepless nights

(Break)

Staring voices from the dark room  
Staring voices from the dark room  
They are the wind that blows forever around the sun  
They are the beating of the city drum  
And if you could see me now  
You'd burn a fifty dollar bill  
Take valium and arithmetic  
Take a calculated thrill

Staring voices from the dark room (wasted sleepless nights)  
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