

There Are Many Sides to the Night

Steve Hackett

Standing under the lamplight
In one of the nicer parts of hell
Behold this dreamer with rich red ruby lips
Some pay for the privilege
And some just pay to talk
Because there are many sides to the night

When Father Thomas lies sleeping
His ever watchful sons
Divide up the spoils of the day's takings
A woman's work is never ever done
She's a child a slave a teacher and a fool
And then she vanishes from sight
Did no one ever tell you
There are many sides to the night

Standing under the lamplight
Selling perfume sweetcorn and lace
She looks beautiful from a distance
But it's too dark to see her face
I do it for my child alone
And who would say it's just not right
Verily I say unto you
There are many sides to the night