

## Thirteen on High

WHY?

I've seen my shadow make the grass not grow  
In a strange approximation of my sorrow  
So I know I'm framed in pain to see  
But here the maid does come before I show and after I go  
And she has not seen me  
No she has not seen me

Cause I am obliterated  
Get close and be frustrated  
I am obliterated by  
The end of the night (Whoa-oh)  
The end of the night (Whoa-oh)  
The end of the night (Whoa-oh)  
The end of the night

The bay awakes to the whispers of dawn  
Take the cigarette slow and watch them go  
By the rise of the sun they'll all be gone  
And they have not seen me  
No they have not seen me

Cause I am obliterated  
Get close and be frustrated  
I am obliterated by  
The end of the night (Whoa-oh)  
The end of the night (Whoa-oh)  
The end of the night (Whoa-oh)  
The end of the night