

Night And Day

The Skids

The city lights are dying,
Two burning suns cruise west,
Stomachs taught,
With the smack of wine
Left behind the streets of sweat,
Bled a thousand times
Living in the alleys of grime,
Kids made of steel
Who never give,
Muscle and blood
To stay alive
An encounter on the highway,
A woman in an injured machine
Several numbers,
One wave thought
To steal some fun in a single shot,
The screams lost in the distance
No city tears were shed,
The Boss-man sheriff
So far away,
As the car pulled off and
The night turned day..... and CONTUSION...
There's blood on the road,
Car on the motorway
Screaming machine,
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,
Or victory or Ecstasy
There's blood on the street,
Man in the subway,
Human remain,
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,
Or victory or Ecstasy
There's blood in the war,
Passage of history,
Only a memory
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,
Or victory or Ecstasy
There's blood in your brain,
Clot travelling slowly,
Held by a vice,
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,
Or victory or Ecstasy
There's blood in the sea,
Float so smoothly,
Never to blend
Passed by the Red Cross of Agony,
Or victory or Ecstasy
In a reasonable way the blood gained transfusion
But nothing could block, no nothing could close,
These cells of confusion