

Armies of the night (John Baker 2008 ©)

The preacher doctor rubs his eyes
As he stares into the fire-place of his mind
There's a lot of healing to be done
In the narrow, unpaved heart of this small town

So he goes out on these winding streets
Past the café where I work, to where he'll meet
Worried mothers with their kids unwell
And other fevers he'll be asked to quell

There's no telling where he'll be required
To stay the armies of the night
Once more, once more

There was trouble at the carnival
A fight broke out and several men got hurt bad
The woman at the ticket box
Said someone started throwing rocks who was mad

There's no telling where he'll be required
To stay the armies of the night
Once more, once more
In silent stealth and blind desire
They'll run amok and then set fire to you
While you're asleep

Daughter don't lose your x-ray eyes
Am I blue, tell me tonight
Are you coming round, are you coming round
Are you coming round again, are you coming round

Every Christmas from all round the town
People gather in his room to hear his words
Give meaning to the mystery
C'mon embrace your destiny, it's yours

There's no telling where he'll be required
To stay the armies of the night
Once more, once more