Green light, Seven Eleven. You stop in for a pack of cigarettes.

You don't smoke, don't even want to. Hey now, check your change.

Dressed up like a car crash
The wheels are turning, but you're upside down
You say when he hits you, you don't mind
Because when he hurts you, you feel alive
Is that what it is?

Red lights, grey morning. You stumble out of a hole in the ground.
A vampire or a victim? It depends on who's around.
You used to stay in to watch the adverts.
You could lip synch to the talk shows.
And if you look, you look through me
And when you talk it's not to me
And when I touch you, you don't feel a thing

If I could stay... then the night would give you up.
Stay, and the day would keep its trust.
Stay, and the night would be enough.

Faraway, so close. Up with the static and the radio.
With satellite television, you can go anywhere.
And if you listen I can't call
And if you jump, you just might fall
And if you shout I'll only hear you

If I could stay... then the night would give you up
Stay, and the day would keep its trust
Stay with the demons you drowned
Stay with the spirit I found
Stay and the night would be enough

Three o'clock in the morning. It's quiet and there's no one around.
Just the bang and the clatter as an angel runs to ground.
Just the bang and the clatter as an angel hits the ground.