

90-1000
In the dark, waiting

When we're young we lie in the dark, waiting
Waiting for the boogie man to rise
The covers and the pillows provided by our mothers
Will not protect us from our demise

As we grow we perhaps realize the fiction
paranoia compels us to think
That in the dark waiting is another human being
In fear we might away from nighttime shrink

Most troubling of all though is when anxiety takes over
In the darkness when our racing minds destroy
We sleep with the television flickering a picture
T'was much easier the darkness when a boy