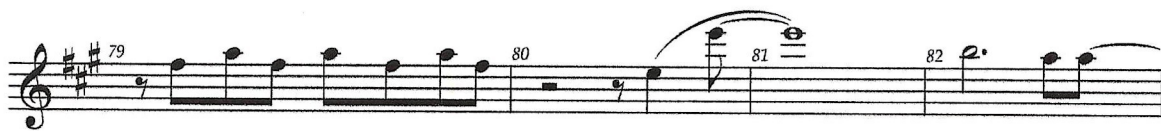


#14 - Out Tonight



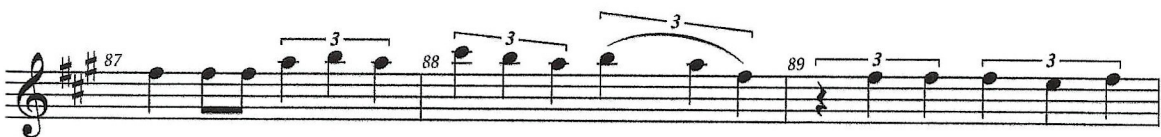
You wan - na prow! Be my night owl. —



Well, take my hand, we're gon-na howl — out to - night. —



In the eve - ning — I've got to roam. Can't



sleep in the ci - ty of ne - on and chrome. — Feels too damn much like



home when the span-ish ba-bies cry. — So let's find a



bar, — so dark — we for - get who we are, — where all —



— the scars — of the ne - vers and may - bes die. — Let's go