

Midnight

Kodamine

Midnight
I've got trouble sleeping
I'm making my way up to the
Street where we last kissed
In one hand
I hold a picture of you
In the other
I hold the pieces of my heart
Was my love not enough?
Did I ask too much?
As my heart turns to dust
Over you...And so long
I've got trouble sleeping
I can't help but feeling a little insecure
So unsure...

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