

In The Middle Of The Night

[Martha Wainwright](#)

In the middle of the night
Comes a knockin' at my door
There's a limousine outside
And I know whom it's for And I heard it bein' read
And I heard it bein' said
Oh, that the comfort in your head
And I wonder if it doesn't create
A sense of shame In the middle of the night
Comes a knockin' at my door
There's a limousine outside
And I know whom it's for And you're leanin' on your wheel in your car
As you walk to the top of the hill
And you hope the will in your mind
Does not jump from the edge to the climb
With a sense of shame It was the time before the last
And you did not give up
And I threw you on the ground
And you did not get up And I dont know why
And I dont know why
But the tears in your eyes
It made me want to cry
But with a sense of shame It was the time before the last
We did not make up
And I threw you on the ground
And you did not get up And I dont know why
And I dont know why
Something in your eyes
It made me want to cry
With a sense of shame You meet me heather deep
I bury your heart on my knees all the time In the middle of the night
Comes a knockin' at my door
There's a limousine outside
And I know who it's for

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