Round Midnight

Art Blakey & The Jazz Messengers

It begins to tell
'Round midnight, midnight
I do pretty well, till after sundown
Suppertime I'm feelin' sad
But it really gets bad
'Round midnightMemories always start 'round midnight
Haven't got the heart to stand those memories
When my heart is still with you
And ol' midnight knows it, too
When a quarrel we had needs mending
Does it mean that our love is ending
Darlin' I need you, lately I find
You're out of my heart
And I'm out of my mindLet our hearts take wings'
'Round midnight, midnight
Let the angels sing
For your returning
Till our love is safe and sound
And old midnight comes around
Feelin' sad
Really gets bad
Round, Round, Round Midnight

Songwriters
COOTIE WILLIAMS, BERNARD D. HANIGHEN, THEOLONIOUS S. MONKPublished by
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