

# Gimme Gimme Gimme

Narada Michael Walden

Half past twelve and I'm watchin'  
The late show in my flat all alone  
How I hate to spend the evenin' on my own  
Autumn winds blowing outside the window  
As I look around the room  
And it makes me so depressed  
To see the gloom  
There's not a soul out there  
No one to hear my prayer  
Gimme, gimme, gimme a man after midnight  
Won't somebody help me chase these shadows away?  
Gimme, gimme, gimme a man after midnight  
Take me through the darkness till the break of the day  
Movie stars find the end of the rainbow  
With the fortune to win  
It's so different from the world I'm livin' in  
Tired of TV, I open the window  
And I gaze into the night  
But there's nothing there to see  
No one in sight  
There's not a soul out there  
No one to hear my prayer  
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