

# Starlite Diner

[Ryan Adams](#)

It's midnight at the Starlite Diner  
You said meet me at a quarter to twelve  
Now I'm standing in the corner wishing you were here in my arms  
Fare thee well my old friends, fare thee well  
Is it possible to love someone too much  
You bet the drugs are in the safe  
And the clothes are on the couch, intertwined  
But none of them are yours and all of them are mine  
So cry, cry like a baby  
Into an ocean of wishes but it don't ever rain  
On a street drenched with painted ladies  
Fare thee well my old friends, fare thee well  
Have you ever slept it off to the bones  
Haven't woken up at night, my love  
And dreamt you called them all  
Every person you could never love?  
It's a blow out on a birthday cake  
And I'm a birthday candle  
Floating on the lake  
Where are you? It's getting late  
Now it's midnight at the Starlite Diner  
You said, "Meet me 'bout a quarter to twelve?"  
And I'm standing in the corner  
Oh, there you are, there you are  
There you are, there you are

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