Mr. Midnight

The Devil Makes Three

House is burning, you can't go home
Got no reason to be all alone
Sneaking down the alley like a snake in the grass
To see where you're going I don't need a looking glassI won't judge you at a distance, we all got our ways to get along
Once the two of you start to dancing
You're gonna dance now till the dance floor's goneNow you can't go out, can't go home
Even in a crowd you feel all alone, find yourself hiding from the light
You need that money, you got no shame, just a pawn running in his game
With Mr. Midnight, it's always the sameToo many lies, the web gets so tight
Tangle at an angle that you just can't see right
Heavy loaded and flying low, you say you got it all under controlI know why you go back to him though he's such a mean old man
He whispers secrets in your ear, now his wish is your commandNow you can't go out, can't go home
Even in a crowd you feel all alone, find yourself hiding from the light
You need that money, you got no shame, just a pawn running in his game
With Mr. Midnight, it's always the sameYou're running downhill and you just cannot stop
Your whole life is small enough to fit in a matchbox
Holding patterns on well-worn ground
Cowards, corners making the rounds
Who's looking back at you in the mirror
Skin and bones, you look so thin
This is his song you sing along to, it's called notify my next of kin'Cause I can't go out, can't go home
Even in a crowd I feel all alone, find myself hiding from the light
Need some money, got no shame, just a pawn running in his game
With Mr. Midnight, it's always the same
Mr. Midnight it's always the same

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