

# Midnight Caller

Clare Maguire

Beneath the midnight caller  
She thinks of paper green  
You never hear them calling her name  
They just know where they've been You never hear her holler  
The tears no longer come  
She reads her daily book of the past  
That shows of everyone Gray years that show in her hair  
Can't be, but don't seem to care  
She unlocks the door  
And there's no one there She sees a daytime stroller  
Walk from the night before  
And though she paints a smile on her face  
He won't be back no more She's got no saint to follow  
She's got no place to go  
Too proud to ask an old friend for help  
Too proud to let him know Gray years that show in her hair  
Can't be, but don't seem to care  
She knocks the door  
And there's no one there Nobody  
(Nobody)  
Nobody  
(Nobody)  
Nobody's gonna help you now

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