

# In The Middle Of The Night

Martha Wainwright

In the middle of the night  
Comes a knockin' at my door  
There's a limousine outside  
And I know whom it's for And I heard it bein' read  
And I heard it bein' said  
Oh, that the comfort in your head  
And I wonder if it doesn't create  
A sense of shame In the middle of the night  
Comes a knockin' at my door  
There's a limousine outside  
And I know whom it's for And you're leanin' on your wheel in your car  
As you walk to the top of the hill  
And you hope the will in your mind  
Does not jump from the edge to the climb  
With a sense of shame It was the time before the last  
And you did not give up  
And I threw you on the ground  
And you did not get up And I dont know why  
And I dont know why  
But the tears in your eyes  
It made me want to cry  
But with a sense of shame It was the time before the last  
We did not make up  
And I threw you on the ground  
And you did not get up And I dont know why  
And I dont know why  
Something in your eyes  
It made me want to cry  
With a sense of shame You meet me heather deep  
I bury your heart on my knees all the time In the middle of the night  
Comes a knockin' at my door  
There's a limousine outside  
And I know who it's for

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