

# Midnight Is Upon Us

## The Good Life

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Midnight is a palace  
And I fear I have been dishonest  
Leaning pencilly against the kitchen sink  
I am ashamed of everything  
All the love that I've abandoned  
All the friends I took for granted  
Now I drink my troubles neat  
As you wait for me to come to sleep

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Off in the back bedroom you lay still as a death sentence  
Weighing heavily upon the inmates mind  
I am astranged of everything  
In these halls of whorey shadows  
Of a life lived incomplete  
We could of had a family  
A littered legacy  
Now instead of photo albums  
It's a house of record sleeps  
And it's coming down

...

Up above our heads I hear the creaking of a footstep  
And the tick-tock of the cuckoo clock  
I am afraid of everything  
And as I peak around the corner  
I spot a spectre with his scythe  
Just another senseless lie  
To end in one fell swoop  
I was certain I was special  
I guess my nuerons hit the truth  
I wish you'd lie to me tonight  
Hold me and tell me I'm not so bad  
Tell me I made some sort of difference  
That our love is more than chance  
Oh, I am coming down

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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