Midnight Is Upon Us

The Good Life

...
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
...
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
...

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

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