

Midnight Caller

Badfinger

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