

# Many Moods at Midnight

Ghostpoet

We're alright  
There's been better days, some will say they start again tonight  
Alright  
Rum punch drunk  
Sold a leg or two, to paradise, we're left at the front  
Hold on

So, I am calling out to you  
Sent from overseas  
Let's stay together  
I'm down on my knees  
I'm howling at the moon  
Snatching at your ear  
Futile  
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah  
Calling out to you  
Sent from overseas  
Let's stay together  
I'm down on my knees  
I'm howling at the moon  
Snatching at your ear  
Futile  
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah

Those cargo pants hide all manner of sin  
Their demon demeanour gets let out on a limb  
The reel of weed, they just can't mess with the facts  
You don't love me, my dear, I don't know how to react

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