

Over the Midnight

Jonathan Wilson

We are traveling over the midnight
We are holding our hearts
We are in flight
And our shoes might as well be nails!
In our minds play 1000 pretty songs (for us)
And there's nothing up here that could be savage
There's no fear, no hatred, no killers, no guns

And besides, you're wearing red ruby lipstick
So I touch you and smile while you laugh
While these idiots all lose their power
And we dance as we cover our trail

Yeah this world it is burning
But don't it feel incredible?
Whisper in my ear
And tell me what you see in the flames

There's a freak loading out of my driveway
He's a stranger with a kind hippie face
There's the muscled ghost
And it's riddled with torment
Can you roll babe?
Here's some papers and grass

And besides, we've got the whole town to roam around in
And they've overdubbed our voices in French
To the Beverly Hills for our Margaritas
You look so pretty in the polo, but you're smashing in pink

Yeah this world it is burning
But don't it feel incredible?
Whisper in my ear
And tell me what you see in the flames, in the flames

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We are holding our own, we are in flight
And our shoes they might as well be nails
Our minds play 1000 pretty tunes (for us)
There is nothing up here that could be savage
Theres no fear, no hatred, no killers, no guns