

Middle of the Night

Loudon Wainwright III

Into this pitch darkness we're hurled
Where there's not a glimmer of light
It's not the end of the world
It's just the middle of the night

And the blackest of flags is unfurled
In all this absence of light
It's not the end of the world good people
Merely the middle of the night

The middle of the night that's what this is
If death is the real test this is just a quiz
When grey creeps through your window it will be day light
The end of this darkness is almost in sight

Into a ball of fear you are curled
And you're holding on with all of your might
But it's not the end of the world little sister
It's just the middle of the night

In the maelstrom of your mind you are swirled
You're almost down the drain but not quite
It's not the end of the world my brother
Rather the middle of the night

The middle of the night when you fear everything
But the birds will awake soon you will hear them sing
You doubted you'd make it not sure you'd survive
Now you're dead tired you're still alive

Around fate's fickle finger we're twirled
Small wonder we're all so up tight
But it's not the end of the world good people
Merely the middle of the night
No it's not the end of the world as we know it
It's just the middle of the night