

In The Middle Of The Night

Martha Wainwright

In the middle of the night
Comes a knockin' at my door
There's a limousine outside
And I know who it's for

And I've heard it being read
And I heard it being said
Oh that the comfort in your head
And I wonder if it doesn't create
A sense of shame

In the middle of the night
Comes a knockin' at my door
There's a limousine outside
And I know who it's for

And you're leaning on your will in your heart
As you walk to the top of the hill
And you hope the will in your mind
Does not jump from the edge to decline
With a sense of shame

It was a time before the last
And we did not give up
And I threw you on the ground
And we did not get up

And I don't know why
And I don't know why
But the tears in your eyes
It made me want to cry
With a sense of shame

It was a time before the last
We did not make up
And I threw you on the ground
And we did not get up

But I don't know why
And I don't know why
There's something in your eyes
It made me want to cry
With a sense of shame

You meet me heather deep
I bury your heart on my knees
All the time

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Comes a knockin' at my door
There's a limousine outside
And I know who it's for