

# In the Middle of the Night

Pat Green

It's the coldest night in Boston  
In the history of winter  
Black as a murder of crows  
I'm six days clean and sober  
With a bottle on the table  
And a hurt inside that nobody knows...  
One shot away from shooting  
My soul straight through the ceilin'  
And I could fly away from feelin'  
All this pain that still ain't gone  
Oh but flying's kind of risky  
When your wings are made of whiskey  
And I know that I'll come crashing down  
Just after dawn

When there's no one around  
And the silence in your soul is the only sound  
In the darkness that surrounds you  
Are you hiding from the light  
When you finally hit rock bottom  
Will you do what's wrong or right  
You're gonna find out what you're made of...  
In the middle of the night

'Cause the night can keep a secret  
And hold it deep inside  
Every sin that keeps you sinning  
Every lie you've ever lied  
But my heart is bent to breaking  
From all the hell I've put it through  
All the love that I've forsaken  
On the run from what is true  
Oh now what you gonna do

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And the silence in your soul is the only sound  
In the darkness that surrounds you  
Are you hiding from the light  
When you finally hit rock bottom  
Will you do what's wrong or right  
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Ah ohhhh  
In the middle of the night

It's the coldest night in Boston  
In the history of winter  
Black outside like a murder of crows

Way down in the middle  
Middle of the night and you find your self  
In the middle of the night you gotta let it go  
Way down in the middle  
Way down in the middle  
Way down  
Way down

Way down  
Way down  
Way down  
Way down  
Way down