

# Thoughts In The Middle Of The Night

Paul Kelly

All is dark but for the greenish glow  
Of the bedside clock radio  
It's 3 AM and here they come again  
Just like they've done before  
At first there's one and then a couple more  
Like little birds perching on a wire

And soon there's a gathering  
A crooning restless choir  
Of thoughts in the middle of the night

You toss and turn, 3:45  
When little things magnify  
Lists uncrossed, chances lost  
A conversation gone awry

Now, they're lining up all these old mistakes  
You're looking back at the sad parade  
Warnings you chose not to hear  
Calling now loud and clear  
But too late in the middle of the night

5 AM, you haven't solved a thing  
You're right back where you started from  
They just won't go away  
They have come to play  
These thoughts until the break of day

Until the break of day