

Second Midnight

Sara Bareilles

Two midnights gone!

Wanting a ball is not wanting a Prince...

Near may be better than far
But it still isn't there...

Near may be better than far
But it still isn't there...

The ball...

So near...

So far...

You can never love somebody else's child-

Two midnights gone!

-the way you love-

So near...

-your own

The prince...

So far...

The greatest prize can often lie
At the end of the thorniest path...

(Overlapping)

Two midnights gone!

Two midnights gone!

Two midnights
Two midnights gone!

Two midnights gone!

Two midnights gone. And the exhausted Baker and his wife buried
the dead Milky-White