

# Midnight

Tor Miller

Jeff Buckley's grace was playing loud as hell  
In the back of an old dive bar  
So I step outside and light a cigarette  
Take in the fumes of the passing cars  
Loud angry drunks and a few crust punks  
Fill every crevasse of St. Marks  
Some things have changed since back then  
But the streets are still so hard

In the lonely hour of midnight  
When New York City's lying wide awake  
Under the glow of a street light  
I feel the rumble that the concrete makes  
I might hail a cab down  
Right thru the Holland to the interstate  
And my soul reignites  
In the lonely hour of midnight

Two lovers falling in each others arms  
Stumbling on down the highline  
Up on the bridge there's a broken heart  
Screaming to his valentine  
Two sunken eyes at the cornershop  
Trying to get a loosey for a dime  
The needle drops and the vinyl turns  
I'm gonna burn this one right

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Calling out for something  
Calling out for something true  
Calling out for something  
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Calling out for something  
Calling out for something true

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