

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 corner shop
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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