

In the Middle of the Night

Pat Green

It was the coldest night in Boston in the history of winter
Black outside like a murder of crows
I was 6 days clean and sober with a bottle on the table
I hurt inside but nobody knows One shot away from shooting my soul straight through the
ceiling
And fly away from feeling how this pain, it still ain't gone
But flying's kinda risky when your wing's made of whiskey
And I know that I'll come crashing down just after the 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 the bottom will you do what's wrong or right?
You gonna find out what you're made of in the middle of the night
Closing eye can keep a secret and hold it deep inside
Every sin that keeps you sinner and every lie you ever lied
But when my heart has been through breaking
From all the hell I put her through
And all the love that I've forsaken on the run from what is true Oh, now what you gonna do
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 the bottom will you do what's wrong or right?
You gonna find out what you're made of in the middle of the night
Middle of the night It was 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 you'll find us
Middle of the night, middle [Incomprehensible]
Way down in the middle, way down in the middle
Way down, way down, way down, way down
Way down, way down, way down, way down

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>