

## **Spring Standards, The "Goodbye Midnight"**

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I'm chalking down the road  
For the queen of the night  
She won't take a nickel or dime  
To lose this fight  
Wrong or Right  
14th Street is a beat-up bliss  
It's cold and the city's slicken  
From your kiss  
And it's hit or miss

I'm bending backwards for you honey  
I'll be the one to hold your sad salt eyes  
I'll find a way to make things funny  
There'll be nothing left of me  
But it's all right  
Goodbye Midnight

I press her to my lips  
Breathe her in so deep  
I can't quit my baby just yet  
'Cause I'm in need  
And she's nicotine  
There's a busy highway  
I'm as steady as a freight train  
I'm real slow  
But I get what I need  
At my own speed

I'm bending backwards for you honey  
I'll be the one to hold your sad salt eyes  
I'll find a way to make things funny  
There'll be nothing left of me  
But it's all right  
Goodbye Midnight

I take that picture off the wall  
And smash it  
Rip the frame off  
And start again  
Sundyed paper left behind  
Tell stories

Where empty faces  
Used to shine

5 4 3 2 1

It seems the the whole thing is over  
Before it begun  
Like the setting sun  
It shines the lines  
Through the crooked blinds  
Then I call retreat to the dark  
Where it came from

I'm bending backwards for you honey  
I'll be the one to hold your sad salt eyes  
I'll find a way to make things funny  
There'll be nothing left of me  
But it's all right  
Goodbye Midnight

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