

Jon Brion**"Minutes To Midnight"**

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Hah-hah-hah-hah-hah
Well you can write to me your truth and happenin's inside
Or sell me a world that I don't need, then hitch a ride
The driver laughs, we chase behind, tryin' to match his
pace
You change our heads and you make our beds
It's a hopeless race
You're gettin' it all your way, you can't tell wrong from
right
And right now you've got to pay
'Cause right now it's minutes to midnight
Well you can tell me all about politics and kings
Or the price of cars and whisky jars and a million other
things
But it seems to me my friend, a lot of lines are left
unsaid
When the speaker has the only key to get inside his
head
You're gettin' it all your way, you can't tell wrong from
right
But right now you've got to pay
'Cause right now, it's minutes to midnight, yeah-eah,
ah yeah-eah
No use in getting uptight, no use in startin' a fight
It's up to you now to make it alright
Your clocks readin' minutes to midnight
You're speakin' too late
Take my money, spend my life and do my thinkin' for
me-ee
Negotiate and sell my time, till we come down from the
tree-ee
You just stand with a book in your hand, walkin' my
high wire
And lead our way for all who pay, from fryin' pan to fire
You're gettin' it all your way, you can't tell wrong from
right
And right now you've got to pay
'Cause right now, it's minutes to midnight, yeah-eah
It's gettin' too late
No use in gettin' uptight, no use in startin' a fight

It's up to you now to make it alright
Your clock's reading minutes to midnight
No use in gettin' uptight, no use in startin' a fight
Itc

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