

Pat Green

"In The Middle Of The Night"

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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

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