

Flsh & The Pan

"Midnight Man"

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Twelve o'clock
you climb your stairs
you turn the key

And no one's there
no one's there
it's cold and bare.
And there's the phone
it's on your wall
and there's a note

No one's called
no one's called
and ain't that small.

But I can help you
I can understand

I can help you to your promised land

I'm your helping hand
your midnight man.

Try to sleep but sleep won't come
you lie awake
And toss and turn
toss and turn and burn
burn
buni
burn.

You read a book and try some food
you have a smoke

It ain't no good
it ain't no good
you're in that mood.
But I can help you
I can understand

. . .

No need to be there all on your own

you got the number

you got the phone
Any time and any day
and I'll be on my way.
I'm at your window
I'm at your door
I'm on the ceiling

I'm on the floor
I'm coming
I'm coming

I'm coming
here I come.
'Cause I can help you
I can understand

...
I can help you
I can understand

...
Your midnight man
play this song.
I can help you
I can understand. . . .

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