

Midnight

America

Midnight rolling in, sunlight
Reaching out for your return

As you were running
Through the tunnel of life
And soon you'll dance around
The fire of fright tonight

When you're standing on the corner
And the sun is getting hot
Does this day begin
To worry you a lot

You are, what you are
Too far, golden star, a ruby light

As you were running
Through the tunnel of life
And soon you'll dance around
The fire of fright tonight

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And the sun is getting hot
Does the day begin
To worry you a lot