

Mr. Midnight

Garth Brooks

Rain on the roof and time on my hands
It sure seemed quiet out there in radio land
They call me at the all-night station
Make their special dedications

And I do my best to play their request
When it's a desperate situation
This was a desperate situation

I'm Mr. Midnight, alone and blue
The brokenhearted call me up when they don't know what else to do
Every song is a reminder of the love that they once knew
I'm Mr. Midnight, can I play a song for you?

"Caller on the line, could you, please, hold on?"
I recognized her voice the minute I picked up the phone
Should I tell her that it's me or leave it at a memory?

Haven't been myself since the day she left
And I'm never gonna be
I'm forever gonna be

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Imagine my surprise when she spoke my name
She said, "Could you tell him that I love him
And I wish things could be the same"
Then a voice I never knew said, "Honey, who you talking to?"

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