

Midnight Hour

Broadway Calls

There's been a mistake. It's written all on my face.
I showed up tonight, and I cleared out the place.
I just wanna feel at home.
I write my favorite hooks, rip off my favorite books.
The end result being the awkward looks you laid on me tonight.

I'm like a river. Damned, dried up and losing time.
A great leader, shot down before his prime.
But I don't have that passion.
Just an ego and moderate talent.
Please understand, I know nothing of being a great man.
And I'm awake, and this thing inside just let me know it never
died.
And I'm awake, and I feel it now. My summer soul was hiding out
.
I was stuck in the midnight hour.

There's been a mistake. It's written all on my face.
I showed up tonight and I cleared out the place.
I just wanna feel at home.
We're all victims of a half decade's love.
Never to find the balance between party and alone.
Let it go.