

## 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.