

Isn't It Midnight

Fleetwood Mac

So cool, calm and collected
You had a style, a rakish style
Well my poor heart never connected
You'd stay so long on my mind.

Well, isn't it midnight on the other side of the world
Do you remember
The face of a pretty girl
The face of a pretty girl

Looking back so long ago
You had a knack, a knack of making women know
Ooh there wasn't the time
And I knew you'd never be mine

Well, isn't it midnight on the other side of the world
Do you remember
The face of a pretty girl
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