

# 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

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