

# 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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