

## Midnight

Kodaline

Midnight

I've got trouble sleeping  
I'm making my way up to the  
Street where we last kissed

In one hand  
I hold a picture of you  
In the other  
I hold the pieces of my heart

Was my love not enough?  
Did I ask too much?  
As my heart turns to dust  
Over you...

And so long  
I've got trouble sleeping  
I can't help but feeling a little insecure  
So unsure...

Was my love not enough?  
Did I ask too much?  
As my heart turns to dust  
Over you...