

# In The Middle Of The Night

Martha Wainwright

In the middle of the night  
Comes a knockin' at my door  
There's a limousine outside  
And I know who it's for

And I've heard it being read  
And I heard it being said  
Oh that the comfort in your head  
And I wonder if it doesn't create  
A sense of shame

In the middle of the night  
Comes a knockin' at my door  
There's a limousine outside  
And I know who it's for

And you're leaning on your will in your heart  
As you walk to the top of the hill  
And you hope the will in your mind  
Does not jump from the edge to decline  
With a sense of shame

It was a time before the last  
And we did not give up  
And I threw you on the ground  
And we did not get up

And I don't know why  
And I don't know why  
But the tears in your eyes  
It made me want to cry  
With a sense of shame

It was a time before the last  
We did not make up  
And I threw you on the ground  
And we did not get up

But I don't know why  
And I don't know why  
There's something in your eyes  
It made me want to cry  
With a sense of shame

You meet me heather deep  
I bury your heart on my knees  
All the time

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Comes a knockin' at my door  
There's a limousine outside  
And I know who it's for