

The Ballad Of Emma Deloner

Midnight Choir

All my dreams go to pieces
Each time she pass me by
All my friends keep saying
That girl ain't the loving kind

But whatever I do to hold back brings me down

Comes a time you look for trouble
Comes a time it comes your way
She came to me in the midnight hour
On a cold winter's day
She stood there in my room
All dressed in lace
And she placed my body and soul upon a bed of grace
Children were crying
Children were crying
Driving me insane
Driving you insane
And all this took place while the drunks were dancing
To the rythm
To the rythm of the rain
And i'm going back to see her again

'Cause whatever I do to hold back brings me down