

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...