

Theme From Middle of the Night

Nina Simone

Only the lonely love, only the sad of soul,
Wake and begin their day in the middle of the night,
To breakfast on their pride, burnt joys and tears just dried
To breakfast with the moon in the middle of the night.

Then to count once more my miserly store of your kisses
In this darkness restored,
To grasp your absent grace in desperate embrace,
To make your false heart true, in the middle of the night oh oh
oh

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