

## Middle of the Night (Loudon Wainwright III)

Into this pitch darkness we're hurled  
Where there's not a glimmer of light  
It's not the end of the world  
It's just the middle of the night

And the blackest of flags is unfurled  
In all this absence of light  
It's not the end of the world good people  
Merely the middle of the night

The middle of the night that's what this is  
If death is the real test this is just a quiz  
When grey creeps through your window it will be day light  
The end of this darkness is almost in sight

Into a ball of fear you are curled  
And you're holding on with all of your might  
But it's not the end of the world little sister  
It's just the middle of the night

In the maelstrom of your mind you are swirled  
You're almost down the drain but not quite  
It's not the end of the world my brother  
Rather the middle of the night

The middle of the night when you fear everything  
But the birds will awake soon you will hear them sing  
You doubted you'd make it not sure you'd survive  
Now you're dead tired you're still alive

Around fate's fickle finger we're twirled  
Small wonder we're all so up tight  
But it's not the end of the world good people  
Merely the middle of the night  
No it's not the end of the world as we know it  
It's just the middle of the night