

# Steve Kilbey, Midnite In America

Broken old record, what did you find?  
The honey is spiked, I thought you liked it  
Make up your mind  
Fools took the boy, boy did they throw him  
Into the lake  
Wades through the weeds, comes to the party  
What a mistake

And now, now he's waiting for a miracle  
But how, when it's midnite in america

Stupid magician, with your cloak and your wand,  
Pulls out a rabbit, he's got a bad habit  
He's quite overfond.  
The woman took the man, and man did she drop him  
Onto the floor  
Crawls to the exit, he sings like a swallow

Knocks at her door

And now, now he's waiting for a miracle  
How, when it's midnite in america

Mixed up and empty, probably dead  
The company paid it, the aliens laid it  
Down on his head  
The boyfriend hit a kid, I kid you not  
He hurt him real bad  
He lay in the garden, he bled in the flowers  
Its awfully sad

But now, now he's waiting for a miracle,  
How, when it's midnite in america,  
How, now he's waiting for a miracle now  
How, when it's midnite in america.