

Badfinger, Midnight Caller

Beneath the midnight caller
She thinks of paper green
You never hear them calling her name
They just know where they've been
You never hear her holler
The tears no longer come
She reads her daily book of the past
That shows of everyone
Gray years that show in her hair
Can't be, but don't seem to care
She unlocks the door
And there's no one there
She sees a daytime stroller
Walk from the night before
And though she paints a smile on her face
He won't be back no more
She's got no saint to follow
She's got no place to go
Too proud to ask an old friend for help
Too proud to let him know
Gray years that show in her hair
Can't be, but don't seem to care
She knocks the door
And there's no one there
Nobody
(Nobody)
Nobody
(Nobody)
Nobody's gonna help you now