

# Chris Rea, New Times Square

I'll see you round about midnight  
You know I won't be late  
Let's dive into this crap house  
And truth hell have to wait

The truth of what has gone before  
Lies bleeding on the floor  
The only truth remaining still  
Is that truth don't matter anymore

So meet me round about midnight  
I won't let you down I swear  
We'll hang on to each other  
Down at the new Times Square

It seems that we can't run from this  
No matter how we try  
There's nothing here worth keeping  
So let's kiss it all goodbye

Tell me what's worth keeping anyway  
It doesn't seem to matter  
What we do or what we say  
Everything we had  
They have now taken it all away  
The truth don't matter anymore