

Clapham South, Midnight Of Summer

Midnight of summer, summer of dreams
This is the song especially for you
And I'm waiting, waiting for you

Looking for something, something that seems
To be the song especially for you
And I'm waiting, waiting for you

Impatient hand nestled in the grass
Searching for a scrap to realize
That You're the man
I want to meet that magic night

Midnight of summer, summer of dreams
This is the song especially for you
And I'm waiting, waiting for you

Looking for something, something that seems
To be the song especially for you
I'm still waiting, waiting for you