

# Ellis Paul, Midnight Strikes Too Soon

Cathy's hailing a cab like she's hailing a storm  
unto the streets of New York City  
ONce we're inside, it's a carnival ride  
that brings a white knuckle kind of dizzy

She takes me up on her rooftop,  
framed by a backdrop of watertanks and chimneys  
she's wrapped round a cigarette,  
lecturing etiquette, while I look in the windows  
beneath me

We took in Saturday and it was medicine  
and when nighttime came the skyline just swallowed  
the moon  
Cathy lays the blame on Thomas Alva Edison  
and 60 million lightbulbs telling New York that  
it's noon  
Ah, midnight strikes too soon  
Midnight strikes too soon

She says, "in New York City, They throw their  
wishes into wells  
'cause you can't see a star, unless one hit you when  
it fell --"  
"And if even you caught one," I say, "Who  
could you tell in this whole damn town who'd  
believe you?"

She smiled like a cat would to a pigeon on the roof  
She says, "I look into windows for universal truths"  
and we drank in the moment like whiskey hundred  
proof  
"But if Orion fell," she said, "I'd tell you"

The view from her roof could make your head  
just spin  
it was like holding up the world in a tablespoon  
and we drank it down, every light in town  
like the sweetest, kindest medicine  
I made my wish on a satellite dish  
but still midnight strikes too soon  
Midnight strikes too soon

Cathy never seems to slow down  
she's a hurricane working a skyscraper town  
she laughs at me, says I'm suburban bound  
but the truth is I live on a highway

I come to this city for the solace of her roof  
Every window tells a story in cold hard truth  
as the world spins beneath me, I ask it for proof  
That I'm living my life in my own way  
or will time just have its own say

Midnight strikes too soon  
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