

# Midnight Choir, The Ballad Of Emma Deloner

All my dreams go to pieces  
Each time she pass me by  
All my friends keep saying  
That girl ain't the loving kind

But whatever I do to hold back brings me down

Comes a time you look for trouble  
Comes a time it comes your way  
She came to me in the midnight hour  
On a cold winter's day  
She stood there in my room  
All dressed in lace  
And she placed my body and soul upon a bed of grace  
Children were crying  
Children were crying  
Driving me insane  
Driving you insane  
And all this took place while the drunks were dancing  
To the rythm  
To the rythm of the rain  
And i'm going back to see her again

'Cause whatever I do to hold back brings me down