

Yngwie Malmsteen, Now Your Ships Are Burned

Gimme gimme gimme your love after midnight
Won't somebody help me chase these shadows away
Half past twelve
And I'm watching the late show in my room all alone
How I hate to spend the evening on my own
Autumn winds
Blowing outside the window as I look around the room
And it makes me so depressed to see the phone
There's not a soul out there
No one to hear my prayer
Gimme gimme gimme your love after midnight
Won't somebody help me chase these shadows away
Gimme gimme gimme your love after midnight
Take me through the darkness to the break of the day
Movie stars
Find the end of the rainbow, with that fortune to win
It's so different from the world I'm living in
Tired of T.V.
I open the window and I gaze into the night
But there's nothing there to see, no one in sight
There's not a soul out there
No one to hear my prayer
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