

Sorry Midnight

♩ = 105

words and music by Steve Jenkins

Voice

Gently *mp* Old cold wind.

Guitar

5 *p*

— You just won't let me sleep.

Gtr.

9

Don't you know I've pro-mis - es to

Gtr.

13

keep? And in my darkened

Gtr.

17

room I stand and

Gtr.

Sorry Midnight

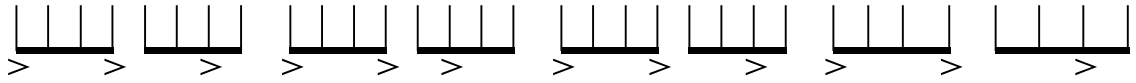
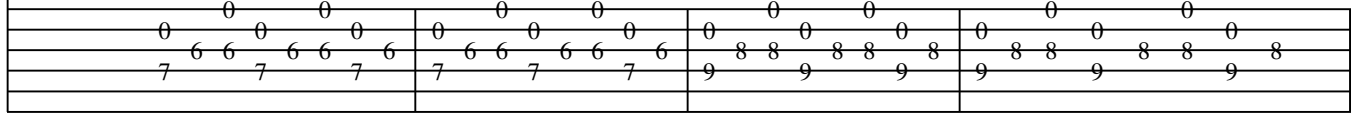
2
21



stare. _____ like a helpless friend,

21

Gtr.



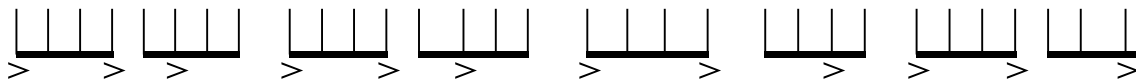
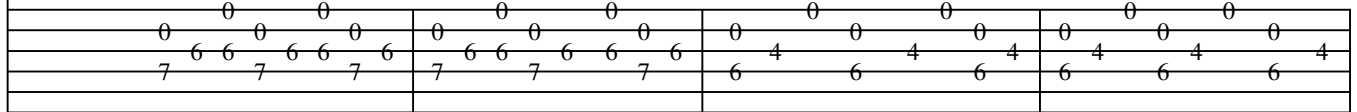
25



— I keep talk-in in the wind I keep a

25

Gtr.



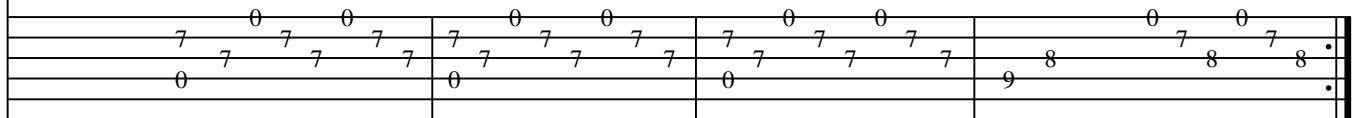
29



stead-y hand _____ through one more sor-ry mid-night. _____

29

Gtr.



2. My head is clear
as I run to shake my sleep.
My feet are bare.
The grass is cold and slick.
Moving slow. Running alone.
Somehow I know there's no place
I can go just to hide awhile
from one more sorry midnight.

3. Sitting on the ground
I hear the words I said.
I need that stream sound
to wash away the words I said.
But it's not regret that runs my head down.
It's just the sad sound of laughing again
with an old old friend I know you
sorry midnight.

Contact me at jupiterjenkins@gmail.com

Dance

33

Gtr.

33

10 7 8 7 10 7 8 0 | 10 7 7 7 7 7 | 10 7 8 7 10 7 8 0 | 0 7 7 7 7 7

Gtr.

37

10 7 | 10 8 | 7 8 10 | 10 7 | 7 7 10 7 8 7 | 7 7 7 7 7 7

Gtr.

41

10 7 8 7 10 7 8 0 | 10 7 7 7 7 7 | 10 7 8 7 10 7 8 0

Gtr.

44

0 7 7 7 7 | 10 7 8 7 10 7 8 0 | 10 7 7 7 7 | 10 7 8 7 10 7 8 0 | 0 7 7