

Gimme! Gimme! Gimme! (A Man After Midnight) – ABBA

Halfpast twelve
And I'm watching the late show
in my flat, 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 gloom
There's not a soul out there
No one to hear my prayer
Gimme, gimme, gimme a man
after midnight
Won't somebody help me
chase the shadows away?
Gimme, gimme, gimme a man
after midnight
Take me through the darkness
to the break of the day
Movie stars
Find the end of the rainbow
with a fortune to win
It's so different from the world
I'm living in
Tired of TV
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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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych