Cher, GIMME! GIMME! GIMME! (A Man After Mid

Half past 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 my 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 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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