

NASHVILLE NOIR

Midnight

Waiting your turn at the open mike

An endless procession of guitars, cowboy hats, young unknowns

A long way from home

Take care

Somebody's watching from the shadows out there

Is he the man that you've been hoping to meet?

Or the guy who puts the demon in Demonbreun Street?

A little chill goes shootin' down your spine

And you're not sure if it's the good or the bad kind

When the man says "Kid, I can make you a star"

And you've gotten a little taste of Nashville noir

One A.M.

Sitting and talking to your new best friend

He's telling you that he can open doors

Which anyone in this town would kill for

A little chill goes shootin' down your spine

Your hand shakes as it reaches for the dotted line

But the man says "Kid, I can make you a star"

And you've gotten a little taste of Nashville noir

Sometimes it's dangerous

To want something so much

You don't know what you'll do

A little chill goes shootin' down your spine

And you're not sure if it's the good or the bad kind

When the man says "Kid, I can make you a star"

And you've gotten a little taste of Nashville noir

Words & Music by David A. Stewart

© 2009 David A. Stewart

Used with Permission