

# Elvis Presley, It's Midnight

(Words & music by Wheeler - Chesnut)

Maybe it's too late. Sometimes I even hate myself for loving you  
Trying to be strong then nighttime comes along and I start loving you  
Wanting you. Where is all my selfcontrol I'm burning way down in my soul  
And needing you, and wishing I could be the man, I try to  
Hating me for wanting you to be with you knowing you don't love me like you used to  
But it's midnight, Ohh and I miss you  
It's getting late and I know that's when I am weak  
Funny how things have a way of looking so much brighter in the day light  
I ought to go to bed to try and straighten out my head and just forget you  
Oh but it's midnight yes and I miss you  
It's getting late and I know that's when I am weak  
Funny how things have a way of looking so much brighter in the day light  
I ought to go to bed to try and straighten out my head and just forget you  
Oh but it's midnight yes and I miss you  
It's midnight and I miss you