

George Morgan, Somewhere Around Midnight

We slipped into the room I sometimes borrowed for just such an occasion
I dimmed the lights to set the mood and turned the music soft for making love
I went about the usual things like assuring her that she was still a lady
But deep inside I knew that it was passion that I was thinking of

Then somewhere around midnight with her in my arms
A feeling took hold of me I had no warning of
Somewhere around midnight with unspoken words
I began to feel passion slip into love

Suddenly I found myself whispering these words to her I love you
The future was racin' through my head as I made plans of things that we would do
The tightness of her arms was her answer to my only question
Did she feel the same as I and forever would her love for me be true

Yes somewhere around midnight...