

Alan Jackson, burnin both ends of the night

alan jackson

Miscellaneous

burnin both ends of the night

i went to work for her that summer

teenage kid so far from home

she was a lonley widow woman

hell bent to make it on her own

we were a thousand miles from nowhere

wheat feilds as far as i can see

both needin something from eachother

not knowin yet what that might be

till she came to me one evening

hot cup of coffee and a smile

in a dress that i was certain

she hadn't worn in quite a while

there was a difference in her laughter

there was a softness in her eye

and on the air there was a hunger

even a boy could recognize

chorus

she had a need to feel the thunder

chasin lightnin from the sky

to whatch the storm with all its wonder

ragin in her lovers eyes

she had to ride the heat of passion

like a comet burnin bright

rushin head long in the wind

down where only dreams have been

burnin both ends of the night

that summer wind was all around me

nothin between us but the night

when i told her that ide never

she softly wispered "thats all right"

and then i watched her hands of leather

turn to velvet in a touch

theres never been another summer

when i have ever learned so much

chorus

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chasin lighting fron the sky

to whatch the storm with all its wonder

ragin in each others eyes

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instumental

i often think about that summer

the sweat the moonlight and the lace

i have rarely held another

when i haven't seen her face

every time i pass a wheat feild

whatch it dancin with the wind

although i know it isnt real
i just cant help but feel
her hungry arms again

chorus

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