Elvis Presley, Midnight

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

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