

# Lorrie Morgan, Between Midnight And Tomorrow

Somewhere between midnight and tomorrow  
You'll want to be free of your constant sorrow  
I'll offer a bed of roses for your bed of nails  
You'll be drawn to my perfume, but the whisky will prevail

Then somewhere between midnight and tomorrow  
I'll have more trouble than I could ever borrow  
You'll stagger and crawl and wind up on your knees  
And I'll witness the fall of the man you used to be

And I'll pull off your boots and I'll turn out the lights  
And I'll sit by the window but I will not fight  
There'll be room for thinkin' in a night that's so hollow  
And I'll make up my mind between midnight and tomorrow

So many times I patiently follow  
The road that winds between midnight and tomorrow  
But now I'm not sure if it leads anywhere  
Cause now I'm not sure if you even cared

And I'll pull off your boots and I'll turn out the lights  
And I'll sit by the window but I will not fight  
There'll be room for thinkin' in a night that's so hollow  
And I'll make up my mind between midnight and tomorrow  
And I'll make up my mind between midnight and tomorrow

Somewhere between midnight and tomorrow  
I will be free of this constant sorrow