Porter Wagoner "Burning The Midnight Oil"

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Here we sit lookin' at each other seems we're at a loss for what to say

Ties bind us both with someone else we don't want to hurt but we must break

And tonight I'll sit home a thinkin' and tonight I'll sit home a drinkin' We both live in seperate homes where there's no love at all Stayin' up late burning the midnight oil [fiddle - el.banjo] Tomorrow we'll meet here in the same place where love and desires just won't wait In each other's arms we'll dream for a little while Then when it's time to leave it'll nearly drive us wild And tonight again I'll sit home a thinkin'... Stayin' up late burning the midnight oil

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