

# 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 from the sky  
to whatch the storm with all its wonder  
ragin in each others eyes  
we had to ride the heat of passion  
like a comet burnin bright  
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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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