Porch Light

Robert Cray

Midnight
And her porchlight's on
The signal
That her man is gone
She'll open her back door wide
I'll slip down the alley, then slip insideShe's waiting
Just inside the door
In perfume
Probably nothing more
She'll greet me with her arms spread wide
Hit by the darkness, we'll fly, fly, flyStanding here
I feel just like a criminal
Returning to the seen of the crime
Every time that we steal these loving hours
We promise that it will be the last timeSneak out
Just before the dawn
Knowing that we've done her man wrong
He's out working while we're at plays
And my conscious hounds me
The whole long day
MmmSun down
My blood starts to stir
All my thoughts go back to her
At midnight my guilt will ease
And I'll be watching her porch-light
Begging please, please, pleaseStanding here
I feel just like a criminal
Returning to the seen of the crime, yeah, yeah, yeah
And every time that we steal these loving hours
When we're stealing, when we're stealing it
We promise that it will be the last time, yeah

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