

Burning the Midnight Oil

[Tim Wheatley](#)

Red sky in the morning, heed a Sheppard's warning, best be gone
Hi-tail it out of here, making it up as I go along
So steady as she goes I steer the Chevy's nose, carving borderlines
Burning the midnight oil trying to sever ties
Yeah OooooooooohGo on go chase the things you lust, there's a little bit of whore in all of us
I wont tell if you wont tell, I wont tell if you wont tell
Make haste because today just ain't your day, take tongues at the mention of your name
You left me high and dry, there but for the grace of God go I
Yeah OooooooooohNo Sir. I ain't got a dollar, hell I ain't got a dime
Im so hot under the collar, wasting my precious time
The rhythm of the road an unyielding abode, heavy and true
Burning the midnight oil to be rid of you
Yeah OooooooooohGo on go chase the things you lust, there's a little bit of whore in all of us
I wont tell if you wont tell, I wont tell if you wont tell
Make haste because today just ain't your day, take tongues at the mention of your name
You left me high and dry, there but for the grace of God go I
Yeah Ooooooooooh

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