

# Burning of the Midnight Lamp

## Living Colour

The morning is dead and the day, is, too.  
The step is up here to meet me but the velvet fool.  
All my loveliness I have felt today.  
It's a little more than enough to make a man throw himself away. And I continue to burn the midnight lamp  
alone. Now the smiling portrait of you is still hanging on my frowning wall  
It really doesn't really doesn't bother me to watch at all  
It's just the ah ever falling love dust that makes it so hard for me to see  
That forgotten earring clear on the floor facing coolly the one at the door And I continue to burn the midnight  
lamp alone.  
Yeah yeah.  
Lonely lonely lonely.  
Ah. oh. loneliness is such a drag. So here I sit to face that same old fire place  
Getting' ready for the same old explosion goin' through my mind.  
Yes, soon enough time will tell about the circus in the wishing well  
And someone who will buy and sell for me, someone who will tow my bail And I continue to burn the same old  
lamp alone  
Yeah midnight lamp,  
Can you hear me callin' you?  
So lonely. gotta blow my mine  
Yeah, yeah. lonely lonely.

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