

# 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 inside

She'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, fly

Standing here  
I feel just like a criminal  
Returning to the scene of the crime  
Every time that we steal these loving hours  
We promise that it will be the last time

Sneak 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  
Mmmmm

Sun 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 porchlight  
Begging baby, please, please, please

Standing here  
I feel just like a criminal  
Returning to the scene 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