

Closing Time (Live)

Ah we're
 drinking and we're dancing
 and the band is really happening
 and the Johnny
 Walker wisdom running high
 And my very sweet companion
 she's the Angel
 of Compassion
 she's rubbing half the world against her thigh
 And every
 drinker every dancer
 lifts a happy face to thank her
 the fiddler fiddles
 something so sublime
 all the women tear their blouses off
 and the men
 they dance on the polka-dots
 and it's partner found, it's partner lost
 and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops:
 it's CLOSING TIME

Yeah
 the women tear their blouses off
 and the men they dance on the polka-dots
 and it's partner found, it's partner lost
 and it's hell to pay when the fiddler
 stops:
 it's CLOSING TIME

Ah we're lonely, we're romantic
 and
 the cider's laced with acid
 and the Holy Spirit's crying, "Where's the
 beef?"
 And the moon is swimming naked
 and the summer night is fragrant
 with a mighty expectation of relief
 So we struggle and we stagger
 down
 the snakes and up the ladder
 to the tower where the blessed hours chime
 and I swear it happened just like this:
 a sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss
 the
 Gates of Love they budged an inch
 I can't say much has happened since
 but CLOSING TIME

I swear it happened just like this:
 a sigh, a cry,
 a hungry kiss
 the Gates of Love they budged an inch
 I can't say much has
 happened since
 CLOSING TIME

I loved you for your beauty
 but that
 doesn't make a fool of me:
 you were in it for your beauty too
 and I loved
 you for your body
 there's a voice that sounds like God to me
 declaring,

declaring, declaring that your body's really you
 And I loved you when our
 love was blessed
 and I love you now there's nothing left
 but sorrow and
 a sense of overtime
 and I missed you since the place got wrecked
 And I
 just don't care what happens next
 looks like freedom but it feels like death
 it's something in between, I guess
 it's CLOSING TIME

Yeah I missed
 you since the place got wrecked
 By the winds of change and the weeds of sex
 looks like freedom but it feels like death
 it's something in between, I guess
 it's CLOSING TIME

Yeah we're drinking and we're dancing
 but there's
 nothing really happening
 and the place is dead as Heaven on a Saturday night
 And my very close companion
 gets me fumbling gets me laughing
 she's a
 hundred but she's wearing
 something tight
 and I lift my glass to the Awful
 Truth
 which you can't reveal to the Ears of Youth
 except to say it isn't
 worth a dime
 And the whole damn place goes crazy twice
 and it's once for
 the devil and once for Christ
 but the Boss don't like these dizzy heights
 we're busted in the blinding lights,
 busted in the blinding lights
 of
 CLOSING TIME

The whole damn place goes crazy twice
 and it's once
 for the devil and once for Christ
 but the Boss don't like these dizzy heights
 we're busted in the blinding lights,
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 CLOSING TIME

Oh the women tear their blouses off the men they dance on
 the polka-dots
 It's CLOSING TIME
 And it's partner found, it's partner
 lost
 and it's hell to pay when the fiddler stops
 It's CLOSING TIME
 I swear it happened just like this:
 a sigh, a cry, a hungry kiss
 It's
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 The Gates of Love they budged an inch
 I can't say much has
 happened since
 But CLOSING TIME
 I loved you when our love was blessed

I love you now there's nothing left
But CLOSING TIME
I miss you since
the place got wrecked
By the winds of change and the weeds of sex.