

## Closing Time (Live In London)

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

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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

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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:  
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I miss you since the place got wrecked  
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