

# Feist, Closing Time

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:  
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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  
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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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