

# Lucinda Williams, The Night's Too Long

Sylvia was working as a waitress in Beaumont  
She said "I'm moving away, I'm gonna get what I want  
I'm tired of these small town boys, they don't move fast enough  
I'm gonna find me one who wears a leather jacket and likes his living rough"  
So she saved her tips and overtime and bought an old rusty car  
She sold most everything she had to make a brand new start  
She said, "I won't be needing these silly dresses and nylon hose  
Cuz when I get to where I'm going, I'm gonna buy me all new clothes"  
The night's too long; it just drags on and on  
And then there's never enough that's when the sun starts coming up  
Don't let go of her hand; you just might be the right man  
She loves the night; she loves the night  
She doesn't want the night, don't want it to end  
Don't want it to end

Well she works in an office now, and she guesses the pay's all right  
She can buy a few new things to wear and still go out at night  
And as soon as she gets home from work, she wants to be out with the crowd  
Where she can dance and toss her head back and laugh out loud  
Well, the music's playing faster and they just met  
He presses up against her and his shirt's all soaked with sweat  
And with her back against the bar she can listen to the band  
And she's holding a Corona and it's cold against her hand

The night's too long  
It just drags on and on  
And then there's never enough  
That's when the sun starts coming up  
Don't let go of her hand  
You just might be the right man  
She loves the night  
She loves the night  
She doesn't want the night, don't want it to end  
Don't want it to end  
Don't want it to end